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A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS,

IN THE

NORTH OF IRELAND,

IN THE

SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1812.

By J. GAMBLE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF HISTORY, POLITICS, &c. TAKEN IN DUBLIN, &c. IN 1810.

"Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend,
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend."

POPE.

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The favourable opinion which some have been pleased to express of a former volume on the North of Ireland, encourages me to lay before the public the present one. It is written nearly in a similar manner, and by hasty sketch, by short tale, and brief dialogue, rather than by formal dissertation, it endeavours to make better known to the inhabitants of England, a people well deserving to be known. It makes no pretensions to science, and touches but little on topography, or the natural curiosities of the country. Men and women, however, are of more importance than pillars or columns, and it gives (I trust) human passions, human actions, and human beings, with all their imperfections on their heads. I know not that I have any where extenuated, and surely I would not set down aught in malice.

The mingled gloom and levity of my man-

ner, will doubtless be as disagreeable to some, as it may be agreeable to others. To the former I would remark, that I describe incidents as they arise, and that incidents do not arise regular and homogeneous, but sudden and changing, as the fleeting colours of the rainbow, or the transient hues of a summer's cloud. The business of the morning is followed by the banquet of the evening, and the ball of night. Sadly and wildly is the day of business and of pleasure, succeeded by the sorrowful bed of sickness, the last struggle of expiring nature, the long procession, the lighted taper, and funeral of midnight. Nature herself writes Tragi-comedy, and those who follow her will always please the longest, though there may be times when they will not please the most. The Tragi-comedies of Shakespeare, which for a season were displaced by the cumbersome pomp, and unnatural dignity of the French tragedy, are now almost universal favourites, and are the legitimate parents of the modern melo-drama.

Should farther vindication be necessary, I have an apology to offer, which I dare

say will be thought a sufficient one. I have somewhere mentioned that I am remarkably short-sighted—I am more—I was once assailed by almost total blindness, and am still liable to frequent attacks of it. Even at the best I can take little share in the business or the amusements of life, and while feeble is the light that shines on the present, I have the past to remember, and the future to apprehend. Inevitable blindness, like all other inevitable misfortunes, may be borne, and we know that Homer and Milton composed those grand works which, beyond all others, required the most perfect concentration of the mind, in that situation. But neither to be wholly blind nor entirely to see, to vibrate as it were between light and darkness, may well throw the mind off its balance, and cause joy and sadness, mirth and melancholy, to struggle together, and contend for mastery, like the elemental particles of chaos.

Having said this much, I commit my little work, without apprehension, to its fate, in the confident hope that its deficiences will be overlooked, when the circumstances un-

der which it was written are considered, and that if darkness sometimes shadows my page, it will be remembered that darkness often times shadowed myself, and that like the great names I have just mentioned, whom only in their defects I can ever resemble;

> So thick a drop serene had quench'd these orbs,
> Or dim suffusion veil'd.

A VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Newry.

THERE is nothing more unaccountable than the fatality which at times governs men, and impels them into situations of danger in opposition to their judgment. I have all my life had a dread of the passage from Liverpool to this country; and, guided by circumstances, have rarely come by any other. I shall, I trust, be wiser for the future; and to make my experience of service to others, I shall give an account of my present voyage.

I went on board the ———, bound to Newry, about six o'clock on the evening of the second of July, and sailed immediately afterwards. There were three vessels in company, bound like-

wise to Ireland. I was hardly on board before I wished myself back again; the evening was dark and lowering, the wind every moment becoming more unfavourable, and the captain evidently intoxicated. From that moment I had a presentiment of all that was to follow. The whole of the morning, indeed, I had felt a most extraordinary depression of spirits, and twice was proceeding to the Talbot to engage a seat and return to London. On the second of those occasions I met the captain—he laughed heartily at my fears—said the weather was fine, and the wind fair—besides, he was a lucky captain, for he was once shipwrecked, and every body on board perished but himself—moreover, there was the Honourable Captain K——— had just taken his passage, who had been in three great battles in Spain, and was now going to join the second battalion of his regiment in Ireland. This latter argument was so powerful that I resolved likewise to venture with this *lucky* Captain, and ran a greater risk than if I had been, Uriah like, placed in the front of the worst of the above mentioned battles.

On getting round the rock, the Captains of our little fleet had a consultation whether to proceed or put back—three were of opinion it was wisest to put back—the fourth (ours) was obstinate, and swore he would go on by himself—the others

I suppose, lest their courage should be called in question, resolved to follow him. I have remarked that in almost all consultations, weak or wicked councils generally prevail—no great argument by the bye in favour of popular assemblies.

The first two days the weather, though rough, was not very unfavourable, and at ten of the third morning we had a distant view of the mountain of Mourne, dimly seen through the dusky vapour that gathered round its head, and mocking us with a sight of the promised land which we were doomed to view afar off, and not to enter. I was standing, or rather endeavouring to stand, on the deck at the time, and gazed upon it with heart-sinking fondness; gloomy and dreary as it appeared, I am sure it was dearer to my imagination than the most sun-decked hill or sheltered valley, ever feigned by a writer of romance. I would have given "a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, or any thing."

About noon the wind suddenly shifted and blew a tremendous gale from the westward. At four we were driving rapidly to the southward, the sea in the common, but expressive phrase, running mountains high. As the evening advanced the horror increased; the gale became still more terrific, and our frail bark laboured so much that each time she sunk, we thought she

would never rise again. The sight, indeed, was so shocking that I could witness it no longer; I went below and threw myself into my little birth. Captain K——— was struck with my agitation and asked the cause. I desired him to go on deck. He returned an instant afterwards. I have seen many sights (said he) but never one like this.

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniæ."

said I to him on one occasion that the vessel received a fearful shock;

"Nudus in ignota, Palinure, jacebis arena;"

he replied with a groan; the first and the only one I heard from him. The captain now came down, and, as well as he could speak, addressed the passengers—he told us that he was at a loss to know what to do—that the gale was so dreadful, the vessel so crazy, and the men so exhausted, he was almost certain of foundering if we kept to sea; that Drogheda river, which lay a little a-head, was, he understood, a very dangerous one, even to those who knew it best; that he was utterly unacquainted with it; but, as the lesser evil, would prefer venturing if we had no objection.

We told him we were incapable of advising, and begged him to do whatever he thought best

for the safety of the vessel, and the preservation of all our lives.

We shaped our course (as we thought) for Drogheda river accordingly; the sea roaring with a violence of which it is impossible to form an idea, though the darkness hid it from our view, —we saw nothing—we knew nothing of where we were, or where we were going; we were ignorant of every thing except that danger surrounded us on every side; that shoals and rocks were round us, and about us, and that little short of a miracle could save us.

The horrors of that night can never be erased from my recollection; I am sure the agonies of death "if any sense at that sad hour remains," could alone equal it. It was so long—that night—often when the gust came violent and bore down the little bark that bore us and our hopes—when I raised myself in the wretched birth where I lay, and by the miserable lamp that glimmered in the cabin, making "darkness visible;" I observed the slow progress of time—I exclaimed in the words of a German poet "will this eternal night last to the day of judgment!"

If time is to be reckoned by succession of ideas, that night was an age of misery; nor would I spend such another for the sea's wealth.

Strange as it may appear, my mind was active and busy—all the incidents of my past life passed before me with inconceivable rapidity; many

passages from our poets, presented themselves to my memory with extraordinary distinctness, with a heart that vibrated to the sentiment I repeated, I am sure a hundred times,

> "O the cry did knock
> Against my very heart; poor souls, they perished!"

At intervals the cries of the women in the hold mingled with the blast, and gave it new horrors; more ear-piercing and heart-rending than the others were those of a female I had noticed the day before, for her extraordinary attention to an infant which she carried at her breast. She was an interesting-looking young woman about twenty, going to Ireland to her husband, who is a corporal in some regiment here; if she were as affectionate a wife as she was a mother, his general would have had reason to be proud of her.

The stoutest seaman confessed, by his groans, by his short but energetic prayers, how terrible was the death that seemed to await us—maternal solicitude was *her* only feeling—for *herself* she had no care—she thought not of death—she thought of her child.

Even at the instant I write this—when the tempest thickens and the rain comes down, when, seated at a blazing turf fire, I contrast my present security with the danger of that night—I hear her agonized cry, "O save my child, save

my child!"—nor was I then, I trust, so absorbed in the selfish consideration of my own danger, as to be insensible to the heroism of this artless young Cheshire woman, who had probably quitted her father's house for the first time, and experienced now so rough a sample of the storms we are all doomed more or less to meet with during the wearisome pilgrimage of life.

The contemplation of her fortitude served for a time to interest and occupy my thoughts; they soon returned, however, to the scene around me and to myself. Death by ship-wreck is the most terrible of deaths. The spectacle of a field of battle, is lofty and imposing—its glittering apparel, its martial music, its waving banners, and floating standards, its high chivalric air and character, elevate the soul, and conceal from us the dangers of our situation.

Stretched on our death-bed, enfeebled by sickness, our sensibility becomes enfeebled also, and while heavy shocks shake the body and make it to the bye-stander seem to suffer, nature throws over the soul the kindly shroud of a happy insensibility—while the closed shutter, the tip-toe tread, and whispered attendance, shut out the world we are so soon about to leave.

But in a storm at sea, the scene is not more terrible than disgusting—in a miserable cabin, on a filthy bed, in a confined and putrid air,

where it is as imposible to think as to breathe freely—the fatigue, the motion, the want of rest and food give a kind of hysteric sensibility to the frame, which makes it alive to the slightest danger; no wonder, therefore, it should be so to the greatest of all. If we look round the miserable group that surround us, no eye beams comfort, no tongue speaks consolation; and when we throw our imagination beyond—to the death-like darkness, the howling blast, the raging and merciless element, soon to be our horrid habitation, surely, surely, it is the most terrible of deaths.

About two in the morning, when we were beginning to flatter ourselves with some hopes, the vessel struck—of the scene that followed it is as painful to think, as it would be impossible to describe. The violence of the shock threw the vessel on one side, and the waves beat over her in every part. The rudder was unshipped, and the mast went by the board. The shrieks of the men and women passengers, the cries or rather shouts of sorrow of the seamen, formed a perfect chorus of misery.

——— crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.

After the first tumult was subsided, I observed a very general disposition to kneel down and pray; there appeared to be no hope from man;

they therefore sought it from heaven, and, prostrate on the deck, snatched the few moments they could call their own, to recommend their souls to God.

Captain K——, after kneeling a few moments, got up, and putting on his great coat, which he carefully buttoned up to the chin, said to me (I shall never forget the words) "now I thank God I am as ready to die as ever I was to go to hunt."

One of the seamen only could be said to display either presence of mind or courage.

I asked the Captain if there were any hope.

"Small hope (said he) small hopes," jumping up and down, and clasping his hands like a frantic person—

"Small hopes, you drunken ruffian," said Captain K—— (indignation overcoming every other feeling) "when the souls of these poor people you have murdered, arise in judgment against you, how will you answer it at the tribunal of God?"

I repeated my question to the seaman.

"Yes," he replied, "I think there is. I have tried the pump, and find that the vessel makes very little water—she may hold together till we get assistance."

He was, I believe, almost the only English sailor on board. There were several foreigners, and the Captain himself was a Welchman.

But, to have done with this painful subject as

speedily as possible, let us briefly say, that as the man prophesied, it actually happened. The vessel kept together, and about six we got assistance. Some fishermen, belonging to the little town of Skerries, at the imminent hazard of their own lives, put off in a large boat, and carried us, men, women, and children (to the number of thirty-eight) on shore. To say the transports with which we hailed it were needless—a person who gets a reprieve at the gallows can only conceive them.

We proceeded to the only public house the village afforded. How they got victuals and drink for us, I cannot conjecture. Sorrow has been always known to be dry; but beside drought, it gave us an appetite. We swallowed large potations of whisky till the breakfast was ready. It was so delicious—that breakfast—long before that hour I had expected to be at one, "not to eat, but to be eaten."

CHAPTER II.

Newry.

"But to have done with this subject, on which perhaps I have dwelt too long, I shall just remark, that no beauteous belle ever contemplated her face with more pleasure than I did mine with pain in

the little mirror that swung before me; I would have given the world for a fine ruffian-like aspect; a Salvator Rosa's head, or a Paris Septembriner's; something to have denoted a left-handed kind of destiny. But unfortunately there was no cordage in my countenance. I could not flatter myself I was born to be hanged, and therefore had no protection from being drowned."

Such was the conclusion of the Honourable Captain K——'s account of the perils we had undergone. It was given the evening of our deliverance, at the house of an elderly clergyman, to him and a small party of ladies. He afterwards related several adventures which I shall pass over in silence. To render however intelligible what follows, I must remark that they were all love adventures, and as a soldier's ought to be, *toujours comme chevalier sous la rose.*

"What a low-bred young man," said an elderly lady, the instant the door closed upon him, and the family at whose house he was to sleep.

"High-bred rather," I said, "but breeding is a kind of circle, and high and low often touch."

"High," repeated she; "high!—I will never believe it."

"Oh it is ton, dear mother, it is ton;" exclaimed a fine animated young woman; "I have read it all in books a hundred and hundred times—and to think I should hear and see it myself—Oh, how

lucky it was we came here at this time—one might have lived one's whole life at the foot of Carantagher and seen nothing like it." "Even at the foot of Carantagher it appears," I said, "you have heard of it."

"No, read of it," said she, "only read of it in a novel, where one does not know whether it is truth or lies—but I have now seen and heard it, and shall be at no loss in future to know a man of fashion whenever I meet with him."

"I should be sorry," said the clergyman, "that such were the manners of an Englishman of fashion—for what must the manners of the people be?"

"It is unfair to judge Captain K——rigorously," said I, "elevated as he is with wine, and still more exhilarated with the contrast between this hospitable and cheering party, and the gloomy and sepulchral scene we have quitted. He is not, I dare say, as wicked as he wishes to be thought—there is an affectation of vice as well as of virtue."

"It is an odious affectation," said the clergyman; "and depraved must the people be where decency even is not attended to, and where to obtain consideration, hypocrisy assumes the garb, not of virtue, but of wickedness. I pronounce the downfal of that people to be nigh."

"God help us," said the old lady, "if those are

to be our defenders, in place of our own brave Militia whom they robbed us of."

"Fashion," said I, "and courage, or even foppery and courage, are by no means incompatible. The knights were the flower of the Roman army, and the French noblesse, who fluttered round the toilets of the ladies, and, essenced and painted, seemed like ladies themselves, advanced to the cannon's mouth without shrinking. This frivolous young Englishman, as he now appears, displayed beyond all others, the most composure in our late perilous situation; nor was his liberality less than his resolution: nearly the whole of the sea-store of the passengers in the hold was laid in at his expense, and he paid for the passage of several who were unable to pay for themselves."

We were now summoned to supper, and the conversation ended. How I became so unceremoniously seated at it, it is almost needless to say. Those who know the Irish least, know their hospitality; those who know them best, know their kindness of heart. We had scarcely finished our repast of the morning, when a multitude of people, in jaunting cars, on horseback, and on foot, surrounded the house. "The wild Irish," said Captain K——, jocularly, "are coming down upon us; they have done plundering the wreck, and now they will murder us for the sake of our wearing apparel."

It was very true. The wild Irish were some down on us, wild with joy, with congratulation, and kindness. There was actually a scramble for us. Captain K—— went with a gentleman who had two handsome daughters—I fell to the lot of the worthy vicar.

"I was once in Ireland (I recollect hearing a gentleman in London say) and was so tormented with Custom-house officers and boatmen, that I thought it the worst country in the world to land in."

It may be so. I am sure it is not the worst country in the world to be shipwrecked in. I am sure to adversity who gazes on it with eyes suffused with tears, it ever shows its bright side; though I do not deny, but that, like the pillar of fire which conducted the Israelites through the wilderness, it of tenturns a dark one to prosperity, who views it with a contemptuous glance. Englishmen, therefore, see only the half of the Irish character; not the better half; and even what they see they distort, unconscious that, in degrading it, they are degrading their own, and that with folly worse than that of Noah's sons; it is their own daughter's nakedness they have exposed to the world.

On the effects of this caricature I shall say little, because it is probable time will say enough. I shall therefore dismiss the subject with one brief, yet not very cheering observation. The Romans,

in a time of danger, were told by the Sybilline oracle, that the republic would fall, if the Idean mother of the gods were not brought to Rome. It is not, alas! requisite to be an oracle to foretel, that unless England seeks out and brings home wandering Irish affection, her own situation is nearly as desperate a one.

CHAPTER III.

Newry.

I QUITTED the house of the old clergyman, mounted, he said, on his best steed. He gave me a letter of introduction to a friend who lived in the county of Armagh. It was sealed, yet I had no fear it would be a Bellerophon's letter, nor in truth was the steed I bestrode a Pegasus. He seemed more a-kin to the earth than the sky, and required a pretty tight bridle hand to keep him from falling. Great evils, however, reconcile us to lesser ones. A man escaped from shipwreck does not greatly mind a stumbling horse.

I arrived in Balbriggen about ten o'clock. A few moments afterwards, the Newry coach drove up to the door. There was a vacant seat, which I engaged. The company stopped to breakfast,

and a most excellent one we had. The price, as formerly, was twenty pence. A young Englishman did not express more admiration at the goodness of the fare, than at the reasonableness of the charge. It was a long time, he said, since he had eat so cheap a breakfast. This wise observation was made before the landlord, who, I suppose, will leave no room for a similar one.

The distance from Balbriggen to Drogheda, is twelve miles, which we drove in less than two hours. The coach was heavily laden. It carried ten inside and a still greater number of outside passengers. A coach behind us was equally loaded. It was an opposition coach, and called the "Cock of the North." Ours was called the "Old Cock," and certainly it was not a young one. The fore wheel was all shattered, nor did the body seem in a much better condition. The coachman, however, drove never the easier for the outside passengers vociferating these circumstances to him. The priority he had obtained he was determined to maintain (to use an old Scotch phrase) "though he should die for it."

A gentleman who seemed strongly impressed with the danger of this unwieldy chariot race, threatened him with a prosecution if he did not desist. This menace had no other effect than to make him drive the faster. The law in Ireland is the same as in England; but, either from greater

milkiness of disposition, or the dread of being accounted an informer, hardly any person stands forward to have it put in execution—of course, coachmen in general do, like the Israelites before they had a King,—" that which seems right in their own eyes."

Immediately on quitting Drogheda, we turned to the right. This is the great north-eastern road. The road straight forward is the north-western, which I formerly travelled. We passed through Dunleer, a little town remarkable for the antiquity of its church, and through Castle Bellingham, a pretty little village, formerly celebrated for its fine ale. The brewery is thrown down, or converted into a distillery. Whiskey, like Aaron's rod, seems to swallow every other liquor. There is a fine old spreading elm near the centre of Castle Bellingham, said to be the largest in the kingdom.

A few miles from Dundalk, the road runs along the beach. The sky was without a cloud. The sea was calm and unruffled, and its blue bosom reflected the image of repose. It was very different from the merciless element I had so lately witnessed.

" What a beautiful day this is," I said.

" And what a beautiful country!" said a passenger, " had it but met with good usage."

" It has met with good usage," said I.

"Really!" said he, ironically.

"With good and bad usage," I proceeded, "like every other country under the sun."

"It has had rather a Benjamin's portion of the latter, I should think," said he.

"I fear it has," said I; "how far its own struggling, with a broken limb, may have caused this, I will not take on me to determine."

"You mean, I presume," said another, "that we should have submitted to be roasted in quietness; and that when done on one side, we should have meekly desired to be turned on the other?"

"I mean," said I, "that we should have submitted to inevitable necessity, and accommodated our minds to our condition. The one half of the energy, which, like the Cyclop in the Odyssey, we exerted in groping for the stranger who put out our independence, would, wisely directed, have long since given us respectability and happiness."

"Preach that doctrine," said the gentleman who had first spoken, "to the people of England, it will go down with them; it wont do here."

"I will preach no doctrine to the people of England," said I, "that I do not believe; nor will I to the people of Ireland; and while I lament so much of evil is in their cup, I must remember that evil is in the cup of all. Our sufferings are not so much greater than those of England, as they are of later date.

"When she was assailed by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, we enjoyed uninterrupted tranquillity. What has since befallen us, perhaps, was inevitable. The new-fledged eagle, which is led by its dam to her own lofty regions of glory, must expect to have its wing tired with the flight, and its eye dazzled with the splendour of the meridian sun."

This language would have been too poetical for an English coach; but an Irish one is different; my sentiments excited wonder, but their clothing excited none. The native Irish are a nation of poets, and therefore, I fear, doomed to be an unhappy nation—for no matter what may be its occasional levity, the essence of a poetic mind ever was and ever will be gloom.

We changed horses at Dundalk. I stepped into Lord Roden's gardens, which join the town. I had been in them several years before. They belonged then to the late Earl of Clanbrassil—his Lordship was a great botanist, and spared no labour or expense in collecting rare and exotic plants. His gardens, therefore, were among the finest in these kingdoms, and strangers came to see them from the most distant parts. The day I visited them, I had the honour of his Lordship's company. He was a highly-dignified gentleman. Though he was most minute in his communications, he never forgot that he was a nobleman;

and it might be said of him, as of Virgil, that he even tossed the dung about him with dignity. As I was then unacquainted with botany, I was apprehensive I should betray my ignorance, and ruin myself in his Lordship's opinion. Luckily, however, the vanity of a botanist is fully as near-sighted as that of an author; and I passed through my four hours' ordeal with as much success as the courtiers Chrisel and Zoram did that of the genius Phanor, when he insisted on their hearing him read his play in the palace of truth.

The gardens at present seem almost entirely neglected. For some time after leaving Dundalk, we got along very happily; but, on descending with more haste than good speed, a steep hill that overhangs the little town of Jonesborough, the calamity we had so much dreaded in the morning, took place. The wheel broke, and we were fairly overset in a ditch. The shock was violent, and for an instant I gave myself up for lost. Yet there was little injury, and in a few moments we were able to proceed on our journey on foot.

The evening was delightful, and the deep repose of the valley, through which we walked, afforded a sweet and soothing contrast to the rugged mountain landscape which bounded our horizon.

"Is'nt this better," said one of the party, "than to be smothered *alive* in that crazy old coach?"

"Smothered dead, I think it should be," exclaimed the young Englishman, with a laugh.

This led to a wrangling kind of argument which carried us on to Newry. I stopped at an inn, called the White Cross kept by a woman of the name of Mackintosh, called, by a barbarous contraction, Tosh. It was not the house where the coach stopped; but the young man above-mentioned promised me, on the authority of information obtained in Dublin, a good dinner and excellent accommodation. The good opinion of Mrs. Tosh's accommodation must have been general, as the house was crowded with company. The consequence of which was, that every thing was in confusion, which our impatience did not lessen. At nine at night dinner is necessary, and bells were ringing, and oaths swearing innumerable. I suspect my guide, who probably in England was accustomed to a two o'clock dinner, began to think he had bestowed his praise too freely. Dinner, however, was at length served. The bill was six shillings, including ale, and six shillings for a bottle of wine. Wine is as much dearer as it is worse since I was last in Ireland. From the satisfaction expressed in the countenance of some gentlemen who were drinking punch, at hearing us complain of its badness, I suspect they

considered us as coxcombs for having ordered it; and when I cast my eyes on the group of beggars that surrounded the windows, and considered how happy the shillings thrown away on this execrable liquor would have made them, I confess I was of the same opinion.

A man who travels in Ireland should, above all things, arm himself with good humour. He must reconcile himself, during the day, to manners more plain and familiar, than refined or considerate—nor can he always escape from them at night. There are generally two beds in a room. I was shewn into one where there were three, and, not as a special favour, was put in a press one. I had lain down about an hour, when my two colleagues came in whistling and singing. Whiskey sometimes makes men musical, and always makes them noisy. Those two continued conversing a long time after they had lain down. I kept quiet, though many of the speeches were directed at me. "Our friend in the press bed," at length said one of them, "is strangely silent." "At one in the morning, and in bed, silence is not so extraordinary," said I, perceiving that those drunken young gentlemen, like the sober old English law, were determined to press me to speak. I was awaked at an early hour by the bustle of the people preparing to go with the coaches. They were laughing, conversing, and scolding, with apparent

forgetfulness of any one being in bed near them. They "murdered sleep" as effectually as a guilty conscience could have done. I therefore got up and walked quietly away, perfectly sensible, that in no country in the universe, is an humble pedestrian of much consideration with chambermaids or waiters.

I walked about the town until the shops were opened. I then waited on a respectable merchant, who invited me to breakfast, and insisted on my passing a few days at his house. It is there I write this chapter, which I cannot conclude without remarking, that it would be unfair to judge the Irish character by what we see at inns. The people most frequently met with at them, are young men just escaped from control, who think noise and impudence proofs of courage, and knowledge of life. The greatest and most valuable part of the community live at home, and are seen to most advantage in their own houses. It is there I like to see them; and though sometimes I may have experienced slight inconveniences, rarely ever was I in an Irish private house that I did not feel myself at home.

CHAPTER IV.

Newry.

THIS town is but indifferently situated, being almost surrounded by rocks and mountains. It owes its rise to Sir Nicholas Bagnal, knight, Marshal of Ireland in the reign of Edward the Sixth. It has been twice burned down, first by the rebels in 1641, and afterwards by the Duke of Berwick, on his retreat to Dundalk from the English who, on their approach, found it in flames.

It contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, of whom one half I should suppose are Presbyterians.

The largest half, my host (who is himself a presbyterian) said, and the best. He was driving me down a steep and narrow street in his gig, at the time he made the observation. It was Sunday, and we were going to dine, and stay the night with a friend of his, in the neighbourhood of Dundalk.

A man rode fast past us—I called to him to stop lest he should do some mischief. I do not know that mine is the voice of wisdom, but certainly, it had one of the properties of it on this occasion; it "called out in the streets, and no one regarded it." Folly, however, as generally happens,

had but a short race. The horse fell with the poor creature a few paces further on—He was hurt, but not severely.

"You could expect no better" said my companion, "for riding so fast in sermon time."

"D—n your sermons and long prayers," replied the other, "there's neither sense nor grace in them, I never had luck yet, where a Presbyterian was, I lay six months in the Castle of Edinburgh, and the half of the time I was in the guard-house."

He then rode away as fast as before. A poor countryman who had come up to help him on horseback, looked after him in astonishment.

"The soldiers" said he to me, "fear neither man nor *Deevil*—poor body, he need *na* gallop so fast, he's sure enough o' getting to him at last."

A rigid observance of Sunday has always been a feature of the presbyterian religion, and perhaps is a great reason why it has made so little progress. A very good reason I must confess I think it. People who labour six days in the week, may, I think, without a crime be merry on Sunday.

I viewed, therefore, with feelings very different from those of my friend, the festive scene which the road presented, when we came near Dundalk. The fields were swarming with people, men, women, and children, running, wrestling, throwing long bullets, and dancing. This latter was fully as

violent an exercise as any of the others, and consisted in a continued and violent agitation of the limbs and body. I could have wished it had been done in a better style, for the manners of a people may be judged of by their dancing, and what a favourable impression does not the French opera dancing give of that light, airy, and elegant people.

I stopped upwards of half an hour looking on, and was at length reluctantly drawn away. I was detained only by the animation of the scene, and its expression of happiness; for the music was no better than the dancing. But what harmony equals, or, alas! is so rare, as that of happy human faces?

The instrument was the bag-pipes. It has always been a favourite of the vulgar. Pan, the meanest of the ancient deities, is often represented playing on it; and Nero, whose taste was as vulgar as his dispositions were corrupt, (vulgar taste and corrupt dispositions, indeed, generally go together) was no mean performer on it. It was the music of the Irish Kerns in the time of Edward the Third, and is still the Irish festive music. They probably got it from the Scotch, but they improved upon it. It was they who took it from the mouth, and gave it its present complicated form—that is, two short drones and a long one, with a chanter, all of

which are filled by a pair of short bellows, inflated by a compressive motion of the arm—the chanter has eight holes, beginning with the lower D in the treble—the short drones sound in unison to the fundamental E, and the large drone an octave below it. This instrument is constructed on the chromatic system; it is therefore the only one, now that the harp is so much disused, on which the native Irish music, all of which is in that system, can be played to advantage.

We arrived between three and four at the house where we were to dine. It was a large old fashioned one, with a spacious court in front, surrounded by high walls. The instant I saw the owner, I knew he had been a long time in France. He was dressed in a faded purple coat, white small clothes and waistcoat, and his head was powdered still whiter than they. His accent, gestures, and manners were equally foreign, and altogether gave him the exact appearance of an ancient Frenchman. He was a Catholic, and I believe had been educated for a Priest.

His family consisted of his wife and three fine lively girls, his daughters.

A plentiful collation was served us; for dinner was to be at a no less fashionable hour than six. Fashionable hours may do well in cities, but they are sadly misplaced in woods and wilds. I did not however regret them on this particular occasion.

The young ladies when they learned my profession, insisted upon carrying me with them to visit the sick—it was hardly possible to have a more delightful walk, or more delightful companions—they laughed, chatted, sung, and jumped over hedge and ditch with the activity of wood nymphs. We went into several poor people's houses, and to every one they met they had something kind to say, or something gracious to do. A mutual sympathy unites the Catholic gentry and commonality into an intercourse as familiar and affectionate, as that of the Protestant gentry and commonality, is distant and indifferent.

Our conversation was mostly in French, though unlike the father, the daughters spoke with an English accent.

"You prefer French to English," said I, to the eldest.

"Sans doute," she replied.

"May I ask why?" I enquired.

"Parceque," said she, "c'est le langage de l'amour."

She had no idea of the obvious interpretation of these words. She simply meant it was the language of kindness and affection. And she had reason to say it was so—while others admire the light graces of this beautiful language, to me its great charm is its overflowing tenderness. Innumerable instances might be given. I take two at

random. How cold seem in our mouths the expressions of father, daughter, mother, brother, compared to the sweetly affectionate ones of Mon Pere, Ma Fille, Mon Frere, Ma Mere; and unfeeling would be the heart which did not vibrate in unison with the soft and dulcet sounds in the lips of a French woman of je vous aime.

We had a large party of ladies and gentlemen at dinner. My friend and I were the only Protestants, and I could plainly perceive there were times when we were a restraint. I therefore went soon to the drawing-room—and a happy drawing-room it was, or seemed to be. The young people danced, and the old ones looked on, and beat time with their feet and fingers.

I was among the lookers on. The gravest looking—probably the only grave-looking one of them all. Like Jessica, I am never merry when I hear sweet music—and sweet was the simple melody which was then playing. In the liveliest Irish air, as has been well remarked there is a lurking shade of melancholy—faithful picture of the Irish character, of which, though the border is lightsome, the ground is gloom.

One of the fair companions of my morning's walk came running up to me; and taking me familiarly by the arm, exclaimed, "Que vous avez l'air triste et morne."

"Venez," continued she, endeavouring to draw me to the dance, "venez et jouissez."

"Ah quel peuple," I had heard her sister say an instant before; "rien ne les amuse, rien ne les occupe."

By the *peuple* she meant English people. She perfectly knew that, strictly speaking, I was not one of them. But in a certain kind of general reference, Catholics often consider Irish Protestants and English as the same. I found she considered the English a sullen, morose, and melancholy people. Whether this was Catholic feeling or French education, I cannot possibly determine; but I should suspect the latter.

A priest, who had been detained from dinner, came in at a late hour of the evening. The company flocked round him, with more of joy than of reverence, and more of affection than of either. I approached him likewise. I love an Irish Catholic Priest. I regard him as the moss-grown column of a fallen edifice, which was the admiration of past ages—sublime in solitude, and venerable in decay. I love him for what he is, as well as for what he was. Never should it be forgotten, that it was one of this calumniated order of men, who, when all his own subjects had deserted him, attended the French King to his execution; and while he was besprinkled with

his blood, exclaimed in the holy enthusiasm of religion,

"Enfant de saint Louis, montez au ciel."

The present one was a tall and elderly man—pale, thoughtful, and bent forward,—"in faded splendour wan." He was the melancholy representative of the body to which he belonged. He conversed with me familiarly and frankly, though he was often obliged to stop to bestow his blessing.

"Benedicte domini," said, or rather sung the sweet young women, as they came running down from the dance with their hands joined, and a pretty reverence, composed of a bow and a curtsy.

"Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit & benedictio,"

replied the Priest in the same tone, as he laid his hands on the heads of his innocent suppliants, who, gay and happy, flew back to the dancing. How delightful was this mixture of gaiety and religion, of devotion and cheerfulness—how suited to the female character, whose weakness is its strength, whose fragility is its grace, whose volatility is its happiness, and whose attribute is its tenderness of heart.

How delightful, too, is the Catholic religion—solemn in music, fragrant in incense, splendid in decoration, graceful in ornament; the beads, the

scapular and cross,—it may be said like the Pagan religion of old, to deify life, and to reflect only in its fair bosom the beneficent author of creation; while the gloomy spirit of Calvanism, like a stern enchantress, waves her wand over the bright landscape of the imagination, and gives in its stead the dark cavern of a ferocious tyrant.

CHAPTER V.

Banbridge.

I WALKED to Loughbrickland, a distance of eight miles, yesterday, before breakfast. The morning was beautiful—the hedges were blooming with the flower of the hawthorn—the air was loaded with fragrance—I could have fancied myself in Elysium, had I not met numbers of yeomen in every direction. They were in general good looking men; and were well and uniformly dressed. They all wore orange lilies. I now recollected that it was the 12th of July; (the 30th of June, old style,) and of consequence the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne.

I entered into conversation with a little group, who were travelling my road. They were very

desirous to have my opinion of the Catholic Bill, as they called it, that is expected to be brought forward next Session of Parliament.

"Never mind acts of parliament, my lads," said I, "but live peaceably with your neighbours. I warrant you your fields will look as green, and your hedges smell as sweet this time next year, whether the bill passes or not."

"May be so," said one of them; "and may be we wouldn't be long here to smell or look at them."

I made little reply to this, for I could not expect that any thing I should urge would weaken even the rooted prejudices of their lives. What I did reply they heard with respect, though not with conviction.

"Ah, reverend Sir," said a middle-aged man, "you speak like a good man and a great scholar; but, Lord love ye, books won't make us know life."

"Tell me," said I, "why you take me for a clergyman; "is it because I wear a black coat?"

"No," returned he, "but because you have a moderate face."

The lower class of people in Ireland are great physiognomists—good ones, I am bound to suppose, for my face has often received the above moderate compliment. It speaks favourably, however, of the manner of the Irish Protestant clergy, that a man of mild demeanour is almost always taken for one of them.

Loughbrickland consists of one broad street. It takes its name from a lake standing near it, called Loughbrickland, or the lake of speckled trouts, with which it formerly abounded, till the spawn of pikes finding a passage into the lake, multiplied so exceedingly, that they have almost destroyed the whole breed.

That body of English forces which were quartered in this part of the north, in the year 1690, had their first rendezvous here under King William, who encamped within a mile of the town.

Nearly at the same distance from it I turned off the great road to go to Tanderagee. I passed a number of gentlemen's seats. I was struck with their uncommon neatness. I asked a countryman if he could tell me the reason. He knew no reason, he said, except that the owners were not *born* gentlemen.

Much of the landed property of this part of the country has passed from the extravagant children of idleness, to the sons of the thrifty merchants of Newry and Belfast. I find, in general, they are good landlords.

I passed likewise through several villages, and a sweet little town called Acton. It was built by a Mr. Stewart, who calculated on making it a great market, which would benefit the neighbourhood, and enrich himself. Projectors in general are

bad logicians, and Robinson Crusoe's boat is a kind of foolscap that will fit most of them. The neighbourhood was not benefited, but he was ruined.

I came in sight of Tanderagee about two o'clock. As it is situated on a hill, I saw it at a considerable distance. The planting of the late General Sparrow's extensive demesne, which seemed to overshadow it, gave it a gay and picturesque appearance. Nor was the spectacle of the interior less riant. Only that the bright green of nature was displaced by the deep orange of party. Tanderagee was a perfect orange grove. The doors and windows were decorated with garlands of the orange lily. The bosoms and heads of the women, and hats and breasts of the men, were equally adorned with this venerated flower. There were likewise a number of orange banners and colours, more remarkable for loyalty than taste or variety, for King William on horseback, as grim as a Saracen on a sign post, was painted or wrought on all of them.

There was much of fancy, however, in the decoration of a lofty arch, which was thrown across the entire street. The orange was gracefully blended with oak leaves, laurels, and roses. Bits of gilded paper, suited to the solemnity, were interwoven with the flowers. I passed, as well as I could, through the crowd assembled under this

glittering rainbow, and proceeded to the house of an acquaintance at the upper end of the street. I had purposed spending a day with him, but he was from home. I, therefore, sat half an hour with his lady, and after having taken some refreshment, descended the hill. The people were now dancing. The music was not indifferent. The tune, however, would better have suited a minuet than a country dance. It was the (once in England) popular tune of Lillybullero, better known, in this country, by the affectionate and cheering name, of the Protestant boys.

I stopped an instant, a man came up and presented me a nosegay of orange lilies and roses, bound together—I held it in my hand, but did not put it in my hat, as he expected.

"I am no party man," I said, "nor do I ever wear party colours."

"Well, God bless you, Sir," he replied, "whether you do or not."

Nor did the crowd, who heard both the speech and reply, appear to take the slightest offence. This was the more wonderful as I stood before them rather under inauspicious circumstances. It seems, though I was then ignorant of it, the gentleman out of whose house they had seen me come, was highly obnoxious to them. He is minister of the Presbyterian congregation—a few months ago, with more liberality than prudence,

considering what an untractable flock he is the shepherd of, he signed his name to the Protestant petition, in favour of the Catholics. The following Sunday he found his meeting-house closed against him, nor is it yet opened, and probably never will be.

The county of Armagh Presbyterians are the very Spadassins of Protestanism. Their unhappy disputes a few years ago with the Catholics are well known. It is, therefore unnecessary, (and I rejoice at it,) for me to touch on them here.

On quitting Tanderagee, I walked a little way on the road which I came. I then seated myself on the top of a little hill, to meditate on my future route. The world was all before me where to choose—and a most delightful world I had to choose from. Armagh is as much beautified by the industry, as it has been disfigured by the passions of men.

I was not long in coming to a decision, for I recollected the letter the worthy clergyman had given me. I, therefore, turned off on the—road, at a little way on which the gentleman to whom it was addressed resided.

He was a very different person, and of a different persuasion from what I had expected to find him. His conversation I shall not repeat, though I could wish that some of those Englishmen who cherish such unwarrantable prejudices against Ireland, had heard him, that they might

have contemplated, as in a mirror, how absurd national prejudice generally is. I made little reply for I knew I could not convince him. National prejudice, like the giant Antæus, can only be strangled by being removed from its parent earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Banbridge.

I did not quit my quarters to day till two o'clock. I had proposed going immediately after breakfast, but the rain came on at that instant. I believe I consulted the sky and the weather glass ten times an hour—In truth, I was impatient to get rid of my host, who, perhaps, was as impatient to get rid of me. The day at length became fine, the sun shone bright, and the road soon got clear. I walked, therefore, lightly forwards—At every furlong's length, however, I met with a cross-road; luckily the people were as plenty as the roads; nor did I meet with a single *cross*-answer from one of them. I was overtaken by a young Scotchman on horseback. He had travelled a hundred miles in Scotland, and upwards of an hundred in Ireland, to purchase

cattle, and was now returning homewards. He civilly insisted on my mounting his horse, and without giving me time to reply alighted to help me on.

"It is fitter I should be walking," said he, "than you."

I do not know that a good face is always a letter of recommendation—I have ever found that a good coat is.

I asked him what he thought of Ireland.

"Its a heaven of a place," he replied, "but they're the *devil* of a people."

I examined him as to this latter opinion, and found he had every where met with kindness and attention. He had heard it from his father, who probably had heard it from his; and in this manner are the characters of nations and individuals judged.

I arrived at Banbridge about five o'clock—It consists of one wide street. The streets, indeed, of almost all Irish north-country towns are wide —A proof of the alterations they have undergone, and that successively ravaged, burned, and overturned, the foundations of them as they now are, were laid in times not very remote from our own.

There is but one inn in this town—a very large one—lately built, and fitted up at the expence of the Marquis of Downshire. His Lordship has

put an old follower of his own into it, and with more liberality to him, than justice to the public, has wire-drawn the road between Banbridge and Hillsborough, from eight to ten miles. To speak more intelligibly, he has substituted English for Irish measurement.

I dined at the inn, and intended afterwards to have walked to an acquaintance's house, about two miles forward on the Dromore road; but the rain, which again came on, prevented me.

I know nothing more wearisome than to be left alone at an inn. Drinking is a bad resource, and, moreover, an expensive one. I sauntered, therefore, to the market house, and entered into conversation with a genteel looking man, who was walking there. A party of yeomen, drums beating, and colours flying, passed us. They splashed through the wet to quick time, and looked as jaded and dirty as a company in a ball room, when day breaks on them. Though their looks were impaired, their loyalty was not. At sight of us their music changed to "Croppies lie down"—my new acquaintance smiled—I asked him the reason. He was, it seems, suspected of being a united Irishman in the year 1798, and these loyal gentlemen took this method, he supposed, of rebuking him for his past transgressions. I drank tea with him, and found him an intelligent man, perfectly awakened from the

reveries of republicanism, if he had ever indulged in them, though he complained heartily of the pressure of the times, and the exactions of landlords. On this latter subject I must be permitted to say a word. I am little acquainted with country matters, and therefore my opinion is not entitled to much consideration—but were I to trust to my own observations, I should hesitate very much before I said the Irish northern gentry are bad landlords. I am sure I know many, very many, instances of good ones.

I accompanied him afterwards to a neat little public library, where I found a respectable collection of books. Nor did I find food only for the mind. The committee, of which my conductor was a member, after transacting their business, had a slight supper, and a plentiful bowl (jug I should rather say) of punch, and we did not separate until a late hour.

Late as it was, I felt no inclination to sleep, but have continued writing till

The dawning beam
Purples the mountain and the stream.

The hour is as solemn as the scene before me is an impressive one.

From my little window I look upon a steep and craggy rock, doomed to everlasting barrenness, and listen to the hoarse murmurs of the headlong torrent as it gushes from it. Scenes

of a similar kind are frequent in Ireland; and, gloomy at all times, are more gloomy still, when viewed at grey morning or dun evening. To abstract the mind from the local influence of scenery I believe is impossible, and therefore the settled state of the Irish peasant's mind is melancholy, though from the extraordinary sensibility of his nature, he kindles flame, and emits the red and glowing sparks of gaiety from the collision of society.

CHAPTER VII.

Daisy-bank.

I WALKED this morning to the house just mentioned on the Dromore road. The virtuous owner of it died about a week ago. He was Presbyterian minister of the parish, and died universally lamented, as he had lived beloved and respected. The family were in the utmost affliction. I consented without reluctance to spend the day with them; for truly it is said, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting"—for that is the end of all men—and the living will lay it to his heart.

A neighbouring clergyman was of the party. He related a little occurrence which I shall mention here. It marks strongly the change Presbyterians have undergone since the days of Calvin and Seroetus.

He was assisting, a few weeks ago, an acquaintance in administering the sacrament. Two other clergyman were present likewise. They were at the most solemn part of the ceremony, when a stranger, genteely dressed, but with a long black beard, stalked into the meeting-house, and advanced forwards with a countenance sufficiently indicative of contempt. Some confusion ensued; but he was at length prevailed on to sit down and be silent. He remained tolerably quiet until the service was over. The clergymen and elders then, as is customary, went into the retiring room to take some refreshment. This person followed them. He eat a mouthful of bread, and drank a glass of wine.

"There is some sense" said he "taken in this way," but you must permit me to say, there is none in the way you have lately been taking it, as I shall endeavour to prove (pulling a bible out of his pocket) from this book."

"The New Testament is wanting here," said one of the clergymen.—"I know of no New Testament," replied the other, "though I have met with a bundle of lies and nonsense that goes under that name."

He was a Jew, a travelling Jew. He had come to Ireland only a few days before, led by curiosity, or a desire of making the people what they never were, nor even will be either literally or metaphorically—Jews.

The clergymen listened to his arguments, and what they would deem his blasphemies, with patience, and replied to them as well as they could. Neither party, as usual, could convince the other, though the Jew gave one proof of his having the worst of the argument, by his losing his temper. The clergymen making him swallow another glass of wine dismissed him with good humour. He gave them his name and address. He is a partner in a respectable mercantile house in the city. Bedlam, I think, would be a fitter habitation for him.

I have amused myself the greatest part of the evening, with looking over the books in the library. They are mostly Treatises on Divinity and Reviews. A Presbyterian clergyman has not the means of procuring many books, to make himself, therefore, in any degree acquainted with what is passing in literature, he must have recourse to reviews. How imperfectly they acquaint him, it is almost needless to say. How necessarily imperfect perhaps—for such is the particular irritability of an author's nature, that he is rarely to be trusted, nor should he scarcely ever trust himself in giving an opinion of another.

On one of the shelves was a parcel of Dublin

newspapers, mouldy, and in some places moth-eaten; published in the years 1796 and 1797. They were a series of a well-known print called the Press; and seemed to the full as revolutionary, as some publications of the present day. I looked over a few of them, and was as much gratified with the talent they displayed, as I lamented its mis-application. For lamentably is even talent misapplied when it breaks with sacrilegious hand the sanctuary of established order, and profanes, with unhallowed touch, the holy and mystic tye, which unites the different members of a state into one great and peaceful family. For lamentably (again let me say) is talent misapplied when it employs itself in rousing the passions of the lower classes, and in exaggerating to them the natural and inevitable evils of their condition—which it must be well known are inherent to mortality, and common, perhaps, (putting feeling apart) nearly equally common, to all countries and governments.

In every country, and under every government, a few will revel in luxury, a few will work with their minds, and the many (the happy many would they but think so) must work with their hands. And, notwithstanding all the bustle and disturbance that have been made about modes and forms of government, there is hardly any truth more incontrovertible, than that they have worked

in almost all countries in nearly equal security. Luckily for mankind, Providence has not trusted their happiness to statesman or speculatists. The great business of life goes on under despotic, as well as under free governments—corn grows in Thrace as well as in Middlesex, and the vintager of the Rhine, or the Moselle, gathers his grapes (in ordinary times) as quietly as the man of Kent does his hops. It is not, indeed, necessary to be deeply conversant in human affairs, to know that mankind have ever suffered more in one year by their endeavours to get rid of what they were taught to consider the evils of their situation, than they would have done in a century by the evils themselves.

In the papers I have been looking over, the grand evil of Ireland, the root and source of every other, is said to be her connection with England, which is, therefore, attacked in every form, serious, jocular, angry, by argument, ridicule, and expostulation. Whether the doctrine of separation was ever very acceptable in Dublin, when these papers were published, I do not know —but I do know that it was never palatable in the north. The people here, even amidst the wildest frenzy of revolution, still clung to their ancient attachments, and while they listened with cold and reluctant ears to the advantages to be gained by a separation from England, they

became animated and exhilarated, when they were told, that they were not to run alone the glorious race of republicanism, but that their English and Scotch brethren were as ready as themselves.

I insert the following piece of ingenious levity, to shew, how Proteus—like the Press assumed all shapes, and adapted itself to all degrees of rank, and of comprehension.

" *Patrick O' Blunder, to John Bull, Esq.*

" SQUIRE BULL,

" I received your letter which did not surprize me—it is of a piece with the rest of your conduct towards me; you eat up my meat, you drink up my drink, I do my best to entertain you and your train, (and a hungry devouring set I find them.) Nothing in my house is too good for you and your's; I am almost beggared with the expense—and what is the return?—You loll out your tongue, turn up your nose, and make faces at me—nay, I am told, that you have been known, when I had taken an extraordinary glass of whiskey, to spit in my face, and pick my pockets. You think proper at times to call me cousin—the *Devil take* such *cozeners*, (as Shakespeare says) —when you want to carry any point — then it is cousin Paddy, you know, I have a sincere regard for you—our interests are the same—all I do is for your good—your money is just as safe

in my pocket as in your own—all things should be in common between loving friends—and then *Patrick O'Blunder* is an honest lad, a generous fellow, he values money no more than the dirt of his shoes, and he's always ready to fight up to his knees in blood, for the honour of his relations.

"Many a fair pound of my money have you cajoled and wheedled out of me with fine speeches, to carry on your lawsuits;—when you got your turn served, the worst word in your cheek was too good for me—and *Patrick O'Blunder*, was a fool, and a fortune hunter—a blunderer, and a beg-trotter. The meanest of your beggarly brats, when they come to me, are more caressed and courted, than the best of my own children—and feed on the fat of the land, while I and my family want a meal's meat—but when I go to your place, how am I treated—you encourage your very scullions and link-boys to twirl my hat, chalk my back, pelt me with mud, and throw potatoes in my teeth.

"A great part of my grounds lie waste; I cannot send my goods to a fair market, but must let them rot in my warehouses, or sell them to you at your own rate. If you want to man a fleet, or raise an army, to fight the blacks or the yellow fever, or to serve under ground in the West Indies, Ogh!—its send to Paddy—Paddy

his idle fellows enough, his manufacturers have nothing to do; beat up for recruits on O'Blundon's farm, his spalpeens are only fit to be food for powder.

"But what provokes me most, is your treatment of my sister *Granua*, a young woman who was a match for any prince in Christendom—when a mere child you forced her to marry you, and how have you treated her—you have spoiled her growth, given her disorders, that I fear will shorten her days; you lock her up, and starve her, while you are swaggering about, bragging of your exploits in boxing and beating, and when you get a broken head for your sauciness from your neighbours, home you come ranting and vapouring, and beat and strip poor *Granua* in revenge. But what is worse than all, you pretend, like a base man as you are, that she has gone mad—and that there is no other cure for her, than the actual cautery, the strait waistcoat, bleeding in the jugulars, and sending her to the salt water—whether any human constitution can stand all this, I leave to the impartial world—but we deserve this usage for our folly—we thought to get good terms by flattering and coaxing you, and filling your pockets with money—and that would have answered, no doubt, if you had a grain of generosity in your carcase; but, alas! the

only argument you mind is *shillelah*, and the only law you regard is *club-law*.

"God knows how I have been involved in my circumstances, by joining you in all your law-suits; —your litigious temper would never allow you to be at peace with your neighbours, and rather than be without a law-suit, you brought an action against farmer *Yankey*, your own tenant, because he would not bring all his grist to your mill. Well, what did you get by that, *John?*—it turned out that you had a bad title to the estate, and you were cast on a hearing.—Oh Lord! oh Lord! it makes my hair stand on end to think what bills of cost you have paid—and a swinging share of all has fallen on poor—poor *Paddy*—but, *nàboklish*, the worst is behind, and the *memory* of what is to come will make us forget the memory of what is past—you must needs quarrel, like a conceited numskull as you are, with your next door neighbour, Mr. Guillotine, the French dancing-master, because, forsooth, he presumed to cook his victuals his own way—and so you attempted to trip up his heels—and so he has taken the law of you—this suit is not over—you have hitherto had the worst of it—still, you try to banish thought, and divert yourself with your pack of water-dogs, and your [illegible]ther hounds, and your duck hunts—but, mark [illegible]rds, it is a long lane that knows no turning [illegible]es are drawing nigh—the trial must

my w[illegible]
the assi[illegible]

come on—how are you prepared to see the lawyers?

"You may talk of my blunders, Mr. Bull—but look at home; are you not a stupid dolt?—the dupe and the cully of every quack doctor, swindling alchemist, and hungry projector?—are you not perpetually the dupe of your own avarice, ambition, and rapacity?—what sums have you lavished on Mr. *Von-eitherside*, the *Prussian* sleight-of-hand man, for the purpose of setting up a *Pharo-bank*, and playing at *pushpin* and *teetotum*, on a flim flam promise of lining your pockets with French crowns—and how did he serve you?—he shewed all his best tricks to your opponents, while your money went over to him, by barrels at a time—and you were absolutely brought on the parish.—How many heavy guineas have you lavished on your neighbour the German horse-rider, who undertook to cure you of the shaking ague, and the falling sickness, by a course of gunpowder and tincture of steel?

"Ohone, ohone! you call me a blunderer. The greatest blunder I ever committed, was the having any thing to say to you—except it was the calling myself a freeman. Ohone! Irish freedom is Ægyptian bondage, honey. You talk of sending the Scotch and Welsh to flea me, and make drums of my skin, and then beat a charge upon them against French democrats

—but, hark in your ear, the Scots and Welsh may not be always in the same mind. The Scots have heard of a place called Tranent—and the Welsh may call to mind, how Edward, one of your kings, murdered all their bards, that they might not have a song, or tune on the harp, to cheer them in their misery. You talk of sending Jews, and all the tribes of Gergashites—why you have sent them already, John—they have overspread the land, like locusts—our public offices are full of them—they sit on the treasury bench, the bench of bishops, and all our benches. The Jews, I have been told, are great dealers in old clothes—they would be the cheapest for my money—for we have many *turn-coats* in Ireland—but if an host of Jews were to come amongst us, they could not use us worse than our Christian brethren—nay, they might sympathize in our sufferings, recollecting something of what their own nation endured in Ægypt. At any rate, friend John, you have qualified us to fraternize with the Jewish tribes—you have circumcised, and exercised us too, with a vengeance.

"You advise me to call to mind past occurrences—give me something to remember you by—call to mind, aye, that I must, Mr. Bull—you have left your marks in plenty of cuts and scars, and bumps, on my poor carcase. You bid me eat my potatoes in quiet—I wish you had left me a little grain of salt to them.

"Remember you, Mr. Bull! Oh that I may never forget you. These seven hundred long years, I may say, have I been serving my apprenticeship to you, and I have not yet learned to set up for myself. I wish to God you would either take me into partnership, or give me up my indentures, and that you would treat Granua properly, or be divorced from her. We have never known luck nor grace, since we had dealings with you. Mr. Bull is too great a man—no fit connexion for us. Many and many an honest fellow has been ruined, and brought to a morsel of bread, by pretending to associate, and claim kindred, and keep company, with those above him. He's like a little cock-boat holding by the painter, and trying to keep close to a big ship in a storm.

"I tell you what—the very best thing for poor Paddy would be, to make a child's bargain with the great Mr. Bull; let me alone, and I'll let you alone. I make a proposal, John, I make it with all the veins of my heart—the time may come, when you shall be brought to agree to it—let us be civil strangers for the future, and that is the way to make us good friends."

CHAPTER VIII.

Belfast.

The little town of Dromore appeared to me to be situated in a valley; yet it derives its name from *Druim*, a back,—and *Mor*, great; the great back of a hill. It was about ten in the morning when I approached it. The town was in shade, as was the lower part of the green hill beyond it. The upper part was cheerly illuminated by a radiant sun, and looked most gay and verdant.

Dromore is a very ancient town, and bears all the marks of its antiquity. I clambered over a parcel of pig-sties to have a look at an old castle, of which nothing remains, but two roofless walls, and a court overrun with nettles. The cathedral is very small, it is neither in form of a cross like others, nor has it any revenues for supporting cathedral service. I was looking through one of the windows at the inside, when a woman who had observed me, came running with the key. This was disinterested civility, for she would accept of no recompence; it was useless civility likewise, for there was nothing to see beyond the usual ornaments of a parish church.

I walked afterwards to the Bishop's palace, which is about a quarter of a mile from the town. It stands on an elevated situation, and seems a very comfortable and commodious habi-

tation. A living bishop occupies a great deal of room, a dead one not more than a much less reverend person. Four bishops of this see are interred in the vault of the chancel. The grounds are not extensive, but prettily laid out. The hedges are filled with roses, delightful emblem of their late mild and benevolent possessor, the perfume of whose name will long shed fragrance over his sepulchre.

Doctor Percy was greatly beloved in his diocese; and, though an Englishman, never left his residence during the late unfortunate rebellion. In his younger days he had lived much in the learned world, and was one of the *Stellæ minores* of the literary club. In general he moved quietly in the orbit of its great constellation, Doctor Johnson. Accidents, however, would sometimes occur to interrupt their harmony; of one of which an amusing account is given by Mr. Boswell. Doctor Percy was not only a namesake, but a relation of the duke of Northumberland, and, it appears, sufficiently alive to the honour. Bishops and philosophers have their full share of the weaknesses of common men—I was going to add, poets, but checked myself; they I fear have more than their share. His lordship was blind for several years before his death. Afflicting as this circumstance was to himself, it was a fortunate one for many young men, whom he took

into his house as readers, and afterwards brought forward in life. I had the honour of dining with him some years ago. There was a large party. Among others the titular bishop and and all his clergy. It was, I understand, his unvaried custom to invite them, whenever they had a meeting at Dromore. I shall never forget with what pleasure, on our going to the drawing room, he listened to a young lady singing his own beautiful song of "O Nanny wilt thou gang with me." The piano was not in the best tune, nor was the young lady's voice the most harmonious. But, ah! what discord ever reached a poet's ear, whose works were sung or said before him.

Dromore was likewise then, and probably is still, the residence of another poet, not of an humbler name, but of an humbler rank in life—Mr. Stutt, a linen merchant, better known by the name of *Hafiz*, who never has allowed the dazzling corruscations of the imagination to seduce him far from the sober round of his bleach-green.

The distance from Dromore to Hillsborough, is three miles. Of the latter, which is the paragon of Irish towns, it is needless to say much—its fame is so universal, that my praise can neither increase nor diminish it. It stretches out in the form of an oblong square, on the top of a hill. The extensive demesne of the Marquis of Down

shire is so close to the town, that the great gate opens on the market place. Lord Downshire is not very popular, if I am to credit the accounts of those I have conversed with. They say he has made a great rise in his rents, and that if he continues as he has begun, the country will shortly lose that appearance of comfort, for which it is now so remarkable. It is fair, however, to mention, that so much was expected from him, that even moderate merit would not suffice. He is probably not a bad landlord, but the people look for a phœnix. Lord Castlereagh and he, or rather Lord Castlereagh and the Downshire family, are the Castor and Pollux of northern popularity, and when one sets the other rises. Lord Castlereagh seems at present lord of the ascendant. The service he lately rendered the people, by freeing them from the discount charged by their landlords, is, I believe, the great cause of this. Greivous, indeed, must the exaction have been to their feelings, when the removal of it reconciled them to a man whom they had a short time before so much disliked. Not disliked, it should be understood, for the share he had in bringing about the union, for, disappointed in their beloved parliamentary reform, all political questions became of little consequence to the people of this part of the north of Ireland; but on account of his having turned renegado to all those professions of patriotism he had so

fluently and profusely made on his entrance on public life. Lord Castlereagh has explained, as great men generally do with their promises, many of those professions away—and certainly he appears to have been so wary and cunning, even in extreme youth as (like his great prototype, Mr. Pitt) to leave himself a number of loop-holes to creep out at. Statesmen may think this sort of cunning necessary, and for ordinary ones in ordinary times perhaps it is. But it should be remembered, that no really great man ever was a cunning one; still less should it be forgotten, that a great man or great men only, can rescue England from the shoals and quicksands of her present perilous situation.

There are two inns in Hillsborough. I stopt at the second, kept by a person of the name of M'Garry. The first, I understand, is an excellent house for those who travel in chaises; but I never, when I can avoid it, enter with unhallowed *foot* the precincts of a *first* inn. Insolence is every where disagreeable, but the insolence of inns is particularly so. I got a comfortable dinner at M'Garry's. I asked him if he had any good beer. "As good as any in England," he replied. Shortly afterwards I asked the waiter some questions about the church. He was credibly informed, he said, that it was as handsome as an English one. It is impossible to travel in Ireland without re-

marking the predominance of every thing English, and the hold that England seems to have taken of the imagination. As good, as fashionable, as beautiful as in England, is the climax of praise; nor, indeed, has any thing a chance to be reckoned either good, or fashionable, or beautiful, unless it comes from England, or has been approved of there.

I found the church in reality as handsome as an English one. It is built in the form of a cross, with a light and graceful spire. A spacious lawn is in front, and two rows of lofty elms. There are eight windows of stained glass, gracefully and fanciffully, rather than solemnly done, in oblong and circular compartments. The descending sun shone on several of them, and threw on the rich pavement, long yellow and blue, and yellow and red shadows. It reminded me of the following lines of Mr. Scott :—

> "The moon beam kissed the holy pane,
> And threw on the pavement a bloody stain."

The family vault runs under the family seat, and the living Lord sits on the ashes of the dead one. The first Marquis is buried here. He was the great benefactor of Hillsborough, and the effects of his munificence are still discernible in the comfort, neatness, and beauty, which distinguish this town and neighbourhood. What a pity that

in a country where this beneficent influence of wealth and greatness is so necessary, it should be so rare, that in many parts (I do not here speak of the north) landlords should too often be known to the people only as their tax gatherers, not as their friends, benefactors, and fathers—and that society should be left in a state of almost primitive barrenness, satisfied with the rough enjoyments, and necessaries of nature, with little of grace to allure, of beauty to charm, or of elegance to admire.

After remaining an hour in the church, I proceeded on my journey—though the sun was declining, the heat was excessive, and I walked over the Maes course as jaded as a tired racer. This is the second race-course in the kingdom, and is to the Curragh, pretty much what Epsom is to Newmarket.

I stopped at Lisburn a few moments only. I had loitered so much the former part of the day, that as I was determined to reach Belfast that night, it was necessary I should now be expeditious. I shall therefore briefly remark of Lisburn, that it was once burned down, and that the present Phœnix rose from its ashes. I must not forget, likewise, to mention, that Lisburn is a kind of Irish Athens, where the purest language may be heard in the market-place. The inhabitants, I am told, assert, that their servant men and servant

maids, speak better English than the ladies and gentlemen of other places. This is a preference, however, that the ladies and gentlemen of other places do not readily acquiesce in.

The citizens of Dublin are their great rivals in pronunciation, and in many of their tones are thought by profound judges to exceed them. One point, however, on which the inhabitants of all towns are agreed is, that they speak better English than the English themselves. It is whimsical—that while the Irish allow the English the lead in fashion, literature, and the arts, they should so sturdily claim it in language, for their mistakes in which they have been so much and so unjustly ridiculed. Perhaps, such is the tortuosity of the human mind, they claim it more sturdily for those reasons. The tauntings and mockeries of Tarquin did not lower, in the Sybil's estimation, the value of the sacred books.

I was delighted with my evening's walk. I met crowds of people returning homewards, their hooks on their shoulders, and women and children by their side. They all bade me good e'en as they passed. Several were smoking. I was not sorry to see this. Men will intoxicate themselves some way or other, and smoking is a better way than drinking. I do not think I met a single wheel-car between Lisburn and Belfast. The vehicles for the conveyance of goods were all

waggons and carts. Every step, indeed, I advanced, I felt more forcibly I was in the neighbourhood of a great town. Had it not been for the lofty ridge of mountain on my left hand, which seemed to move along with and accompany me, I should have thought myself in the environs of London. The country was in the highest state of cultivation—it looked like one continued garden, shadowed with trees, interspersed with thickets, and neat white-washed houses, smiling in beauty, scented with fragrance, thrilling with harmony, delightful to the eye, ear, and smell. I looked into one or two of those cottages. I saw nothing to heighten the delusion certainly, nor did I see any thing greater than might be expected, to lessen it. Wherever, or whenever we see human nature close, we see it to disadvantage. A man finds in a house food and repose; if he wishes for enthusiasm, he must keep out of doors. The evening shades came fast upon me in the latter part of my journey, nor could I at length distinguish more than the soft repose of the green vale by my side—yet the indescribable noise, the faint hum, told me I was approaching the habitations of men.

There are two great inns in Belfast. The Donegal Arms, and another kept by a person of the name of Pat Lynn. The former is the greatest, the latter was considered the best kept house. It has of late, however, lost something of

its reputation, without the other finding it. I should suppose, from the name (for a zealous Protestant would as soon call his son Judas as Pat) that Mr. Lynn is a Catholic. It is singular, that even in the north a large proportion of the innkeepers are Catholics, and what is more singular, that Protestant travellers generally give them the preference—probably, as French landlords were formerly preferred to English ones—on account of their greater subserviency and civility. The lower classes of Catholics are not now characterized by servility; they seem rather to have passed into the opposite extreme, and give offence by what is called their rudeness and sulkiness. Protestants can never cease wondering at this extraordinary change, which, however, is a very natural one. The man employed in bending the tough elm into a bow, need not be astonished when it flies back in his face.

I stopt at a small house in Ann-street, kept by one Campbell. The people were civil, and I had a very good cold supper. It was not their fault I had not a hot one, for there was a hot joint of mutton set on the table—it was, however, rather oppressive for a night in July, and I ordered it away. People in the country are seldom nice in this particular. I remember once, in another part of the north, and in much warmer weather, supping with a small party on roast beef and hot

apple pye, and the Convivator seemed to pride himself very much on the delicate repast he had provided for us.

CHAPTER IX.

Belfast.

I HAVE now been a week in Belfast, which has rolled not unpleasantly away. In the morning I walk the streets, and frequent the libraries; and in the evening I go to card parties and concerts. I am, therefore, in some degree competent to speak of the place and people. I do it without reluctance, for I can say little of either but what is good.

Belfast is a large and well-built town. The streets are broad and straight. The houses neat and comfortable, mostly built of brick. The population, in a random way, may be estimated at thirty thousand, of which probably four thousand are Catholics. These are almost entirely working people. A few years ago there was scarcely a Catholic in the place. How much Presbyterians out-number the members of the Established Church, appears from the circumstance of there being five meeting-houses and only one church.

Three of these meeting-houses are in a cluster, and are neat little buildings. Neatness and trimness, indeed, rather than magnificence, are the characteristics of all the public buildings. A large mass-house, however, to the building of which, with their accustomed liberality, the inhabitants largely contributed, is an exception.

The new college, when finished, if like the Edinburgh college, and, for the same reason, it is not doomed to remain for ever unfinished, will, I should suppose, be another.

The principal library is in one of the rooms of the linen hall. I spend some hours every day in it—solitary hours; for the bustling inhabitants of this great commercial town have little leisure (I do not know that they have little inclination) for reading. Round the hall there is a public walk, prettily laid out with flowers and shrubs. I meet with as few people here, as in the library. Young women appear to walk as little as the men read. I know not whether this is a restraint of Presbyterianism, or of education; but let the cause be what it may, it is a very cruel one—young women have few enjoyments; it is a pity, therefore, to deprive them of so innocent a one as that of walking. I have conversed with them at parties, and generally found them rational and unassuming. To an Englishman, as may be easily conceived, the rusticity of their accent would at

first be unpleasant. But his ear would soon accommodate itself to it, and even find beauties in it—the greatest of all beauties in a female, an apparent freedom from affectation and assumption. They seldom played cards, nor did the elderly people seem to be particularly fond of them. Music was the favourite recreation, and many were no mean proficients in it. They are probably indebted for this to Mr. Bunting, a man well known in the musical world. He has an extensive school here, and is organist to one of the meeting-houses; for so little fanaticism have now the Presbyterians of Belfast, that they have admitted organs into their places of worship. At no very distant period this would have been reckoned as high a profanation as to have erected a crucifix. I was highly gratified with Mr. Bunting's execution on the piano-forte—nor was I less so with the voice of a gentleman of the name of Ross. He is, I think, one of the finest private singers I ever heard. Mr. Bunting is a large jolly-looking man; that he should fail to be so is hardly possible, for Belfast concerts are never mere music meetings—they are always followed by a good supper, and store of wine and punch. Mr. Bunting is accused of being at times capricious, and unwilling to gratify curiosity. But musicians, poets, and ladies, have ever been privileged to be so. I went to the meeting-house at which he performs, to hear him on the

organ, but as it was only a common psalm he accompanied, I had no opportunity of judging of his powers.

I heard a very rational discourse from Doctor Drummond, minister of the congregation. The Doctor is likewise principal of an academy in the neighbourhood, and a poet. He has published a long work in verse on the Giants' Causeway, of which I know not the success. He does not appear to me to have been judicious in his choice of a subject. Topography cannot be made interesting, even by rhyme—it is like hanging a garland of roses round the neck of a skeleton. I have taken but a cursory view of his work, yet it appears to me, that Doctor Drummond emits, at times, a spark of true poetry—If he "straight grows cold again," it is, perhaps, in a considerable degree, the fault of his profession—a poet, above all men, must have the imagination free—a Presbyterian clergyman is fettered by customs, usages, and modes of thinking—he is obliged, therefore, to curb his Pegasus, when he should rather slacken the rein.

I know of no other literary man in this town or neighbourhood, except Doctor Drennan—He is principally, or indeed only, known as a writer of politics, and people will judge his writings differently, according to their sentiments on this subject. He is a little smart man, between fifty and

sixty years of age. I have no acquaintance with him; but I learn he is a valuable member of society, and an exemplary character in private life.

If literary men are scarce, merchants, however, are plenty. They predominate as much in society here, as lawyers do in that of Dublin. When disengaged, I dine at an ordinary with a large party of them, mostly young men, who have no establishments of their own. They seem agreeable and good-natured, as ready (a rare thing in Ireland) to listen as to talk, and, after supper, more disposed to sing than to do either. The last evening I was there, the box which contains the records of the club was brought forward, and unlocked, in order to shew me, what was deemed an almost invaluable treasure—this was a letter from a no less important person than Sir Francis Burdett, in answer to an address of theirs—the whole letter was commented on in terms of high approbation; but a paragraph, in which Ireland was termed a long-suffering and much-injured country, was repeated with admiration. The people of Ireland are so far a-kin to the people of England, that they seem never so happy as when proved to be the most wretched people under the sun. I have, I believe, on a former occasion, taken notice of the singular veneration in which Sir Francis Burdett is held in this country. I have

hardly ever been in a company in which I was not asked whether I was acquainted with him; and had I availed myself of a traveller's privilege, and answered in the affirmative, I have little doubt but that, like a needle rubbed upon a load-stone, I should have been myself a magnet of attraction.

An ardent love of liberty is, indeed, the strongest feature in the character of the Presbyterians of the North of Ireland. It is like the bone Luz of the Hebrews, which no accident can impair or destroy, and remains in life and in death—It was the irregular expansion of this spirit which, in a great measure, caused the late unfortunate rebellion. As far as they were concerned, I must add, the late most unnatural rebellion. For whatever might be the conduct of government to others, to them it was ever a tender one. It is the same unperishable spirit which makes them now adhere to the party in England, I will not say the most revolutionary, but the most innovating. I must confess, though I am "native here and to the matter born," it is a spirit in which I am in no degree a participator. I think mankind in general have fully as much freedom as they know how to make a good use of; and I dislike untried and untrodden ways. Like Hardcastle in the play, I love every thing that is old—old customs, old religions, old constitutions, and old governments.

And should my head at times detect this as a delusion, my heart ever recognizes it as a legitimate one. For what can novelty or new created greatness command of respect or veneration, compared to that which has its origin in past ages! and I do not hesitate to declare, that I should prefer the decaying frame of ancient greatness, when viewed in the yellow light thrown on it through the stained casement of the sanctuary of the Gothic Cathedral, in which it has lain so long, to a constitution just issued from the head of the goddess of wisdom, did it even come into the world as perfect and full grown as she did herself.

Of no people as of no man can every thing be praise—Having thus reluctantly given the shade of the northern character, or what appears to me to be the shade, I turn with cheerfulness to its bright side. I know no where more sedate or virtuous men—nor any men who estimate human life, perhaps, by a more rational, though not by an exalted standard—high-sounding titles, greatness that rolled in its chariot were unattended to and uninvited, while humble merit, or what they were pleased to consider as merit, experienced attention that never remitted, and kindness that never decreased.

CHAPTER X.

Larne.

I left Belfast this morning at seven o'clock—I was detained two or three days by the rain—I found this delay very irksome, for Belfast had lost much of its charms by losing its novelty—my heart bounded, therefore, to be once more in the green fields; and, like the madman, I thought there was nothing good but fresh air and liberty. I stopt to breakfast at a pretty house about two miles from Belfast, the property of a Mr. Simms—probably the same who was confined in Fort St. George with Arthur O'Connor, and other misguided heads of the United Irish—this house commands an extensive view of Carrickfergus Bay, and the opposite shore of Down. The latter appeared to me to be a barren mountain; but on examining it through a telescope that stood in the parlour window, I found it was a highly fertile country. I had a glimpse likewise of the castle of Carrickfergus, with its ash-coloured walls and time-worn turrets, rising, as it were, out of the sea.

I have often had occasion to mention an Irish breakfast—I shall notice it again for the last time. I had to-day a most delicious one—rich cream

and butter, cakes of various descriptions—honey, too, an invaluable sweet, of which it is astonishing that use is not more frequently made—preserved strawberries, and, in short, every article of a Scotch breakfast, except marmalade. How preferable was this innocent and pastoral meal to the (I must say) brutal custom now so prevalent in England, of bringing flesh meat to the breakfast table: a custom equally offensive and unfeeling, which mingles the effluvia of a dead animal with the odours of tea, which compels us when rising from the death of sleep, and raising our eyes to the sun and sky, to throw them on the lacerated flesh and disjointed limbs of an animal, which had sensations, and instincts, and affections, like ourselves. But waving these objections, which to many will appear absurd, there are, in my mind, many others against the use of flesh meat in the morning. It injures essentially, and almost immediately, the breath and teeth. The Persians are so sensible of this, that in conversing they always, as is remarked by Chardin, hold their hands to their mouths. It likewise considerably quickens the pulse, rekindling instantly the fever which sleep has extinguished, and when the frame, soft, relaxed, opening in the morning of day, as in the morning of life, demands mild and bland food, it wears and irritates it by the strength of its stimulus.

The instant I swallowed my breakfast I proceeded on my journey, and to say the truth I required a little exercise to digest it. I found the roads equally beautiful with the one which led to Belfast. The neat little villas were even, if possible, more numerous, I suppose on account of the neighbourhood of the sea, the blue waves of which rolled in long succession close to where I walked—a striking illustration, as has often been remarked, of the passing generations of men, which swell an instant in a widespreading circle, then break, and for ever disappear.

About half a mile from Carrickfergus, I stepped into a house—it was in a very ominous situation—just opposite the gallows. It was for that reason I stopt at it. I wished to know the particulars of the conduct of an unfortunate Scotch captain of a vessel, of the name of Brown, who had been executed the evening before. There was one woman only at home—nor could I desire a better informant than a woman, when a tale of sorrow was to be told. Before she had proceeded far in her narration, several of her neighbours, who had likewise been spectators of the execution, came in. They had not been uninterested spectators, though the unfortune sufferer was an entire stranger to them. The starting tear, the stifled sob, and tale continued by one, when another, overcome by emotion, had suddenly left

off, bespoke the deep interest with which they had viewed it, and did credit to their sensibility. There is no wickedness, it has been said, like that of a woman. I am sure there is no tenderness like that of one, and sweetly did David describe the love his brother Jonathan bore him, when he said it was wonderful, passing the love of women.

Carrickfergus is a very ancient town. It is disputed whether it was built by the Irish, or by the first English colonists. It is a matter of little importance; but I should suppose there was a town here before the coming of the English. Carreg or Crag-fergus is an Irish word, and signifies a rock or stone—it is not probable, therefore, an English colony, settled there by right of conquest, would give a name to any settlement of theirs in the language of the country.

The castle is an interesting specimen of the early Norman architecture. As it is built on a high rock that projects into the sea, it is impossible to view it in a great part of its extent without getting into a boat. The entrance is on the northern side, between two towers, or half moons, which are joined by a curtain, on which are mounted several pieces of cannon—over the gateway is a portcullis and aperture for throwing down stones. Previous to 1793, the castle was in a very ruinous condition, but was then

thoroughly repaired, and twenty-seven pieces of ordnance mounted on the batteries—since which time it serves as the principal magazine for the northern district. There was formerly a constable of this castle, which office was considered of such importance, that it was enacted that none but an Englishman by birth could hold the office. There were at that period three degrees of Englishmen in Ireland—English by birth, English by blood, and English by descent; of which English by birth was superlative. These different classes mutually hated and quarrelled with each other. The only points on which they ever agreed, were to plunder and misuse the unfortunate native as much as possible; and, when they had fooled him to the top of his bent, to clamour against the excesses he was guilty of in his madness. They teazed and goaded the slumbering bull into fury, and then exclaimed, when he turned on them with his horns. Our fathers eat green fruit, and the children's teeth are set on edge. I fear the present generation is doomed to pay a heavy penalty for the transgressions of former ones.

I took a hasty view of the church, which is repairing. I did not enter by the door, but by the wall, in which there is a great breach. The great window is of stained glass; it represents Jesus baptized in the river Jordan by John. It

did not originally belong to the church, but was brought from the private chapel of Dangan-house, County Meath, lately the seat of the Marquis Wellesley, and was presented to the parish as a gift by a gentleman of the neighbourhood.

So lately as the year 1711, eight women were tried at Carrickfergus for witchcraft. The particular act alleged against them was, tormenting a woman of the name of Dunbar. The circumstances on the trial appeared as follow: The afflicted person being in a house lately occupied by a woman, who, according to report, died by witchcraft, found an apron which had been missing some time, tied with nine knots, which knots she untied without the least suspicion of harm. Immediately after, she fell into violent fits, and cried that a knife was run through her thigh, and that she was tormented by three women, whom she minutely described. Shortly afterwards, she accused five others, though unacquainted with them. Those persons were instantly sent for from different parts of the country, and the afflicted person appeared to suffer more torture, as they approached the house. Several witnesses produced a considerable quantity of pins, buttons, feathers, yarn, &c. and swore, that they caught them in their hands, as they fell from the mouth of the afflicted, who vomited them. They also swore, that the clothes often slid off the bed, and that she was at

one time, carried off the bed, and laid on the floor by an imperceptible power. In the defence of the accused, it appeared, that they were all honest industrious people—that they had received the communion and generally prayed both public and private. One of the judges, in his charge to the jury, laid great stress on these circumstances, and gave it as his opinion, that such religious persons could not be guilty of so foul a crime. The other alleged, that character could not outweigh facts, and that the jury, on the evidence adduced, should find them guilty. It is almost needless to add, that the most foolish opinion prevailed, and that they brought in their verdict accordingly.

In the neighbourhood of the town is a large lake of fresh water, called Loughmorn, or the Great Lough. It is said to be the largest sheet of water, in the same altitude, in Ireland, being several hundred feet above the level of Carrickfergus Bay. Its water is supposed to be formed by a large spring near its centre, as there is no appearance of any near its margin. This opinion is somewhat confirmed, as a place near the centre is seldom frozen during winter. Concerning the origin of this Lough, there is the following tradition: That it was once a large town, where one evening an old man came into it seeking a lodging, and being refused by several people, he said,

"although it was a town then, it should be a lough ere morn." He instantly left the town, and retired to an adjacent hill. The people were soon alarmed by the ground sinking, and eels rising about their hearth stones, when, lo! in an instant, the town sunk, "and like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind." This tradition shews how dreadful a violation of the rights of hospitality is considered in Ireland, where, beyond any other country in the universe, a stranger is, perhaps, still a holy name.

About two miles from Carrickfergus the road separates; that to the right leads to Island Magee, as it is called, though in reality it is a peninsula. Island Magee is famous, or infamous rather, for the barbarous murder, in the year 1641, of thirty poor Catholic families, innocent and unstained with the rebellion. I had an idea of visiting it, but changed my mind. At the extreme point, in order to get there, I must have crossed an arm of the sea; I had suffered too much from this element to be willing lightly again to venture on it; besides, Presbyterians I knew were in general predestinarians, I feared I should find them more confiding in Providence, than attentive to the condition and tackling of their boats.

I passed several gentlemen's seats, and passed, and met, and was overtaken, by a number of people, who either bid me good day, or good e'en,

stopped to ask me a few questions. Custom renders it necessary on an Irish road to say something in passing—the observations made to me on the weather were endless—it was hot, cold, fine weather, and threatened rain, in the course of a half an hour. It was impossible, therefore, to give imitation much room. It was impossible, for another reason,—the abominable custom of repairing the road with stones is almost universal — in one part there was upwards of a mile covered in this manner. I crawled on it for some time, but at length found it intolerable—it was a real penance, and I might as well, like Peter Pindar's pilgrim, have gone to my lady's house of Loretto, with peas in my shoes. I, therefore, got into the fields, and scrambled over hedge and ditch as well as I could. I incurred a heavy curse of the Jewish law, for I am sure I must have trod down the standing corn. The road near Larne is more sublime than beautiful—it winds along the sea, and in some parts descends so abruptly, that one would suppose, like the sun, it was going to bury itself in it. I stood on one of those precipices. The sea spread itself beneath and around me—with a little help of the imagination, I might have fancied myself at the Ultima Thule, beyond which it was impossible to travel farther.

Larne is a clean but straggling town. I arrived about seven o'clock. I stopped at a quiet little

house, kept by a Mrs. Ritchie. I ordered dinner, and amused myself by looking out of the window till it was ready. An elderly man, on a lean horse, rode slowly up to the door. A moment afterwards the girl (girls in these small inns are almost always the waiters) came in to know if I would allow a stranger to dine with me. I consented readily, for there are times when any company is better than a man's own thoughts.

"He'el be well worth his room," said the girl, "for he's a knowing chap, and has written a printed *buke*."

The lower classes here, like the Scotch, are brought up in an habitual reverence for literature, and to have written a printed *buke* is high praise; whether it is an Almanack or Paradise Lost, makes little difference. My brother traveller, from his appearance and manner, might have been author of a dictionary; he was, however, only editor of a magazine, and was then abroad collecting orders or materials. I found him a rational and intelligent man—a politician, but a gloomy one. The absolute conviction of his mind was, that a great and awful change was at hand, and that the present system, to use his own words, could no more last seven years than it could seven hundred.

"The disease of Ireland," said he, in reply to something I had said, "will admit neither of remedy nor relief. Consider her situation your-

self, the population is Catholic; with some commercial wealth; while the property, the landed property, the improvement, the civilization, is Protestant. The Protestant has the natural partiality for government, which sympathy and identity of interest never fail to inspire; but the Catholic has no such partiality; he is a foreigner, a stranger in his quiet, — perhaps, an enemy in his heated—moments. Can government, then, I ask you, adopt him, and exclude the other; for, mind, it cannot have both; nor can you, or any man upon earth, who thinks at all, think that it can go on many years longer, if the Catholic is its enemy."

From this opinion I must here, as I did to him, express my unqualified dissent. I think government may have, easily have, both; and while it gains the Catholic, need not lose the Protestant. The Protestant gentry are every day becoming more enlightened; and, I trust, will shortly be as distinguished for their liberality and good sense, as they have always been for their hospitality and social virtues. I shall mention another observation of my companion's, which is, at least, an original one.

"The truth is," said he, "you must have a change. What we are doing now, were there no other reason, would be a sufficient one."

"What are we doing?" I asked.

"Drinking spirits," he replied, "when, were it put entirely out of the reach of people of moderate fortune, we should be drinking wine. Wine was meant by nature to be a necessary of man—he may fancy substitutes, but they are only for a season, he can no more do without wine long, than he can without water or without air."

He said a great deal more of a similar nature, so that at length I became infected with his gloom; and, instead of going to bed as I ought to have done, sat up tormenting myself with efforts to unravel the future fortunes of these kingdoms;—unavailing efforts, for an impenetrable cloud rests on the destinies of nations, as well as of men. The Parcæ were the children of Erebus and Nox.

CHAPTER XI.

Rose Hill.

I BREAKFASTED the following morning with a Mr. Sullivan—Sullivan is a Catholic name. The gentleman was, probably, afraid I should take him for a Catholic for I had not swallowed my first cup of tea, until he informed me he was a Protestant, and a descendant of a French Hugonot.

How must the native Irish have been treated in their ancient land, when it is thought degradation even to be descended from them. There were no Catholics formerly in Larne, there are now several; there are a few even in Island Magee, of which their horror was so great, at no very distant period, that they shuddered to pronounce its name.

In the year 1798, the United Irishmen made a smart attack on a body of regulars, stationed in the town, and were not repulsed until several lives were lost. Those who hold Protestant and Loyalist synonymous in Ireland, must exclude from the definition of Protestant the Presbyterian. The Presbyterians of the north were not much less deeply and universally engaged in the rebellion, than the Catholics of the south.

I quitted Larne immediately after breakfast. I took the road to Ballymena. I had originally proposed going to Glenarn, and along the coast to the Giant's Causeway. Circumstances have occurred to prevent me; and probably will ever now prevent me, yet I should strongly recommend this route to every person who visits this part of Ireland. The coast is, I understand, highly romantic, the people civil and obliging, and the accommodations not uncomfortable. I advise the traveller to carry with him Dr. Drummond's poem on the Causeway. The notes contain much valuable matter, and the prints are said to be faithfully

executed. As a specimen (not an unfavourable specimen) of his versification, I give his account of Dunluce Castle. Dunluce Castle is the most striking ruin on this coast, and is situated on a rock nearly insulated, and perforated by a cavern re-echoing to the noise of the waves. Its commanding situation, and its numerous gables and turrets, resembling the ruins of a village destroyed by fire, excite an idea of its former magnificence, and a feeling of regret for its lost splendour. It is joined to the main land beneath by an isthmus of rocks, and above, by a narrow arch like a wall, to which it appears that there was formerly another wall, of similar structure, running parallel, and that when the two walls were connected by boards, a passage was formed of sufficient width for the accommodation of a garrison. A room in the castle is said to be the favourite abode of Mave Roc, probably a Banshee, or some other fictitious personage, who sweeps it every night.

"Thou too, Dunluce, proud throne of feudal state,
Hast bowed beneath the withering arm of fate;
For time has been, when girt with martial powers,
High wav'd thy banners o'er thy sea-girt towers;
When deep and awful rose the battle's roar,
And war's artillery shook thy trembling shore.
Then rude magnificence adorn'd thy board,
And valour steel'd thy lord's victorious sword;
Then loud was heard the voice of festive glee,
With dance, and song, and heaven-taught minstrelsy.

Wide to the storm now stand thy echoing halls,
Time saps the base of thy basaltic walls;
In ruin lies thy bridge's narrow pass,
Sunk in the fosse, and clothed with waving grass;
The sea-pink blooms upon thy turrets' height,
There the lone bird of ocean sits by night;
While far beneath, thy wave-washed cavern moans,
As the sad spirit of the whirlwind groans,
And fell Banshees, across the lonely heath,
Shriek to the blast, and pour the song of death."

The following lines are, I think, poetical and just.

"Sad are thy changes, time—and mem'ry's tears
Fall as she pauses on the wrecks of years;
While many a tint, from fancy's pallet thrown,
Gives to the past a beauty not its own,
And bids the muse in savage life behold
Heroic virtues, and an age of gold.
Thus the rough wildness of the mountain bare,
By distance mellowed in the clear blue air,
Presents creative thought with many a scene
Of woods, and cots, fair glen, and rural green.
At truth's quick glance, the vain delusions fly,
And reason checks the momentary sigh.
While hope ecstatic, points to happier skies,
And bids new scenes of bliss and glory rise."

I was told, on leaving Larne, that Ballymena was only sixteen miles distant—*long ones* my informant said. I found afterwards it was more than twenty. I stepped into a cabin on the road side to enquire my way. A woman was spin-

ning and singing. She instantly discontinued the latter, nor could all my intreaties prevail on her to resume it. She was ashamed, she said, "—a poor woman's song could be no treat to gentlefolks — it made the wheel gang lightsome though, and it kept one from thinking."

How general must be the perception of misery, when the poor, as well as the rich, have such a horror of thought. I asked her if the road before me was level—there was one "wee brae," she said. I found the wee brae was a mountain of most wearisome ascent. It is called Shane's Hill, and is nearly three miles from bottom to top. I stopped several times and turned round, as well to draw breath, as to enjoy the extensive prospect which lay at my feet. In the course of a few miles walk I stopped, I dare say, upwards of twenty persons, to enquire the way. They were mostly bare-legged, not bare-footed, lads, driving horses loaded with turf—drawing turf is the phrase, for language is here unconsciously metaphorical. I am certain I did not get an uncivil, or even an indifferent, answer from one of them. True it is, they addressed me with no extraordinary respect, and the appellation, Sir, was commonly omitted. This, doubtless, in part proceeded from the plain manners of the country; but more, I should suppose, from the circumstance of my being on foot. The gentry of Ireland generally

travel on horseback. The people, therefore, consider a gentleman and a horse a kind of winged Centaur, and can no more form an idea of the former without the latter, than Martinus Scriblerus could of an alderman without his gown and chain.

I stopped at a lone public house about half way between Larne and Ballymena. The good man brought me a gill of whiskey. I asked for some bread and milk, and got bread, butter, and cream. The whiskey, however, did not go to loss, as my host kindly drank it for me. I asked him if he could inform me why the mountain I had lately laboured up, was called Shane's Hill. That he could, he said, and instantly gave me the following narration. Little disposition as it is thought there is in the world to give, nobody refuses to give—information or advice.

Shane, in English, John, was a *rapparce*, and lived by plundering the Scotch, for so the Presbyterians were then, and sometimes are yet called. He drove away their cattle at times, and at other times was contented with houghing them. On one of those occasions he was closely pursued, and ran up the mountain with all his might. There was then no road, and before he got half way to the top, he (which was natural enough) was exhausted, and threw himself in despair into a *whin* ditch. The day instantly darkened, and

a heavy storm of wind and rain came on, which hid his pursuers from his view. It hid not, however, a great battle fought near him, between the Scotch and Irish fairies. Ideas of bloodshed are so natural to man, that the children of his imagination, like his own miserable self, are engaged in constant warfare, and the poet, whose works, next to those of Shakespeare, are an honour to his country, could not describe even heaven without a battle in it. After an obstinate resistance, the Irish fairies seemed to have the worst of the fray, which was more than Shane's patriotic feelings could bear. He took up a stone, of which certainly there are plenty, and threw it at the rabble rout. At this interposition of mortal arm, with a loud shriek, the whole pageant faded, and on the middle finger of the hand which had saved his *countrymen* from destruction, Shane found a ring, on which was engraved an Irish word, of which the English is, *wish twice*. His first wish was a very natural one; he wished himself in a place of safety, and in an instant he was whirled through the air as fleetly as Alarus, the Scythian, was on the arrow given him by Apollo, and seated on a high cliff on the top of the mountain. He was in safety here, for nobody would venture to follow him. His next wish, therefore, was for plenty of

whiskey to make himself comfortable. He got drunk, tumbled down, and was killed.

It is astonishing how little novelty there is even in fiction itself. The tale of one country and generation, disfigured and altered, becomes the story of another. I instantly traced the above one to a fairy tale I have read in my younger days, called, if I am correct in my recollection, Perfect Love; or, the Loves of Prince Percinus and the Princess Irolita. How much Irish tradition disfigures it, may be seen by referring to the original. Shane, it is true, is a bad name to found a romance on, and a robber's adventures could never be made as interesting as the sorrows of a princess.

I returned my host thanks for his long story, and offered him payment for my dinner, which by this time I had finished; but he would accept of nothing for it. "Na, na, surr," said he, "I wunna drink a man's whiskey, and take mammon for a drap out o' the crock—that wou'd na be decent."

About two miles from his house I came to a place where two roads meet. I sat down until some person should come up who could inform me which of them I was to take. Though seated on the ground, I had an extensive prospect; not very fruitful in any part, and as barren as ever Churchill found Scotland in many

places. It consisted of reclaimed land and irreclaimable—of scanty grass and barren heath—but not therefore useless—for while sheep grazed on the one, there was plenty of turf on the other. I continued sitting nearly an hour, without hearing a single footstep. I hardly recollect any thing more still; the silence was even oppressive. I gradually fell into a kind of reverie. "Utrum horum," I heard from a voice behind me; I looked round, and saw a little man in black, mounted on a horse no larger than a mule. He wore a large grizzled wig and cocked hat. They formed a ludicrous contrast to his jolly face and swollen cheeks, puffed up by good cheer, like a trumpter's, or Eolus when he gave the winds vent.

"Am'nt I right," said he, clapping me familiarly on the back, "hav'nt you missed your way?"

"No," I said, "it was to avoid missing it, I remained here."

"And well you did," said he, "for I can inform you,—come along," taking hold of my coat, "this is the way."

"It may be your way," I replied, "but you will better know mine when I tell you where I am going."

"*I* can tell you," replied he; "you are going along with me to a neighbour's house, where

you'll get a good dinner and plenty of whiskey into the bargain."

He then informed me he was Priest of the parish, and was going to a parishioner's to marry his daughter to a neighbouring young man. He civilly pressed me to accompany him, apologizing for the freedom with which he had accosted me. I declined the offer; but as our road happened to be for a part of the way the same, we travelled on together. His conversation was as grotesque as his appearance, and was interlarded with scraps of Latin, delivered in a nasal tone, like a Frenchman. He had been educated in France, and had resided there several years.

I asked him how he liked it?

"C'est un pays de dieu," he replied.

"And Ireland," said I, "did it not appear strange to you after quitting this Paradise?"

"Ireland is a Paradise," said he; "I mean will be, when the bugs have left it."

Who he meant by the bugs I cannot conjecture, nor did I ask him. "You Priests are to be pitied," I said, "you can go to other people's weddings, but can never go to your own."

"We don't think of our own," he replied; "we keep ourselves pure and undefiled vessels of the Lord."

"You would not be less pure," said I, "for

having good wives—but I suppose you console yourselves with the wives of your neighbours."

"It is so supposed," said he; "but I believe wrongfully—for my own part, I bless God, nothing worse ever passed between me and my neighbour's wife than is doing at present."

"Even if there sometimes had," I said, "I should forgive you—your situation exposes you to temptation, and, humanum est errare."

"Sed non persistere," said he. "When I was a younker at college I was no saint, I warrant you; but since then I was never once either fornicator or adulterer—Coelum hoc, et conscia sidera testor."

We parted at a narrow lane which led down to the house where he was going. I walked slowly forward. Had I suspected what was to follow, I should have gone quicker. I had scarcely got a quarter of a mile, when a man on horseback overtook me. He took off his hat, and hoped I would condescend to eat a mouthful with him. I told him it was impossible, that the evening was advancing, and I should be very late in getting to Ballymena.

"I can get you a bed in a neighbour's house," said he. "I am sorry I cannot offer you one in my own—it will be so crowded—but if you will demean yourself so far as to make one of us, it

will be a great compliment to my daughter and the bridegroom—you travelled better than a mile with the Priest, and it would'nt be reckoned lucky to pass by without taking a *drap* to their healths."

"A curse on the word," said I; "I wish it was out of the dictionary—it got me shipwrecked a short time ago, and now it is going to get me into a quarrel—for your feasts, I suppose, generally end in that way."

"God forbid," said the man, "there should be any fighting at my bairn's wedding; but even if there were, I am sure you could'nt think any one would forget the respect he owes to a gentleman like you."

I turned round, and accompanied him back to his house. The lane which led down to it was rocky and uneven—a shallow brook ran along the centre—my companion made me mount his horse, least my feet should get wet. The house was mean-looking enough, but it was cheerly illuminated by the setting sun, impatient, as a poet would say, had it been the wedding of a princess, to hide himself behind the lofty mountain beyond it. No bad emblem, it may be permitted a sober prose writer to remark, of the fugitive sunshine of a married life. I dismounted from my steed with almost as much state as a Pope (I cannot immediately recollect his name) did between two

great Kings, for the bridegroom held the stirrup, and the priest the bridle. The latter welcomed me with the cordiality of an old acquaintance. "Salvo multum exoptate," said he, shaking me heartily by the hand. We then proceeded to the room where the company were assembled. The floor was earthen, but clean. A table was decently laid out for dinner. I was introduced to the bride. She was a modest-looking girl about seventeen. She was dressed in a white calico gown and ribands, and had a fan in her hand. The Priest now began the ceremony. The evening was close and the room crowded. He soon got into a violent heat, and to cool himself, took his wig off several times, wiped his head, and replaced it. But whatever there might be uncouth in his manner, there was nothing ludicrous, either in that of the bride or her parents. The voice of nature will always find its way to the heart, and the tears which streamed down their cheeks bespoke the affection they bore each other.

After the ceremony was over, the whiskey went round, and we then sat down to dinner. It was a very abundant one, not ill dressed,—nor, considering the condition of the people, ill served. The priest was grand carver, grand talker too, and grand laugher. I was seated at his right hand, and if I were not comfortable it was not his fault, for no person could be more attentive. The moment

dinner was over, the table was removed, and the company began dancing. The music was a fiddle and dulcimer. The dances were reels of three and of four—when one person got tired, another instantly started up in his or her place, and the best dancer was he or she who held out the longest. A singular kind of *pas seul* was performed by a *crack* dancer. A door was taken off the hinges, and laid on the floor, on which he danced in his stocking-soles. He displayed considerable activity, but there was an almost total want of grace. His principal movement consisted in rapidly and alternately raising his feet as high as his waistcoat, and when he succeeded in getting his toes a little way into the pocket, there was a universal burst of applause.

Every nation has a dance, as well as a song, peculiar to itself. Yet of the ancient Irish dance no mention is made by any historian. Tradition, indeed, gives us a description of the Rinceadh' Fada which, it affirms, was the dance of the ancient Irish. If it were, I regret that the use of it has passed away, as it appears to have been a very elegant one. When that unfortunate monarch, James II. landed at Kinsale, his friends, who waited his arrival on the sea shore, welcomed him with the Rinceadh' Fada, the figure and execution of which delighted him exceedingly. Three persons abreast, each holding the ends of a white handkerchief, first moved forward a few paces to

slow music, the rest of the dancers following, two and two, a white handkerchief between each. Then the dance began. The music suddenly changing to brisk time, the dancers passed with a quick step under the handkerchiefs of the three in front, wheeled round in semicircles, formed a variety of pleasing and animating evolutions; interspersed at intervals with entire chants or cues; united, and fell again into their original places behind, and paused. This it is conjectured was the dance of the Pagan Irish during their festivals on the 1st of May and the 1st of August, when fires were lighted, and sacrifices offered on the most lofty mountains in every part of the kingdom, to Bael, or the Sun. It is likewise conjectured, that the dancers were a kind of chorus, who sung as they danced, an hymn in praise of the Deity whom they were honouring.

But to return to the scene of which I was so unexpectedly a spectator. The whiskey was handed frequently about, a few took it mixed with water, but the generality drank it plain. The women scarcely tasted it, nor did the Priest. His spirits, indeed, seemed of themselves sufficiently buoyant —he drank plentifully of tea, however, in which I was happy to join him. The company at length got noisy and intoxicated, and I began to find my situation unpleasant—not that I was apprehensive of the slightest danger; but coarseness is oppres-

sive whenever it becomes familiar—vulgarity may be endured when it is modest, which drunkenness seldom is. I was, therefore, agreeably surprised, when the man of the house came and told me a gentleman wanted to speak to me at the door. It was his landlord. The poor man had run up to his house to inform him of me, and to request him to offer me a bed. The gentleman, with great civility, had come down himself, and I gladly consented to accompany him back, to the great annoyance of my friend, the Priest, who said, he should now have nobody fit to talk to. I left him singing a French song, which, in the company he was in, could not be very edifying. He had sung one or two in the course of the evening. "I must give these barbarians," whispered he to me, "something they don't understand, or they would soon lose all reverence for me." It was, probably, to excite their reverence that he wore his grizzled wig and cocked hat: and with reason. When authority threw aside its flowing robes, and thrust itself into a drab-coloured strait coat, it did itself more harm than it was aware of.

CHAPTER X.

Rose Hill.

No country I ever saw abounds more in picturesque situations than the North of Ireland. This house is in a most delightful one. It stands on the green brow of a little hill, which overlooks the town of B———, and commands an assemblage of hill and dale, of wood and water, of verdant mead and lofty mountain, the beauty of which it is impossible to describe. An extensive garden is in front, arranged in terraces. It is now in its highest perfection. Flora herself seems to preside over it, and Proserpine might come hither to gather her fairest flowers. The rose is in endless profusion, and sheds its rich fragrance on the room where I write. I love this flower; nor would I think myself solitary in a wilderness that was blooming with the rose. The name, even, and all its combinations, are beautiful, and the soft dew of heaven becomes more beatified still when it is called *la rosee.* Well might the heroine of a German drama, when with enthusiastic rapture she recalled the voice of young and mutual love, exclaim, "Methought it was the song of the nightingale; methought it was the smell of the rose." If there were a place, indeed,

upon earth where care could not enter, it might be supposed to be here, and in what fairy scenes of delight does the imagination revel, when it figures to itself the happiness virtuous love might enjoy in this wildernesss of wild pleasures and solitude of sweets.

The family of my hospitable entertainer, consists of his wife, of whom I shall presently speak, an old bachelor, his brother, and an unmarried daughter. I do not, however, know, that he who sees in this an Arcadia would choose her for his queen. She is a sickly-looking young woman, with a remarkably pale face, and an expression of deep melancholy. The complexion, indeed, is rather the lividness of a corpse, than the paleness of a living being. To explain the paleness and melancholy of a female countenance, romance is always at hand, and ascribes it to love—the most powerful of all the passions—in a tale. But love is only one of the many sources of human misery, perhaps not the most powerful, and certainly not the most lasting—slight causes often produce powerful effects, and what is little romantic, is sometimes very distressing. The young lady owes her ill health and pale face, to a cause that has injured the health and looks of thousands. When a growing girl she was inclining to be fat, and had besides, what she thought, a rustic floridness of countenance. She drank,

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therefore, large quantities of vinegar, and has for ever got rid both of flesh and complexion. She has likewise contracted a kind of nervous movement of her head and shoulders, which is disagreeable. If, indeed, it were permitted me to say so of people, to whom I am indebted for so much hospitality, they seem all rather originals. In proportion as we recede from the metropolis, original characters became more common. Men who live much together lose their peculiarities. Men who live apart retain them, and acquire new ones. It is impossible to live long in a retired country, surrounded by mountains and glens, and torrents, without receiving their impression on the soul, and acquiring a disregard of the common usages and objects of life. The brother assisted the Americans in their revolution, and had the rank of captain in their service. He was wounded in the head at the battle of Princetown, and is, I understand, completely deranged whenever he drinks wine or spirits; of both of which, like most old soldiers, he is inordinately fond. His brother, on this account, therefore, seldom goes into company, and as seldom sees any—for as Doctor Johnson has remarked, nobody in Ireland visits where he cannot drink. Presbyterians, I have elsewhere remarked, are enthusiasts in favour of liberty—they bow down reluctantly to kings, lords, or bishops, and to get rid of

them, particularly the two latter, as much as to better their condition, was probably the reason why so many of them emigrated to America. It is not wonderful, therefore, that almost universally they took part with her in her struggle for freedom, as they would consider it. Almost the entire Pennsylvania line, as it was called, were Irish Presbyterians. Of the veneration which the old gentleman, I am speaking of, bears the country for which he bled, it is difficult to form a conception. He actually shrieked at the idea, that, in what I must deem the most unfortunate struggle about again to commence between them, the mercenary slaves of England should prove a match for the free-born sons of America. I thought he would have suffocated, nor was I relieved from my apprehensions, until I saw the tears of affection roll down the poor man's furrowed cheeks, as in imagination he beheld the future greatness of his beloved adopted country. "And oh!" exclaimed he "that I may be permitted to look down a hundred years hence, and to see her greatness extending from the rising to the setting of the sun. I warrant ye her low-minded enemies will be then as low laid."

His dress bespeaks his fondness, as forcibly as his conversation. He wears upwards of two dozen of silver buttons on his single-breasted blue coat and waistcoat—on each of which are engraved some great American statesman, general,

or event. General Washington occupies the upper button of the coat, and Mr. Handcock, President of Congress, the same station on the waist-coat. Should (no uncommon thing with books) the history of that memorable æra be ever worn out, we may obtain a tolerable knowledge of it from this worthy veteran's habiliments, and his silver buttons may be of as much use to the future enquirer into American affairs, as ever a series of medals was to the curious in Greek or Roman antiquity; for, with a modest distrust of his own abilities, the artist has engraved on the exergue of each button the name or the event it commemorates.

The wife I have not seen—though not an extraordinary old woman, she is in a complete state of dotage. Dotage is more common in country parts, than in cities, for the same reason that singular characters are. Bad as society often is, the agitation of it seems necessary to keep the mind from stagnation. It is not improbable, however, that the early dotage of this lady may be in a great measure owing to a very cruel disappointment she experienced in her younger days—and as thereby does actually hang a tale, a tale of love too and death, I shall as briefly as I can, consistently with being intelligible, give an account of it.

Her father was a druggist in extensive business

in the city of Dublin. One of his shopmen was a remarkably handsome young man. This was a great recommendation to the young lady; but was none to him. Irish druggists, as well as English ones, like exactness and attention to business; and poor Mr. Walsh got many bitter rebukes for his want of both. When he should have been busy in the warehouse with the father, he was seated in the parlour with the daughter; one while making love, and another while making verses. Poets are doomed to love and be unsuccessful. But this can only be when they are old and ugly ones. Daphne did not fly our young and handsome Apollo. On the contrary, he gained completely the young lady's affections. She had the courage to inform her father of it, requesting him to let her take the idol of her affections for her husband. The father heard her with astonishment — that she should like so idle and heedless a young man was inconceivable, and who, moreover, as he informed her, was as poor as Job. Riches how paltry, how insignificant! what are they compared to one's true love, as every young lady well knows. The father, therefore, was obliged to resort to other arguments. "The whole earth," at length said he, in a passion, "would not tempt me to give my daughter to a Papist." The young man was no bigot, and fonder of his mistress than zealous for the Pope.

when apprized that his religion was the chief objection, he offered to become a Protestant. But nothing will satisfy him who is determined not to be pleased. An apostate was worse even, in the druggist's opinion, than a Papist, and besides, did'nt all the world know that *Walsh* was a Catholic name, and if he did read his recantation, would his old mother and all his maiden aunts read theirs, and go to church along with him?

A short time after this conversation, the young gentleman was dismissed from his situation, and, with a slender stock of moveables, a light purse, and a heavy heart (for to the youthful heart the first parting from what it loves is dreadful) proceeded to London. He applied to several druggists for employment. The elegance of his appearance, and gentleness of his manners, would soon have procured him it; but some Irish idiom or phrase, some mis-pronunciation, betrayed him —some unlucky word was the shibboleth on which his tongue tripped and threw him.

"Take an Irishman into a laboratory, he would give the customers arsenic instead of cream of tartar, he would set the house on fire with oil of vitriol, to say nothing of the inflammation he would raise in the bosoms of wives and daughters."

The poor young man was beginning to despair, when an elderly gentleman, an apothecary, took

pity on his disconsolate situation, and gave him employment. Mr. Walsh was in love, and was proud—proud even of the country he found so much despised — or rather *thought* so much despised, for he was, perhaps, under a mistake on this subject; an Irishman is not despised, in England, but rather dreaded. With an Irishman, an Englishman, by an unfortunate association, connects the idea of a dissipated, unmanageable, and turbulent being—but when this idea is broken in upon, there is no person with whom he associates more freely and kindly. Yet still the Irishman labours under great disadvantages. The Englishman is presumed deserving when he is almost unknown. The Irishman is presumed undeserving until the reverse is proved (it must be very fully proved) by his own good conduct. It is not wonderful, therefore, that teazed and harassed, he often breaks forth into impatience and violence, and that, rejected by respectable society, he is often to be found in low and worthless company. Mr. Walsh was not such a one. He was in love, as I said before, and formed no degrading connection. Where love is, no grovelling passion can exist. Swine was never the offering on the altar of Venus. He wished likewise to redeem the character of his country, wounded in its representative. He gave universal satisfaction, therefore, to the customers, old as well as young, to the el-

derly lady who came to order her box of assafœtida pills to mend her health, as well as to the younger one who bought elder-flower water to mend her complexion. Many a servant maid came to the shop to purchase salt of tartar, to take out stains, in order to have a look at the handsome Irishman.

His employer was delighted with him, and treated him more as a friend and companion than a shopman. "I know not what to say of that young man," said he one day after he had been about a year with him, to his daughter—"but I think, I love him as if he were my own son—he is so like in person and manner as well as name my poor dead Edward,—I could almost imagine it was your brother." The young lady blushed. It seemed as if she could also love him, though not perhaps as a brother. A few days afterwards the old gentleman called Mr. Walsh into the parlour and offered him his daughter (she was an only one) and a share of the business.

"I am poor," said he.

"You are rich," said the other, "for you have industry and integrity—at your age I had only those, and now have wealth beyond my wishes."

"I am a Catholic," said the young man, "but ——"

"That makes no difference," interrupted the liberal-minded old one, "I have no objection to

the religion of a virtuous man. I prefer my own, because I think it has a greater chance of making a man so."

"I was going to say," resumed Mr. Walsh, "that I am not a bigotted Catholic, and as I offered to renounce the persuasion I was brought up in, for the sake of the daughter of another employer, I should certainly not hesitate to do the same for your's. Religion, therefore, would be no obstacle were there not another insurmountable one."

"You refuse my offer then," said the other, in a sorrowful tone.

"My benefactor," said the young man, squeezing his hand, while the tears started to his eyes—"but it would be an ill return to your kindness, to give your daughter my hand, while another has my heart."

He then gave him an account of his former attachment; and the old man listened to the tale, which overthrew the darling scheme of his heart, with an emotion which filled Mr. Walsh's heart with unfeigned sorrow.

Shortly afterwards he was called again into the parlour. "After what has passed," said the old gentleman to him, with a friendly but sorrowful smile, "we cannot live together. But I must not turn you out of my house without giving you one of your own. It is in Dublin, to be sure, when

of any children she may happen to have to him. If he engages this to you, I shall be satisfied.

"I am gouty, and pay, at scarcely fifty years of age, the penalty, as it is fit I should, of the claret I drank in my early days. I cannot, therefore, go to London. You are an Englishman, and have led, I have no doubt, a life of temperance and sobriety. Perhaps you will have the goodness to accompany your young friend hither. Ireland would be a novelty to you, and I would think my house hallowed to have you even one night under its roof."

To comment on the feelings with which Mr. Walsh read those letters, would be needless. By the warmth of his intreaties, he prevailed on his benefactor to accompany him to Ireland. As the vessel was entering Dublin Bay, they were standing on the deck to view a scene so much admired, a sailor was swinging round a bar of iron, unconscious that they were at his back. It would have struck the good apothecary on the head, but Mr. Walsh rushed forward like lightning, and received the blow on his own. He fell stunned and senseless on the deck—a quantity of blood poured from his mouth and ears—he soon, however, recovered; and, on the vessel's getting into port, was able to go with his aged friend in a coach to a hotel in Dame-street.

The following day he seemed perfectly reco-

vered, waited on his mistress, and was received by her with rapture, and by her father with the utmost kindness. The pleasure, however, the latter took in his society, and in that of his benefactor, did not in the least diminish his attention to the important article of religion. Mr. Walsh read his recantation of the errors of the Church of Rome in the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, and probably became as sincere a Protestant as King Henry the Fourth of France did a Catholic.

As his friend was impatient to return to London, the marriage ceremony was hastened, in order that he should be present at it. It was performing in the parlour of Mr. L——'s house; several of his friends were present. As to the bridegroom's relations, for they had ceased to be his friends, none of them would sanction so vile and wicked a union with their presence—not even his mother, though she was almost living on charity, and the marriage held forth to her the prospect of a comfortable maintenance. The clergyman was at a most solemn part of the ceremony; he was repeating these word—"O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, giver of all spiritual grace, the author of everlasting life, send thy blessing upon these thy servants"—when, all at once, the bridegroom, giving a wild shriek, fell on the floor. "Such another pang!" exclaimed he, "and I cannot survive it."

One of the company was raising him in his arms, when he uttered another shriek, fainter than the former, and fell dead on the fire-place. It was an old-fashioned one, covered with tiles, on which were painted scriptural stories. A servant, who alone on this melancholy occasion had power to raise him, offered to swear, that his head rested on the tile on which was painted Christ on the cross. Superstition caught eagerly at the circumstance, and confirmed itself in its opinion, that his death was a judgment from heaven. The surgeons opened the skull, and found a quantity of extravasated blood on the brain. They therefore pronounced the blow he received on shipboard to be the cause of his death. Superstition hearkened, but did not heed; for when did ever superstition heed, when reason spoke? The youthful martyr of gratitude was still considered the victim of an avenging and offended God—for men attribute to their God the hateful and pitiful passions of themselves.

The sorrow of the venerable apothecary, who was the innocent cause of this unfortunate catastrophe was excessive, and caused him a long and severe attack of illness. That of the young lady, whose bridal bower was so soon shadowed by mournful cypress, was equally violent, but not so lasting. She renounced the world in a paroxysm of passion; but after a season was wooed

back to it again. It is not a single disappointment that can wean the youthful heart from a world it imagines so sweet. After a decent time given to mourning had elapsed, she married her present husband, and if she lost romance, met with happiness.

To her daughter, who dwelt on each minute circumstance with the fondness with which youth ever tells a tale of love, I am indebted for this narrative. If there be any thing in my manner of relating it, or of mentioning herself, to give her pain, I heartily pray her excuse. Could I have told it in her own words, it would have been better worth the hearing. Love seems to a young lady almost the only object of concern, and while she is ever eloquent on it, by a happy delusion of nature, notwithstanding the disappointment of others, she ever expects to find it, what neither it nor life ever was, nor ever will be, to any human being—a rose without a thorn.

CHAPTER XIII.

C——— Vale.

I DESCENDED yesterday from the lofty hill where my head touched the clouds, to mingle with the

inhabitants of the lower world. I traversed the little town of B———. It was market day. There was little in the costume of the country people that was remarkable—the men were warmly and comfortably clad—the better class of them wore English cloths. Vanity is more powerful than patriotism, and all attempts to substitute Irish for English cloths have hitherto been unsuccessful. The women were pretty generally dressed in a modern style—flaunting and tawdry looking, perhaps; but women in white and muslin dresses always appear so in wet weather—there had been a good deal of rain, of course the streets, where there was so great a concourse of people, were miserably dirty. Much more rain falls in Ireland than in England, which is one reason why Englishmen find towns here more cheerless and uncomfortable; for nothing gives an aspect of greater dreariness to a place than constant rain.

I pressed through the crowd as well as I could—though with all the expedition I could use, it was a tedious business. A market day is a kind of rustic *conversatione*, and the streets were crowded with little groups conversing. They seemed quite regardless of the carts, carriages, and horsemen that were passing. They took no heed about being run over, it was our business to take heed not to run over them. This shews, how-

ever, that the people are of considerable account. In France, before the revolution, the populace turned aside from a carriage, it never turned aside from them.

On getting clear of the town, I took the Ballymena road. (I was mounted on a horse of my late hospitable entertainer—he would force on me likewise a letter of introduction to a friend, who lived a little way beyond Ballymena.) It was the great road. Great roads, like sea-ports, are pretty much the same all the world over. They are noisy, crowded, troublesome, and disagreeable. I dislike them, as I do every place where a number of people intent upon gain are brought together. The selfishness of man is bad, even in its solitary and insulated state; how much more odious does it become when encouraged by society, and quickened by rivalship and example. The new method of repairing great roads, which I have mentioned in a former chapter, is another reason of my disliking them. It gives one art instead of nature. I look for grass and I find a stone. I have found, I am persuaded, more pleasurable sensation in a solitary ramble through a lonely glen or sequestered valley, than I should have done in the whole road from Rome to Brundusium, had I even had Horace for a companion.

I met as I went along immense droves of oxen

and swine going to be slaughtered for exportation. All animals feel the effects of the vices of man.—He fights in Portugal; and, therefore, cattle must be killed in Ireland. The lamb goes to slaughter and opens not its mouth—the pigs did not go so quietly—they made such a noise, squeaking and running about, that they were near overturning my horse.

"The devil has got into the pigs, I think!" said a man, who came up and extricated me from the swinish multitude.

"It isn't the first time," said I "as doubtless you must know, if you ever read the Testament."

"I never did read it," said he.

"Of course then you are not a Presbyterian," I said.

"No; I thank God," replied he, "I don't belong to the black-hearted breed."

"Why do you call them black-hearted?" I asked.

"Why,—why," said he, somewhat puazled, "because I always heard them called so."

"Well, but your reason?" I said, "I should expect from so judicious a person as you appear to be, a fair reason for so foul a charge."

"Why then, if you must have it," said he, "didn't they *sell the pass* upon us at Ballinahinch, and didn't they do worse still—didn't

they give up their good king for silver, and a ship load of meat to the murdering English ?"

His meaning in this latter part is obvious. He alluded to the surrender of Charles the First, by the Scotch to the parliamentary commissioners; a transaction over which time has not yet thrown, and probably never will throw, a shade of oblivion. Many, doubtless, admire the ambition which beheaded a king, all despise the avarice which sold him. I do not understand the precise import of the phrase *selling the pass*; but, I presume, it implies abandoning, deserting, betraying. The feeling which dictated the expression, is common, perhaps universal, among the Catholics. They accuse the Presbyterians of leading them into the rebellion, and when they had got them fairly engaged in it, leaving them to shift for themselves. To a certain degree, I believe, this is true. The Presbyterians gave the solidity, combination, and method, to the united system, which induced so many Catholics to embark their lives and fortunes in it.

The two sects entered into it in nearly equal numbers, and were apparently grouped together for one common object; but in reality, their objects were as different as their manners, characters, and religions. The Presbyterians were enthusiasts in the cause of Parliamentary reform. They were the same people who, a few years before, under the ever

memorable appellation of Irish volunteers, had freed Ireland, from what they conceived the tyranny and oppression of England, and among other invaluable blessings had gained the rare one of an independent parliament. This independent parliament, however, not answering expectation, and not being sufficiently dependent on themselves, they had, towards the conclusion of the American war, engaged in a number of wild speculations on governments and constitutions, and given importance to modes and forms in governments and constitutions, which modes and forms never deserved. By the activity of government influencing Parliament, seducing some of the volunteer leaders, frightening others by displaying to them the evils of anarchy every where, and the particular evils of anarchy in Ireland, the spirit of innovation appeared to be laid. It was smothered, however, not extinguished; it was covered, not entirely concealed; and by its concentration in the middle classes gained fresh strength. It broke out afresh, therefore, a few years afterwards. About the same time was reared in France that fatal Columna Bellica, from which was thrown the burning spear, which has caused such conflagration on earth. The spirit of Ulster innovation became sublimated, and blazed with borrowed violence. The sober Presbyterian drew infection from the boiling cauldron of French atheism, and while

the livid fires gleamed on his visage, he could hardly be distinguished from the blood-stained demons, who, with shouts and yells, in uncouth and unseemly garb, were dancing round it. He associated, he united, he armed himself, with gun, and pike, and lance, and appeared resolute to rush on the government he had once so much loved and cherished, and which, whatever might be its faults to Catholics, had always loved and cherished him. But he appeared only. Government did not know him—the Catholic did not know him—perhaps he did not know himself. As long as it was uniting, and writing, and speaking, he took the lead; but when the rubicon was to be passed, when the final decision was to be taken, when the fatal sword was to be unsheathed—then his moral sense resumed its influence, then the voice of conscience was hearkened to, then his feelings and his prejudices, which were slumbering only, awoke. And when he heard of the rebellion in the South, of its butcheries and murders, its plunderings and burnings, its horrors and devastations, he shrunk dismayed from his colleagues, and, sick of politics, sick of innovation and change, wisely reflecting, that as evil is the nature, so it must be ever the portion of man, that every where there must be misery, and that cruelty is the greatest of all misery, he laid down his unnatural weapon, the pike, resumed his natural implement, the shuttle,

and returned to his allegiance to government, to which, I trust, it will ever be his inclination, as it is his duty, even when he disapproves of parts of its conduct, to cling. The Catholic now hates him as as a renegado, and has no confidence in him.

I stopped at Ballymena a few minutes; but saw nothing in it different from other northern country towns. It was, a day or two, in the possession of the rebels, in the year 1798; but received no material injury. I quitted it a little after two o'clock.

I arrived at the gentleman's house, where I was to leave my horse, about five in the evening. I presented my letter, and met with a most friendly reception. I expected that dinner would have been over. I was disappointed. I found a large party in the drawing-room waiting to be summoned to it. Every one was in his best attire, except myself; I felt awkward, for I was not of consequence enough to be singular. The silence was to the full as solemn as that which precedes an English dinner, and it seemed to me, that people held their tongues only to make more use of their eyes. Dinner, however, was luckily announced, and every minor consideration was absorbed in the more important one of eating. The dinner was abundant, and excellent in its way; but not, I must own, in the way that I like. The second class of Irish gentry still retain the ancient mode of eating their food. They have little else than

plain dishes, as they are termed—that is, great joints of meat; ribs and sirloins, shoulders and legs, which retaining their ancient forms, instantly remind us of the animal to which they belonged. This, I think, must be ever painful in proportion as men cease to be savages. The French shrink so much from such coarseness, that by various alterations, they endeavour to conceal the nature of the food, and to weaken, as much as possible, in the imagination, the idea of a living animal. In the same manner they eat their meat very much done, that they may not be shocked, if on raising their heads they see, as in a mirror, in the blood-stained mouths of their opposite neighbours, what a carnivorous animal man is. In this country, as is too frequently the case in England, meat is generally eaten rare, and a leg of mutton I saw last night, seemed rather fitted to be torn by the teeth of mastiffs, than separated by the knives of men.

The ladies retired immediately after dinner. Foreigners ridicule this custom as a very barbarous one. I am sure both in England and Ireland, it is a very rational one. The air of a dining-room contaminated by the frouzy steam of twenty great reeking dishes, is as unwholesome as it must be disagreeable to organs of the slightest delicacy. Vases of preserved rose leaves, are common in dressing-rooms, I am sure they would be more neces-

sary in dining-rooms, and it has often occurred to me as strange, that in addition to this simple arrangement, which is in the reach of every person, by some such contrivance as is practised in the East, a gentle shower of rose or other scented water is not made to descend on the tables of the great, whenever there is a large party assembled to dinner.

The conversation the moment the ladies withdrew, turned on the never to be exhausted subject of politics; and the claims of the Catholics underwent, I will not say, a very learned, but a very animated discussion. The majority were decidedly in their favour. Some (many I should hope) from a sense of justice, others, no doubt, from a feeling of irresistible necessity. An overwhelming sense of the power which the state of the universe gives the Catholics is now, I should suppose, becoming general with thinking and enlightened Protestants. Happy would it have been, had it sooner become general, and not been confined to Ireland, but have been extended to England, where, by a lamentable infatuation, the public ear has been closed to this most important subject; and where poor wren-like human intellect will hardly believe, that the tempest shakes the forest, because it has not yet reached the twig on which it is perched.

CHAPTER XIV.

C——— Vale.

I have been induced to stay several days at this house. It stands in a kind of wild glen, with a large hill in front, and a little lake behind. It has been blowing and raining ever since my arrival, and there is as much storm without as there is quietness within. I have, therefore, amused myself in the morning with reading in the gentleman's library, and in the evening, with drinking his whiskey and listening to his stories.

The library is no bad likeness of the northern character. It contains much that is solid and useful, little that is brilliant or glaring. The under shelf is occupied by the ponderous volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Treatises on Agriculture and Bleaching, (the gentleman is a bleacher) Anderson on Commerce, Smith's Wealth of Nations, are next in order. The works of fiction are few, but all of a description that may be reckoned classical. Clarissa Harlowe, Sir Charles Grandison, Don Quixote, Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Zelucco, make up the whole number. The gentleman is a widower and has two sons, but no daughter; as may, indeed, be inferred from the barbarism of the above collection; had a young lady's taste been consulted,

it would, I am persuaded, have been a very different one. He is a very agreeable and entertaining companion. I shall relate some circumstances which came within his own knowledge during the late rebellion. They are light, perhaps, but, therefore, fitter to have place in a work such as this.

He is a Presbyterian and was a volunteer. He was, of course, strongly suspected of being a United Irishman, and fame even conferred on him the dignified post of Adjutant-General of the County. The rushes shaken by the wind on the borders of the lake, I have mentioned, and the flocks of wild fowl which sometimes passed over it, had from time immemorial been mistaken by the midnight wanderer for troops of ghosts, who spread their white robes to the wind, and hearkened to the music of the hollow blast. The transition from ghosts to rebels was easy, and a man deposed that returning one night late from the fair of Antrim, he had seen the County Regiment in their ordinary working dresses, but with white belts over them, go through their exercise with great promptitude, and that Mr. C—— gave the word of command on horseback. The magistrate sent for this latter, and interrogated him. He, in reply, stated that the ground about the lake was a morass where a horse could not come, and where men would be in water nearly

to the middle. He reminded him that the witness was a notorious drunkard, who never returned home at night either from fair or market; but generally lay in a bog or ditch, where he might fancy a thousand imaginary things. The magistrate pondered a while upon these reasons, and then dismissed him with a caution to be more careful of his conduct for the future.

He was shortly afterwards summoned before another justice on an equally frivolous occasion. A bleacher, whom he had turned out of his service on suspicion of having robbed his green, swore that he had sat as a delegate at a provincial meeting of the United Irishmen. Mr. C——— offered to produce most satisfactory proof that he had not quitted his own house the whole of that day. The justice was on the point of allowing him to send for it, when recollecting he had been in the habit of circulating seditious books, he said he was under the disagreeable necessity of sending him prisoner to B———.

Mr. C——— enquired what seditious books he had ever circulated. Justice is painted blind. She had the entire use of her eyes in Ireland, and frequently saw double. The seditious books—was a book, a volume of Peter Pindar's works, he had lent a shopkeeper in a neighbouring town, which by some means or other had met the eye of the worthy magistrate.

He was sent under a guard of cavalry to B———. The people of the villages he passed through came out in crowds to gaze on him. Much of their admiration would, probably, have vanished, had they known the nature of his offence. Lending Peter Pindar's works, if a crime, was not a very hero-like one—half a score murders would have been a fitter subject for wonder and for a tale. He was kept in prison upwards of six weeks. Daily some of its unfortunate inhabitants were led to trial, and the greatest number afterwards to execution. His own situation was not more uncomfortable than might be expected in a prison where a number of people were confined. He was treated with civility, and allowed such comforts as he could procure with money. He had reason to believe, that the other prisoners were not worse treated. Sometimes, no doubt, a brutal sentinel might insult them; but this was rare, and on the whole, making allowance for the unavoidable irritation of such a period, he must, in candour, he said, acknowledge, that they seemed to be well used. About his own fate he had no apprehensions. His trial lasted only a few minutes, for the malicious motives of the informer were evident. The court-martial consisted of regular and yeomanry officers. The President was an elderly man—an Englishman of rank.

"Why were not those things" said he "men-

tioned to the magistrate or officer who committed you? you would have been spared much suffering."

"They could not be listened to," replied Mr. C—— "my character, in his opinion, entitled me to no forbearance."

"Your character!" resumed the president, "several unexceptionable witnessess have just given you an excellent one."

"In an unfortunate hour," said Mr. C——, drily "I made shipwreck of it. The works of Peter Pindar were discovered in my library."

"The works of Peter Pindar!" repeated the other, (checking his inclination to laugh on observing that some of his colleagues looked grave —for having those obnoxious books in his possession, was then looked on as good presumptive evidence against a man,) "for that crime, I think, you have been sufficiently punished; and for the one for which you have been just acquitted, I beg all that are assembled in this court to understand, that there never was the slightest ground for suspicion."

The trial which followed his own, appeared to Mr. C—— so interesting, that he remained in court to hear the whole of it. I compress his account of it. The prisoner was a man about forty years of age, with a florid countenance and curling sandy locks. His appearance was

that of an innocent countryman, and interested every one in his favour. He was taken in arms in one of the few skirmishes which took place in that neighbourhood between the insurgents and king's troops. The evidence, therefore, was conclusive against him, and was soon given. He was asked what he had to say in his behalf. His landlord, Lord L——, was seated near the president. He referred to him for a character. His Lordship stated, that his moral character, he believed, was good; but that he knew he was an enthusiast in politics.

"*I* know," said the man, "that my moral character is good, and I believe, if this honourable court will allow me, I can tell how I came to be an enthusiast in politics, as my Lord has been pleased to say I am—though I think, and perhaps the court may think so too, it would have been more merciful in him only to have answered the question that was asked him, and to have spared speaking about what, unfortunately, was plain enough before."

He then, in artless and unpremeditated eloquence, burst forth in the following manner:

"I that stand here a spectacle to this court, and soon will be to God and holy angels, had once as little thought as any one in it that I should ever do so. But I minded the plough as my father and grandfather did before me, and

laboured in the field from morning to night, and was as happy as the bird which sung over my head. And I married a wife, who was the comfort of my life, though I am now the sorrow of her's; and I had three brave children to welcome me when I came home among them at night. And if my meal was homely, the blessing of the Lord was on it, and I eat it in content, and I didn't trouble my head about politics or matters of state, except to wish success to my brethren in America; that I did do, and won't go for to deny it now. And my Lord, there he sits, came to me his own self, and said to me 'Andrew, why don't you do like your neighbours, and become a volunteer?' And I said, 'my Lord, I have no time for such vagaries, I have a wife and three children to support, and can afford neither the money nor the time' And you said, it was a shame that I should do nothing for the good of my country; that you were a volunteer, and that all your tenants must become volunteers. And I became a volunteer, and learned my exercise, and went to field days and reviews; and his Lordship made fine speeches to us, and said we were the admiration of the world, and that now we had got a free trade, we must strive to get a free constitution. And when I used to go to N——— to pay rent, there were piles of pamphlets in the office; and the agent would make me take handfuls of them for my

myself and neighbours to read; and I did read them, and became convinced that nothing but reform could save the country. And I did take the United Irishman's oath, and I did fight at S——, and for that I am to die. But if I deserve death, what does he deserve who sits yonder—he was learned, and I am ignorant—he was a great gentleman and I am a poor farmer—he found me at the plough, and he brought me to the gallows—he led me into this, and my blood be upon his head and on his children's heads for ever."

Sentence of death was passed upon him, but the humanity of the president interfered to prevent its being carried into execution. He could not reconcile it to his feelings, he said, to sit down to dinner with the landlord, and to send the tenant to execution. He therefore had the punishment changed into transportation. I record with pleasure, that as far as I have been able to learn, the conduct of English and regular officers in the North, during that melancholy period, was not, with a few exceptions, widely dissimilar to that of this benevolent man. As far as was consistent with duty, and sometimes with safety, they endeavoured to restrain the excesses of an undisciplined and ungovernable army, and to check the blind zeal and headlong fury of some of the yeomanry corps, whose passions were inflamed to madness, and whose prejudices too often were as strong as their judgments were weak. It was

almost only when they were not present, or when their authority was disregarded, that any of those acts of brutal and useless cruelty, about which so much has been said, were perpetrated. I think it probable, that more has been said of them than what is true; but making every allowance for the exaggeration of hate and misrepresentation of party, enough still remains almost to put a man out of humour with his nature. I shall say nothing more. To the relator of them, I should rather say, in the words of Shakespeare,

> "The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
> And time to speak it in; you rub the sore
> When you should find the plaster."

CHAPTER XV.

C——— Vale.

A GENTLEMAN of moderate fortune, an acquaintance of Mr. C———, was stretched on his death-bed. His son knelt by the side of the bed. His relations were weeping round. Mr. C——— came forward. The sick man held out his hand—he pressed it, yet he shuddered at its touch—it was clammy and cold—the dew of death was on it. He was composed and resigned, though so feeble and weak, and had sent for Mr. C——— to recommend his son to his care.

"That which is come to all men," said he, "is now come to me—a little sooner than might be expected by the course of nature perhaps; but that is of small consequence—it will soon be all your turns, even your's too, my son."

The son looked up—the father's eye met his—for an instant he could not speak—the man was resigned, but the parent felt.

"Even to the longest liver," resumed he, "what is life?—fourscore years, which in youth appear at such a distance, what are they when one looks back?—like a dream in the night, like a shuttle when it is passed. It is virtue, then, which alone can enable us to look backward with comfort, or forward with hope. You are young, and the world is full of temptations—cling to religion, as a shield to guard you against them. Beware of sin, and remember your death-bed. No adulterer, drunkard, or fornicator, can die as I now do.

"These tears which I shed, are not of sorrow for myself, but of solicitude for you. You have good dispositions as far as sinful man can have them—one thing I regret—I may say one thing only I now regret. I have given you high ideas of civil liberty. I have taught you, that to resist a bad government was a duty, and that reform was an object of great importance—importance! how different now are my ideas of the word. What

is of importance to a man who has to die, but to prepare himself to do so—how poor seem now the objects I once thought great, how weak the resentments which were once so strong. Alas! the governors and governed have one common nature, and must soon stand before one common judge—to that judge let them be left, and let man lead a quiet and virtuous life. Public disasters affect but a few, but vice is the misery of human life. These are dangerous times, the people are disturbed, and government is obstinate. Dreadful consequences, I fear, will follow—but dear William, as you value your father's last blessing, as you would have him rest quiet in the grave, keep clear of them—you have within yourself the means of living happily, and dying peaceably. Alas! statesmen have neither—pity them, therefore; should oppression reach you, pity them more; but neither resist nor retaliate—their's is time, our's, if we act right, is eternity."

Shortly afterwards the sick man breathed his last. Before the corpse was put into the coffin, the son took a last look of it. He kneeled down, took hold of the lifeless hand, and raising it and his eyes to heaven, prayed that God's heaviest curse should fall upon him, if he did not for ever renounce politics, and lead a quiet and innocent life. This was in the year 1797, when the system of the United Irishmen was so prevalent

in the North of Ireland. An enthusiastic young man, educated as he was, in a strong and passionate attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty, could hardly escape being drawn into its vortex.

His father had been an Irish volunteer, had carried arms, and written and spoken on the cause of reform. Disappointed in his favourite object, he resolved to quit the profitable line of business in which he was engaged in the town of ———, and retire to the country. In the interval of disposing of his effects, he had inscribed, in large letters, over his door, here lives J——— H———, an Irish slave :—poor man—he did not consider that the slavery of a country, in which such an inscription was allowed to be put up, could not be very great; and that, blessed with health, wealth, virtuous dispositions, and an amiable family, his happiness needed little to have depended on Kings or Parliaments.

Death sobers the imaginations of men—it loosened the ideal shackles in which prejudice had bound him, and shewed him the real and dangerous ones in which he had enthralled the mind of his son. Man seldom fairly estimates life till he is about to leave it—his experience can then be of no use to himself—pity that oftener than it is, it is not of use to others. Young H———, unknown to his father (who, though

he indulged in speculative, would have shrunk from practical, rebellion) had assisted at several meetings of the United Irishmen, and was even appointed leader of one of those innumerable corps, which, when rebellion struck the ground with its brazen hoof, were to burst forth, ready armed and caparisoned, from the earth, and bear down all opposition before them. This dangerous elevation he descended from, and gave up all connexion with the united brethren, to the utter astonishment of his worthy associates. They denounced woe against him for putting his hand to the plough, and then turning back—(in the North, rebels as well as others, quote the scriptures) they treated with sovereign contempt his promise to his dead father, when their mother, the Green Erin, with her white bosom bare to the wind, wept over her faded shamrocks, and called on all her sons for assistance. The green shamrock, however, was no longer to him the furies' torch, and he continued immoveable in his resolutions. The impressions made on his mind by the above melancholy scene, was the immediate cause; yet there was another remote one, scarcely less powerful. But, before I proceed to mention it, I must stop to remark, that in Ireland, as in every country where the prints of nature retain any thing of their primitive freshness, great attention is paid to the last words of a dying

man, and something prophetic is annexed to them. Should this opinion be thought weak or superstitious, I should be sorry, for I must confess it is, in some degree, my own, as it was of a celebrated poet of the seventeenth century, whose lines on the subject I cannot forbear transcribing.

"The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it were to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost;
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes,
Conceal that emptiness which age descries;
The soul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

CHAPTER XVI.

Respectable society in the North of Ireland is divided into two great classes. The gentry, who live on their estates, and are mostly descendants of the English, and Protestants strictly so called, and the great linen buyers and bleachers, who are almost entirely of Scotch descent, and Presbyterians.

Between these two little intercourse ever subsisted, and at the period I am writing of, no intercourse subsisted whatsoever. The jealousy with which, in all countries, ancient greatness views newly-acquired wealth, was probably the cause of the first—difference of opinion on political subjects was certainly the cause of the second. The loyalty of the Irish gentry was of the most exalted kind, and resembled rather the romantic feeling which predominated in other times, than that which is supposed to be operative on the minds of men at present. The enthusiasm of the Presbyterians never was loyalty, it was now republicanism. The immediate neighbours of Mr. H——— were of the former class: after what I have already mentioned, I need not say, that he was of the latter. Of course young H——— was little in the society of men. This was no great misfortune, for swearing, betting, (challenging I think is the phrase), cock-fighting, and hard drinking, could excite no other feeling than that of disgust in a young and ingenuous mind—but to a passionate admirer of the female sex, and an enthusiast in favour of every thing that was beautiful, it was not a slight misfortune to be mocked with the sight of loveliness which he durst not address, or scarcely even approach. In his rambles through the romantic glens, in which this neighbourhood abounds, he sometimes met an elegant

young woman, who took strong hold of his imagination, and whom he soon persuaded himself he loved. She was the daughter of a clergyman, who lived at a short distance, and who was a High Churchman, in a degree that would have satisfied Archbishop Laud (had he been alive) himself. Her youthful admirer, therefore, never ventured to address her—he thought she would be as inexorable to a Presbyterian's suit as he knew her father would be. In this he shewed more modesty than knowledge of female nature—when a young man happens to be handsome and amiable, a young lady, different from an old clergyman, seldom enquires after his theological opinions. He contented himself, therefore, with throwing himself frequently in her way, taking a glance under her bonnet as she passed, and singing her praises to the fawns of the glen. Fawns and satyrs are not a part of Irish mythology, though it was to one of the latter, he was at length indebted for an acquaintance with the young lady. He saw her one evening enter her favourite glen. He instantly followed her. He was resolved on this occasion to take courage and speak, and even composed an *extempore* address on the occasion. He was, however, saved the trouble of delivering it. A female scream issued from the glen. A female scream is a sound of woe, even to the coldest heart; what was it, therefore, to a

lover's? He started forward, and found the young lady struggling in the arms of some intoxicated person, who probably availed himself of the loneliness of the place, to force from her a kiss, or some such favour. There is no country, I believe, in the universe, in which the extremity of insult is less frequently offered to a female than in Ireland. At the sight of succour, the drunkard had sense enough to let go his hold, and run away. Mr. H——— did not follow him—he found at his side a fairer object, and when he gazed on her face, streaming with gratitude, and listened to the sound of her voice, which trembled in sweet agitation from the danger she had undergone, he felt little disposition to be angry, even with the cause; but rather blessed his stars which procured him so favourable an introduction. He conducted the young lady homewards. A lover could not desire a better place to conduct a mistress in, than an Irish glen—a silver brook generally runs through it, which is here and there a rude torrent, which dashes against rough rocks, rude stumps, and fallen branches of trees—the banks are covered with the wide-spreading bramble and long-matted grass, interwoven together. The lark sings the sweet song of love above, and the fair object of admiration, viewed in the sun-struck stream, as in a broken mirror, dances in a thousand airy and indistinct shapes beneath—how

many times, therefore, must he stop to look, to admire, to take up, to let down, to carry forwards? A novellist would expatiate on the conversation of the present happy pair. I do not write a novel; and shall, therefore, pass it over in silence. It is not impossible, however, but that the unpremeditated speeches of Mr. H——— were as successful as his studied address would have been.

On their arrival at the young lady's house, she insisted on his stepping in to receive her father's thanks for the service he had rendered her. The old gentleman received him with great courtesy and politeness. He gave him an invitation to dinner, and desired frequently to see him.

The young man was now, as he thought, at the summit of happiness—he read to, conversed and walked with, his fair mistress, and soon inspired her with a mutual passion. The summit of happiness, however, is a height which no mortal ever reached, and in the moment even of joy there was sadness—he clearly foresaw that the prejudices of both their parents would oppose insuperable obstacles to their union. Youth, however, never cherishes gloomy forebodings, though it sometimes receives them—in Mr. H———'s breast hope would spring up even from the depths of despair. These were eventful and wonderful times, and who could tell but that Providence,

"who scatters the proud in the imagination of their hearts, who puts down the mighty from their seats," would exalt him, though of low degree. Indistinct and unacknowledged ideas of a similar nature float in most young men's minds, and are the great cause why they are ever foremost in revolutions. Reformers talk of the community; but, like all other men, they think mostly (some of them only) of themselves.

These reveries, however, Mr. H——— was careful to conceal from his mistress—for she was taught to love God and honour the King, and would have shrunk in nearly equal horror from the breach of either of these duties. He even strove to persuade her that he was not a republican. He succeeded with her, for as man can dissemble to the object he loves; or, rather, he is in her presence a different being, on whom her likings and dislikings, her feelings and affections, are impressed — and he may be said, without much exaggeration, to be indued with a new and etherial existence, floating in the cerulean dew of her creation. He did not succeed with her father, for he did not love him—he despised him rather, as an Aristocrat, and almost thought it a duty, notwithstanding the relation he bore his mistress, to hate him as an enemy to the rights of man—for such was the jargon spoken in those days.

The prejudices of the two, indeed, were diametrically opposite, and hardly did they ever meet that they did not come in collision—a casual expression, a random word, a loose observation, a letter or newspaper received, was the apple of discord thrown up, which set them a quarrelling. Mr. H———, when he became cool, made many bitter reflections on his want of prudence, and received many bitter rebukes from his mistress for his failure in his engagements. They had agreed that by all possible means he should endeavour to gain the old man's affections—small hopes as this afforded of his ever consenting to their marriage, for could the young man even have won his heart, his prejudices were invincible.

One unfortunate morning (then he thought it a fortunate one) he walked over and was invited to stay dinner. His young mistress congratulated him on the kindness with which he was received. "Beware of politics," said she, "and come as soon as possible to the drawing-room after dinner." As she was leaving the dining-room she trod on his foot, and by an expressive look reminded him of her injunction. By another he promised obedience, and firmly did he intend to keep his engagement. But oh, vain boast! who can controul his fate, his planet was unpropitious. A *Star* of dark augury broke upon him; in literal language, the London newspaper of that name was handed into

the room, as the young lady quitted it, and the curate of the parish (for the rector had weak eyes and could not read, and he would not trust the young democrat) was appointed reader. The paper contained much that was calculated to excite disunion. There was little news, and much conjecture, as is common; and anticipated, as is likewise common in every pause of news, the destruction of the French, and the overthrow of Buonaparte. This was in the latter end of the year 1796, when that extraordinary man had begun to attract universal attention. He is now execrated by all republicans as the Cæsar who has destroyed liberty, he was then hailed as the Messiah who was to extend its blessings to the remotest corners of the earth. He was in a particular manner the idol of all descriptions of United Irishmen.

> The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
> The young men's vision, and the old men's dream.

The two clergymen predicted that his fall would be as rapid as his rise. This was a severe trial of the patience of young H———, he kept silent, however, for he remembered his engagement, and that he might not break it, got up to go to the drawing-room. The curate called to him to stop to hear a glorious piece of news he had stumbled on in an obscure corner. The young

man paused a moment on his feet. It was an account of the death or assassination (I forget which, but I believe it was the former) of Buonaparte. The exultation of the two reverend gentlemen was unbounded. The sorrow first, and rage afterwards, of the youthful Democrat was equally violent. Why should I dwell on a painful subject, and painful it must be to a human heart to dwell on the overthrow of virtuous love, when Milton could not make even Satan think of it unmoved. The altercation went to a frightful height. The clergyman, in an agony of rage, told young H——— to leave his house, and never to enter it again. A robust servant was even called to turn him out of the room. The disturbance called down the young lady, whose tears and supplications instantly disarmed the fury of the combatants—for a woman's sorrow is the lyre of Orpheus, which has power to soften the ruggedest hearts. Into her father's breast, however, when he came to reflect, they plunged a weapon sharper than a sword, for they told him, in language too intelligible to be mistaken, that this vile anarchist, this ferocious democrat, who was the subject of his horror, was the object of his daughter's love. This was a circumstance he had never suspected, or conceived the possibility of, no more than if they were beings of a different species—so impenetrable was the barrier pride

and prejudice had raised, where nature had left every thing open and clear.

When recovered from the first shock of the fatal discovery, he wept over his daughter in helpless and desponding sorrow—with such sorrow as a virtuous pontiff might weep over a fallen vestal, or a humane priest over an erring virgin who had forgotten her monastic vows. He did not utter a single harsh expression or reproach; for, little as the Irish gentry, or established clergy, are fond of freedom, (and no people can be less fond of it) they are seldom, if ever, tyrants in their families; and as parents, husbands, and masters, their conduct is generally humane and exemplary—it would be well, indeed, for many great sticklers for freedom to imitate them in these particulars.

Mr. S——— even told his daughter that her choice would be so far his, that he would oppose no obstacles to it, and that if, on deliberation, (a month's deliberation) she wished it, he would send for her lover and give his consent to their union. "I will see you afterwards," proceeded he solemnly, "as often as you wish it, and your husband as often as I can bear it; but mind I tell you, that the moment of your marriage will be the last of my comfort, and, I earnestly pray to Almighty God, the last of my life."

Policy, perhaps, could not have dictated a fitter proceeding than feeling made him adopt. Un-

pardonable, indeed, must the daughter be, who purchases her own gratification at the expense of her father's happiness; and sacrilegious the child's hand, which would pluck flowers of love, were they even ten times fairer than fancy ever formed them, to reach which she must trample on her parent's tomb. Miss S——— was not such a one—she wept, she implored her father's forgiveness—she promised to renounce for ever the thoughts of love, and to dedicate her whole future life to him. The father mingled tears with her's—for an instant, perhaps, he hesitated—for an instant, perhaps, (could we have penetrated into his heart) he asked himself what right he had to sacrifice his daughter's happiness to vain prejudice and idle scruple—but his honourable name, his ancient family, his untainted loyalty, his holy religion—to mingle blood with the descendant of a vile Scotch farmer, a Presbyterian, who was disposed to destroy his anointed king in the present century, as his ancestors had sold their's in a preceding one—oh! it was impossible that the prejudices of sixty years should not start appalled from considerations such as these.

"Yes, my child," said he at length, when he was able to speak, "I accept your generous offer; I know how painful it is to you now, but I trust even here you will meet with your reward; but should you not, what happiness does it not prepare for you hereafter. Blessed angels will welcome

the child who gave up her own to her old father's wishes, and long as it will be, I trust, before you follow me—Heaven will hardly be so until I embrace and thank you there." This was high-flown language; but Mr. S——— was an enthusiast, and his heart was touched. Times of revolution, while they quench the judgment, inflame the imagination. Miss S——— was an enthusiast also, and her father's passion strengthened her in her virtuous resolution. She wrote a long and tender letter to her lover, informing him of what had passed, and bidding him a long and everlasting farewell. The letter itself gave melancholy evidence of the greatness of the sacrifice, for it was blotted, and in many parts obliterated with her tears. She received one letter from him in return, but sent back unopened another that he addressed to her. He made several efforts to gain admittance to her, but her resolution was unalterably taken, never to see or converse with him more. His persecutions, she sent him word, might break her heart, but could never, never alter her resolution. Mr. H———, therefore, desisted, for his heart was a tender one; and he had magnanimity enough to admire, though it made against himself, the conduct of this noble-minded young woman. I trust she will meet the reward of it hereafter. She did not meet with the reward of it here. Her fortitude was greater than

her strength—she was tall and delicately formed, the seeds of decay, it is therefore, probable, were sown in her constitution, and disappointment only matured their growth. However that may be, a few weeks after the events I have been relating, she was attacked with a cough, and pain in her breast, which were shortly succeeded by more dangerous symptoms. Her father became alarmed, and carried her with him to Dublin, as well for amusement as for advice. But society will not heal a wounded spirit, and sorrow mocks the feebleness of a doctor's skill—the *lethalis arundo* still stuck to her side and rankled there.

Bristol Hotwells were recommended as a last resource. Reluctantly she embarked in a Bristol trader, under the care of a family going to England. It was at her father's earnest request, for she had herself given up all hopes of recovery, and wished to return home and die. To a young and romantic female it seems so sweet to die where she had lived—to press with feeble limbs the green field she had so often lightly flown over—to view in the clear stream the pale and changed face it had so often reflected fair and blooming—to sit under the oak which had given her shelter in the days of her happy infancy, as it had to so many generations which had preceded, and should to so many which would follow her—to listen to the evening's harmony, to gaze on the well-known prospect, to take one last look of the earth, the water,

and the sky, before she shuts herself in her sorrowful chamber, which she is never to quit more, until she exchanges it for her dark and everlasting abode.

What would have been the efficacy of the Bristol waters was never tried. The vessel was wrecked somewhere about the entrance of the Severn—most of the crew, and several of the passengers, were saved—among those who perished was the innocent victim of party politics, which, could we look into private life in Ireland, would, I am persuaded, be found to have occasioned many catastrophes as tragical as the present one.

The poignancy of Mr. S———'s feelings when the distressing intelligence was communicated to him, hardly any pen, certainly not my pen, could describe. He could not disguise to himself that he was in a great measure the cause, and that his prejudices had deprived his daughter of life, as they before had of happiness. Men talk fluently of death when it is only present to the imagination, and think it preferable to a thousand evils which, in the arrogance of prosperity, they imagine great. But how different were Mr. S———'s feelings, now that sorrow had subdued his pride, and laid his hopes and his prospects in the dust! When he tore his hair, and wrung his hands, and beat his breast in unavailing anguish; when in the storm that shook his habitation, he heard his child's parting cry,

and by the lightning whih struck from his blood-shot eye-balls, saw her raise her imploring arms above the waters which were closing over her head; how gladly would he have seen her the wife of the merest wretch that crawled upon the earth, of the vilest beggar that ever subsisted upon charity, could he have recalled her from her watery and everlasting abode.

Young H——— was nearly as inconsolable at this absolute extinction of his hopes. A dark and black melancholy took possession of his soul; and, when in the bitterness of anguish he cursed the barbarous prejudices of men, he revelled in gloomy satisfaction on the prospect that the system on which they were founded would shortly be overthrown. He had a short time before, in a partial degree, become a United Irishman. He had taken the oath of secrecy. This was the previous step, and several young men had taken it from motives of vanity or curiosity, proposing to proceed no farther—but oh! vain boast, how few of those could stop themselves on the steep hill of vice, or escape the fatal gulph which yawned to swallow them at its foot!

Mr. H——— was present at two or three meetings held for the instruction of the uninitiated —every art was practised to inflame their passions, to exalt their imaginations, and to pervert their judgments. Mr. H———in a particular manner was

enchanted with the deceptive lanthorn of rebellion thus artfully moved before him, and contemplated in its sooty sides the image of a better and fairer world in which things appeared in almost celestial splendour. He hesitated, however, to take the final step, for love had firmly entwined itself round his heart—but when that hold was loosened by death, when enthusiasm was unrestrained by affection, when republicanism was sublimated by misanthropy, he eagerly embraced every obligation of this fatal association. He was shortly afterwards (as I have mentioned in the preceding chapter) appointed leader, or colonel, of a part of the county armed force, and attended in that capacity several secret meetings. At a very solemn one of those, he was given to understand that the retired committee (I may not be correct in the appellation) had decided on making a great example, and had done him the honour of selecting him, with another member, for the execution of it. He made some enquiries about the nature of the example that was to be made, but was answered in a vague and evasive manner, and referred for particulars when it should be necessary for him to know them, to the senior member, by whose directions he was to be guided. The following night, at the dark of the moon, he set out with his associate. They traversed the little glen where he had first met her he had now for ever lost—and where he had so often

walked and conversed with her—with how different a companion was he now—his heart sunk at the thought, and at the nature of the errand he feared they were on; for he now knew that the United Irishmen, though they professed their ends were virtuous, with the true adaptation of jesuitical principles to their system, were not very scrupulous about the means. He, therefore, seated himself on the bank, and declared he would go no further until he was informed of the business they were on. The business, the glorious business was soon told. It was to inflict signal and deadly *vengeance* (as his informant termed it) on his arch enemy, and the persecutor of their righteous brethren, the Reverend Mr. S——. His Young H——— started in horror at the thought; for sophistry could not conceal from his judgment that private vengeance was murder; and his beating heart told him it was the murder of the father of the woman he had so fondly loved. His companion laughed heartily at his scruples, as he merely expected to find them, and overruled his objections with the fashionable cant of the day—for murder has its fashionable cant, as well as dress and amusements. He talked of Brutus, who killed his benefactor in the capitol,—of another brute, who put his own son to death for fighting contrary to his orders,—and urged him to the glorious deed by their great

names and example, by the duty he owed his suffering country, and above all, by the opportunity he now had of taking ample revenge. Mr. H——— caught at the latter word—"Yes," said he, "you are right, I will take revenge, ample revenge." They each carried a case of small pistols. They did not venture to carry any other weapons, lest they should lead to detection. Mr. H——— asked to see the other's pistols. He returned them in a few seconds, saying they were right—"since it must be done," added he, "I should wish to do it effectually."

They stole gently up the avenue, which led to Mr. S———'s house—every thing was silent, and still. Nature reposes, the evil passions of man keep awake. The companion gave three small knocks at the parlor window. The door was softly opened, and they advanced into the hall. A man stood within, with a candle in his hand. He instantly recognized young H———. "Ah!" said he, "is it you?—you are come in brave time—you'll have fine revenge now of the *ould* Aristocrat." The man was rather a confidential servant, and was the same who had turned out of the house, the last time he had been in it, the young man whom he now welcomed back. Mr. H——— anxiously asked him if his fire arms were in order. "The devil a fire arm have I got," replied he, "or arms of any kind, except these two here, with which I will send him to purgatory in a jiffy."

The triumvirate now moved forwards. The servant led the way to Mr. S——'s bed chamber. Mr. H—— purposely trod hard to awake him. He started up as they entered the room. The companion advanced a pistol to his head, and drew the trigger—It missed fire.

"It must be me, after all," said the servant.

The master extended his arms and shrieked. "By my daughter's soul," said he to the young man, "I conjure you save me."

"I am come to save you," said he, extending a hand, a pistol in it, to each of his associates. The companion felt for his second one.

"Spare yourself the trouble," said the other, "the powder is wetted—fly, miserable wretches that you are, and save yourselves—to night is your own—to-morrow will be justice's." Muttering curses, they obeyed his directions. A pathetic scene ensued between the two who remained. "Spare yourself these reproaches," said, at length, the young man, "there was a fate in it or it could not have been—what is my sorrow compared to your sorrow?—I knew her little, you knew her long—oh! sweet are the tears of a lover compared to the bitter ones, which a father sheds on the corpse of his only child."

"I did not shed them on the corpse of mine," groaned out the wretched parent; "I drove her

from her country and her home, and am now about to go forth myself, a solitary wanderer without a habitation or a name."

When he became a little more composed, he informed him, he meant to leave Ireland until those unhappy disturbances were over. "Would to God," continued he, "that you would do so likewise—would to God, that you would quit for a season this devoted land. But if you cannot fly, my son, fly the dreadful association to which you belong—by their fruits will you know them, and can that tree be good which has its root in blood? Sorrow you have felt, and I have felt it too—but there is a feeling which I know to be bitterer still—oh! my son, spare yourself—remorse."

CHAPTER XVII.

The death of his father, left Mr. H——, at the age of twenty-one, in possession of a handsome fortune. When the violence of his sorrow was subsided, he seriously set about leading a retired and country life. In this he did not find the enjoyment or gratification he expected. His

great misfortune was, that he had no occupation and few friends—for some would not keep company with him because he had been a United Irishman, more would not keep company with him because he was no longer one. Ambition (for conspiracy had shewn him its monstrous visage) was dead in his breast, and so he thought for ever was love. The world appeared to him a blank, and men as beings in whom he had no longer any concern. He wandered, therefore, listless and indifferent over hills and dales which, touched by the seraph spear of beauty, had been so delightful to him before. This cheerless state of mind he attributed to sorrow for her whom he had lost—but he deceived himself—at twenty-one we sorrow violently, but seldom sorrow long. It was occasioned, not by grief for the object he had loved, but by the want (the greatest almost a sensitive mind can have) of an object to love.

Returning home one evening from one of those solitary rambles, he found a card from a gentleman who lived at some distance, inviting him to a ball and supper. He was astonished, for all intercourse had been long broken off between them. The gentleman was a violent United Irishman, the same who had initiated him into the mysteries of the Union, and the most exasperated of them all, at his shameful and

miserable apostacy. He resolved, however, to accept the invitation. He had before resolved, it is true, not to dine with the men, but a ball and supper could not well be without women, and it would be so delightful to look again on female faces.

The gentleman received him with unexpected cordiality, and reproached him for being such a stranger.

"The gold is not above ground yet," said Mr. H——, jestingly, when their first salutations were finished.

"No," said the other, in the same tone, "and you may be thankful it is not, for when it is, you will be below it.

The gentleman had some months before buried under ground, a vessel in which were inclosed two thousand guineas—these he did not mean to raise until the revolution was over, and the republic established. Mr. H—— had accompanied him, and was the only person acquainted with the place where they were concealed. I introduce this circumstance to shew, how unbounded was the confidence, even during the fanaticism of revolution, that men in the North of Ireland had in the integrity and moral honesty of each other. Notwithstanding the coolness which had latterly subsisted between the two friends, the owner of the precious treasure had

not the slightest apprehension of information or discovery, nor did he make any change in the place of its concealment.

The ball room was a scene of festivity and hilarity, such as Mr. H—— had not for a long season witnessed—song alternated with dance, and music gave intoxication to politics. The company, except himself, seemed endued with one soul — *Ca-ira* was sung with rapture, and the bright eyes of the ladies became dim, as the *Marseillois* Hymn was played. Nor were the effects of this wonder-working hymn much less powerful on the men, for it contained a sentiment which every tongue echoed, and every heart recognised,

"For man is man, and who is more,"

touched the key note in which the music of northern nature is set.

Mr. H—— gradually became exhilarated, and partook of the inspiration around. The world no longer appeared to him a blank, and though the sea had closed upon a dead beauty, he found there were on the earth many living ones—cold, indeed, must the man have been which such a scene would not have warmed, and dead the heart in which the ravishing beauty, and captivating graces of one young woman would not have awakened joy. She was a sweet girl, about nineteen, fresh as the rose on which the morning

of May sheds its first dew—her eye sparkled with intelligence, except when suffused with sensibility, and her cheek mantled with the carnation, except when the tale of oppression crimsoned it with a deeper hue. She was an Irishwoman, but had been educated in France—to the valuable qualities, therefore, of her countrywomen she added a fascination and grace, which, if they possess, reserve or bashfulness seldom allows them to display. She was likewise a United Irishwoman; but her's were the politics of temperament, not of reflection—of enthusiasm, not of reason—she frolicked, therefore, through the dead labyrinth of rebellion, as the infant treads unconscious the fearful precipice in pursuit of the blue flowers, the violet and daisy, it fancies so sweet. Rebellion, touched by the glittering hues of beauty and sentiment, was no more a savage preparation for murder, but a gay and dazzling pageant raised by the wand of an enchantress on a wasted heath. A republic was no more a bloody amphitheatre, in which wild beasts tear each others entrails out, but a new Jerusalem let down from heaven, or the azure-coloured cloud of an evening sky, in which the Goddess Astrea was to return to earth.

Such almost ever are the politics of a woman; by a happy chemistry of her nature, she extracts from them sentiment to soften, and enthusiasm

aken. Women, therefore, are generally tles in the first stages of revolutions as men butchers in the last—disgusted with its progress they generally retire as it advances, and inflamed by it, and unsoftened by their influence, man becomes more barbarous, and rebellion more frightful.

During the evening, the young lady frequently addressed Mr. H———, and laughed, chatted, and jested with him, in gay and unpremeditated (as he thought) innocence—innocence it certainly was, but it was not unpremeditated.—The young lady played a part, and as a young lady can do on such an occasion, played it well. The youth, the understanding, and fortune of Mr. H———, rendered him an object of too much importance to the United brethren, to be relinquished without a struggle. The devil, I have somewhere seen remarked, whenever he angles for a man baits his hook with a woman. He is the Arch-rebel as all godly people well know; no wonder, therefore, that the Irish rebels, in humble imitation of their great prototype, when green mother Erin and her shamrocks failed, should try the influence of a young and blooming girl, on whom Venus had shed the perfume of her choicest myrtles.

Towards the conclusion of the evening, the fair missionary became as grave and as thoughtful

as Mr. H—— had been in the beginning of it. She fell into the snare she had laid for another—she could not tell whether she had won his heart; but she knew she had lost her own—nor was it wonderful that she should lose it; for this is the proper place to remark, that had Mr. H—— been the hero of a female tale, his good looks and engaging manners would have furnished materials for several pages. But to compress, not expand, is my object—to abridge, therefore, as much as possible, let me briefly mention, that he frequently, afterwards, met the young lady at different parties, and at length found out what every body else had found out long before, that he was, once more, desperately in love. Nay, he thought, that for the first time, he now only was really in love—for such is the force of a strong impression on a youthful breast, that it obliterates for a time almost the recollection of every other.

He spoke presently of his passion to his fair mistress, for practice had made him less bashful now than he was formerly. But she utterly rejected his suit—an apostate, who had trampled on the green, and, for aught she could tell, might at that very instant have an orange ribbon to his watch, though he concealed it from her—Oh! it was impossible—she never could, never would love such a man. The young lady's eyes

and tongue told different tales; but a real lover desponds, seldom hopes. Like Roderigo in the play, he is ready on every occasion to exclaim,

"I will incontinently go and drown myself!"

It was suggested to our despairing one, by the gentleman, at whose house he had first met her, that an easier method might be taken to soften the hard heart of his inexorable mistress.

Mr. H—— asked what method. "Retrace your steps," replied the other, "and return to the honourable and irresistible association you have deserted, and I pledge myself, that Miss W——'s hand shall be your's."

Mr. H—— started—a dark presentiment took possession of his soul—he felt the fatal snare was winding to enthral him, and remembered his father's dying words—but a dead father, against a living mistress! What an unequal struggle, whatever a French novellist may think of it—a sigh heaved from the white bosom of his mistress,—a tear dropped from her bright eye, overcame his sagest resolutions, his darkest forebodings, and he fell, as our great father did before him, and as thousands will after him,

Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.

I shall here, perhaps, be accused of attributing too much omnipotence to love. But a London reader is not a judge in this particular. How

powerful a deity love is, cannot be understood by the inhabitants of a large town, where their hearts are deadened by constant intercourse with each other.—Love is a species of enthusiasm, that like poetry, which it ennobles and even begot, raises a man above himself.—It is, therefore, in the distant wilderness, in the entangled forest, in the daisied meadow, that it is to be found. It is amidst the rugged grandeur, and beautiful scenery of nature, that he is worshipped. Love is the play-thing of a city; but among rocks, and glens, and flowers, among people who have the prints of nature fresh upon them, he is a God. The myrtle was consecrated to Venus, the bull, which bore away Europa, was made a constellation in the Zodiac, and Europa herself gives her name to the fairest portion of the globe.

Miss W——'s connexions were not in affluent circumstances. Her parents were dead, and she lived with an uncle and aunt. They readily gave their consent to her union with a young man, who delighted to prove the disinterestedness of his affection by taking her without a fortune. Their wedding-day was fixed. It was to be in the latter end of June. The Revolution was to be over by that time. In May the people were to rise up like a strong man after sleep, and their oppressors were for ever to disappear.

"It will be so delightful," said the fair en-

thusiast, "to date our marriage the first year of the republic, one and indivisible, and to dance the happiest pair of the sons and daughters of Erin, round the blessed tree of liberty, whose thick branches will soon overshadow the earth."

"It must first, I fear," said the lover, "be moistened with blood."

"Blood—blood!" replied his mistress, "don't think of it—republicans break their chains, but they will let their enemies live."

"But in breaking those chains," said he, "how many will be massacred, how many slain in battle; and should we be conquered, how many," continued he, with a groan, "executed!"

The young lady echoed his groan—love enlightened her—Venus dispelled the cloud, in which imagination had enveloped the truth, and with the intuitive glance of female prescience, she no longer saw in a revolution, a bloodless pageant, but a mournful sepulchre, in the dark vaults of which repose the conquered, while echo only prolongs the heavy steps of the conquerors, who stalk in mournful silence over their heads.

Her lover had scarcely left her, when she recollected that the rising of the armed force of the County was to take place in a few nights; at which he must attend, as he had been reinstated in the situation he formerly held. She instantly sent for him, but did not see him till the following day. The night she passed in restless agony.

"Oh! fly, dear William!" exclaimed she, the moment she saw him; "if you would save me from everlasting remorse, fly, till that terrible night is over."

"But my country, the sacred cause of liberty!" said the young man, whose dormant prejudices his brethen had artfully revived.

"Country!" exclaimed she, (passing with the rapidity of the female mind from one extreme to the other) "will it restore you to life, when you are slain, or give comfort to my heart, when it is broken."

"My honour, too!" resumed the young man.

"Baubles! baubles, all!"—interrupted she, for when the heart is awakened, the delusions of fancy vanish;—"what have we to do with the world?—We can be all in all to each other—we can live in our own cottage, and never go beyond our own fields—the sound of the brook will be pleasanter than the din of a city, and the song of the lark sweeter than the applauses of men."

Mr. H——— tore himself from the arms of his weeping mistress. "No;" said he, as he flew along, "I cannot recede. It was principle before, it would be cowardice now."

The night appointed for the insurrection arrived. In that state of mind which does not give itself leave to think, he put on his fatal gar-

ment of green—he had put it on once before to show himself in to his mistress. How different were her feelings now, as in speechless agony she wept farewell. It was then the forester's garb, as with bugle and horn he rouses the woods—it was now a winding sheet.—Reared in peace and indulgence he was about to contend in fearful combat with men whose trade was war—mild and gentle he was to lead up simple countrymen to oppose disciplined troops—his green uniform was no longer a flowing robe of triumph, but clung to him like a shroud.

Daylight dispelled a portion of the gloom which the tears of his mistress, and the darkness of the night, had caused in his mind. He was enabled to pay some attention to his little troop, and by address, and taking unfrequented and difficult roads, he contrived to avoid the army, and arrived in safety at the rebel camp near Ballinahinch. A more delightful situation for one could hardly be found. It was on the summit of a green hill in Lord Moira's demesne—opposite was another hill, on which the king's troops were posted—between the two was the town of Ballinahinch in a pretty vale. The rebel position is said to have been as judiciously chosen, as it was beautifully situated—the leaders had generally studied military tactics, and there is little doubt but that many of them would have become in time excellent officers

—But time was not allowed them—the shell was cracked before these unfortunate Castors and Polluxes of revolution were thoroughly formed.

As the night advanced several of them got intoxicated. Mr. H——— went apart. He was disgusted with the idle vaunts which drunkenness inspired, and shuddered at the scene which was to ensue. He sheltered himself in the most shaded part of the wood. The thick branches of the trees excluded the light of the stars, and the long grass was a couch to his wearied limbs—but what could be a pillow to his aching head, or shut out the bitter thoughts which would intrude?—which penetrated where the light of heaven could not enter, and writhed him with agony on the green bed where he lay?—What poppy or mandragora could medicine him to repose, when busy imagination passed his father's corpse before his eyes, and sounded in his ears his dying words; when it reminded him of his own promise, which, by a presentiment too just to be mistaken, was now about to be so dreadfully fulfilled?

The battle of the following day belongs to history, I shall therefore pass it over in silence. Mr. H——— was wounded in the head and shoulder, and was borne off the field by the tide of those who fled. He was mounted on horseback, and rode very fast, for he dreaded that the blood which at intervals flowed profusely from

his wounds, would soon render him unable to fly. After travelling some hours he found himself alone in a dreary mountain. He threw himself exhausted into a ditch—water was in it; but its coolness was grateful to the fever of his soul. He lay a long while without seeing any person—footsteps at length advanced, and two soldiers passed—their bayonets were on their guns, and their points were red with blood—their hands and faces were probably equally dyed, for one of them proposed to stop a moment to wash them in a ditch. "Nonsense," said the other, "we've not half done yet—wait till night, and then one washing will serve."

When the evening shades began to come down, Mr. H——— got up—he was stiff with cold and with lying—he crawled along, however, oftener on his hands and knees than on his feet, for the wind at times bore him the distant voices of men, and to the unfortunate the voice of man is too often that of a foe. He arrived, after midnight, at the cabin of a peasant who had formerly been labourer to his father. He knocked at the door and the window. The people were in bed and for a long time did not answer. They feared in those troublesome times. At length the wife got up and let him in, for an Irish cabin, or an Irish house, almost always opens to the voice of distress. The poor couple instantly recognized him, and

mourned over him with the heart-rending sorrow of the lower Irish. "Oh! master, dear master, dear," said the man, "you're in your *coul* grave, but what would you have said had you lived to see this?"

They undressed him and put him into their own bed, which was their only one—it was soon wet with the stream of blood which its warmth drew from his shoulder. The lamentations of his hosts now broke out afresh, and were so loud that they must have drawn the soldiers to the house, had any been in the neighbourhood. They bound up the wound, however, in the best manner they could.

Mr. H——— slept. He was shortly awoke by music—the wife was singing a hymn to the Virgin, to call down a blessing, she said, on him. Alas! he had called down on himself a curse. He remained two days with these faithful beings, and probably might have remained much longer in safety; but, weakened in body and mind, and impressed with the idea that he could neither recover nor escape, he resolved to see the fair cause of his sufferings, and die in her arms.

With the pertinacity of sickness and sorrow bent on a favourite object, in spite of the tears and intreaties of his affectionate hosts, he persisted in his resolution, and, clad in some old clothes of the husband's, set out for Miss W———'s habita-

tion. The idea that it was to her he was going gave him strength, and he was enabled to reach it in safety. He did not, however, dare to enter the house, but sheltered himself in the hay loft. The young lady was apprised of his being there, and flew to him—for three days she had not been in bed, and now experienced torture greater even than his—he was wounded, flying, and pursued, and her folly was the cause—what dagger could inflict a wound so painful as the reflection of this? It was embittered still, for she could not even give him shelter—her uncle had forbidden her ever to see, or think of him more. When rebellion promised to be ascendant, the good man had no objection to take a rebel into his family; but to take a vanquished and proscribed one was different.

What the young lady, however, could not give, she procured for him. He was conveyed to a tenant of her uncle's, who lived at a small distance, and concealed in his cow-house. He remained here six days, and gained a little strength. The balmy breath of the cows was healing balsam to the wounds inflicted by the pestilential passions of men. His mistress stole out to him whenever the family was in bed, tended him with food, dressed his wounds, soothed his sorrows, and when in the still hour of the night she ventured, in a low and trembling voice, to sing some wild

melody of her native country, she seemed a Guardian Angel sent down from Heaven to irradiate the gloom of a stable, and to chaunt a *requiescat* to the sorrows of an outcast, whose weakness was cradled in a manger.

With admirable ingenuity this wonderful young creature contrived a plan to have him sent to America, where she was immediately to follow him—he was to be conveyed in a covered cart to the vessel—the captain assured her of his safety if he could once be got there. She visited him early one morning, and communicated these arrangements to him. It was the twenty-fourth of June, which was to have been their wedding day. The heart of the young man sunk at the recollection; but his mistress gaily cheered him, and said he should rather hail it as a good omen. She had seriously now begun to cherish hope—fallacious hope—for the instant she quitted him, a party of light-horse surrounded her and the house.

"I say, serjeant" said one of the men, "we have tracked the hen, the cock must be at land."

The serjeant asked her where she had been. She made no reply.

"Where have you concealed the General?" said he in a mocking tone.

"General Green and Gold!" said the man who first spoke; "I wish we had hold of him by his fine epaulets."

"Speak, Miss" said the serjeant, roughly taking hold of her arms; "or I may fall on a way to make you." Still she answered not. She seemed neither to see, to hear, nor to heed—her whole faculties were suspended by the greatness of the shock. Appalled by the frozen horror and heart-rending despair of her appearance, the barbarian felt something like pity, and desisted from his rudeness. Her insensibility threw the reverence of death round her person, and so completely was her soul swallowed up, that she was in reality more a corpse than a living being. Nothing else would, probably, have saved her from violation.

The soldiers searched the house, and even the cow-house; threatened, abused, struck the old man to whom they belonged; but he would not discover.

"We must try by another method," said the serjeant, catching a comely young woman, who was hanging about her father's neck, and carrying her screaming and struggling towards the house. The nature of his intention the father instantly comprehended, for intuitive is the glance with which a father sees danger when it threatens his child,—insult, injury, perhaps even death, he could have borne, rather than betray the rights of hospitality, but his child,—a parent could not escape the snare in which lust, more cunning than inquisitor's cruelty, had entangled him. He did not, he could not speak, but he pointed to the cow-house, and

threw himself in an agony on the ground. Two of the horsemen rushed in, and instantly returned with their victim in their hands. They dragged him through a shallow brook that was in front of the house. The waters rose up tinged with his blood. "It is my own, however," said the poor youth; "I, thank God, I never shed the blood of any man." His mistress started forward and clasped him firmly round the neck. "Poor Harriet," said he, kissing her cheek, "our wedding day is a sorrowful one." It required the strength of several men to separate her from him.—"Me, me, me!" she continued to exclaim, until she fell down exhausted. Me, me, said Nisus, on a far less melancholy occasion:

Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.
mea fraus omnis,
Tantùm infelicem nimiùm dilexit amicum.

CHAP. XVII.

Mr. H—— was mounted behind one of the horsemen; and as he was unable to support himself, he was bound to him. They galloped on regardless of the anguish of his wound, from which the blood continued to flow. There were many allusions to the fate which awaited him, and the serjeant said, "he would probably not

find it half so pleasant as strangling in the arms of a pretty girl."

They conveyed him to B,—— where a Court-martial was sitting. He could not be immediately brought to trial. For some days his life was despaired of, and every morning, as he raised his dim and lack-lustre eye to heaven, he expressed his fond hope it would be the last. He was in the same prison with Mr. C——, who afforded all the assistance in his power to the son of his deceased friend. He had interest to procure him a room to himself, into which he put a bed, table, chairs, and other necessaries. The poor sufferer had likewise the sympathy and succour of a dearer and fairer friend. His mistress had taken a carriage and followed him—regardless of the threats of her friends, or the opinion or censure of the world, she shared with him a prison as she had before shared a stable. Fear loosened the ties of nature; but only strengthened those of love;—all his own relations forsook him—a young woman was his only companion, his attendant, and friend.

In a dismal prison, on a bed laid on the floor, wounded, shackled, about to undergo a violent and ignominious death, imagination could hardly picture to itself a more pitiable situation than that of this romantic and amiable, though erring and misguided, young man; yet so dear is sympathy

to the heart of man, so cheering is it to him to have one tender female heart that beats in entire unison with his own, that, when locked in each others arms, when his face was bedewed with the tears of their mutual sorrow, there is little doubt he had moments of happiness, such as in an ordinary state man can never possess. "Beauty is best seen in tears," has been often quaintly said. This is puerile and romantic. Beauty is best seen through our tears. This is natural and true. Sorrow ever finds in it sympathy, and ever clings to it for consolation, as cruelty shrinks from its presence abashed and dismayed. Rizzio about to be murdered, caught hold of Mary by the waist, nor could the assassins perpetrate the foul deed until they had dragged him from her sight.

In civilized, as well as in barbarous life; in polished scenes, however warped by fashion, in savage ones, however degraded by ignorance; amidst the fashions of London, and in the islands of Africa, the heart of a woman,—I can add my suffrage to that of innumerable others,—is the seat of tenderness and affection;—and never, I trust, will it lose that rare and inestimable quality, which was the nurse of man in his helpless infancy, and is the soft pillow of repose to his dying head. Tenderness is, indeed, the characteristic of a woman—the jewel of mighty price. With a thousand faults she may be loved; but without

tenderness it is impossible—good sense may be esteemed, great wit may be admired, but a tender heart can only be loved. The eye pleased at first with the whiteness of snow, soon shrinks dazzled from its brightness, and rests only on the soft green with which the Almighty in his bounty has clothed the earth.

Mr. H——, when he was a little recovered, was carried to trial on a chair, and placed on a table before the court. His head was tied up. His countenance was ghastly and pale. Miss. W—— stood by his side. He would have remonstrated with her, but she put her hand to his mouth; "to the last," said she. The trial was finished in a few moments. He was asked had he any thing to say before sentence was passed upon him.

"I appeal," said he with vivacity—

"Appeal!" said a member of the court.

His eyes fell on his sorrowing companion—the spirit that gleamed in them fled, and they became suffused with tears.

"I appeal to Almighty God," said he, "with him there is——mercy." "Me, me!" shrieked the frantic beauty, wildly tearing her hair and beating her breast,—but could go no further;—she was seized with strong convulsions, and obliged to be carried out of court.

The spectators melted into tears. The court itself was affected. Justice is blind, but she has a

heart, though a frozen one; and more than frozen must have been the heart, which such a scene would not have melted. It soon, however, recovered itself;—feeling was its instinct, but judgment was its trade. Bitter were the tears which the poor culprit shed as sentence was passing, for bitter are ever the tears which are shed at the footstool of justice, though she heeds them little from her lofty seat. Like what we are told of Providence, she looks to millions, not to individuals. I cannot conceive this; I cannot conceive how any human being who has a human heart, can, from remote consideration of good, be insensible to the misery before him;—how he can behold the quivering lip, the starting tear, the beseeching eye, the convulsed frame;—how he can hear the agonized cry, the sudden shout, the stifled sob, the vainly attempted to be suppressed groan—Oh! how can man see and hear all this and yet condemn?

About ten, the night before the execution, Mr. C—— got permission to see the prisoner. He brought a bottle of wine and some other light refreshment.—When he entered all was silent and dark. Sorrow flies the light, and, therefore, the man who walks in noon-day can little conceive how much of it there is on earth. The man of sensibility sees it, and, spite of himself, often wonders what sort of being it was who created man. Mr. C——

advanced to the bed. The fair mourner was seated on it—her lover was stretched along it, his arms round her waist, and his head on her lap. He was asleep. Uncertainty keeps us awake,—when there is no hope we repose. She raised her face at Mr. C——'s approach, but a face on every feature of which was so plainly imprinted woe, that he could not contain himself, but groaned aloud. "It was I who"———murdered him, she probably would have said, but her voice failed her, a choking was in her throat, and she could not proceed. Mr. C—— hastily poured out a glass of wine;—his tears dropped into it. She eagerly snatched it and drank it off. "A stranger feels for us," said she, "but our own friends keep away." She took little more notice of Mr. C——'s being present; but seemed totally absorbed in her own reflections—bitter, alas! must have been her reflections, when she thought on what she had lost, and the phantom for which she had lost it—yet it was the error of innocence and enthusiasm, and who can be severe on the error of nineteen?

Her lover's sleep was long and sound,—when he awoke he did not at first recollect where he was;—he wandered a good deal; but the wild pressure of his mistress's throbbing bosom restored him. "What hour is it?" he asked. Past midnight he was told. "Ah! midnight," repeated he, "the hour at which ghosts quit their graves

to visit those they loved." He shuddered and paused; perhaps reflecting that at that hour of the following night he should be that object from which the imagination of his mistress, even, would start in horror and affright. A similar thought appeared to occur to her also, for in a tone indescribable, with a voice and manner almost superhuman, walking to and fro, and backwards and forwards, in the exultation of sorrow, she sung,

That face, alas! no more is fair,
That lip no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"Sing it, Harriet, sing it!" said the young man, partaking her emotion, and tossing himself about on the bed in a frenzied manner.

She went on with the following verse.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
'Till that last morn appear.

Mr. C—— got her stopped with difficulty. He feared for both their reasons. "Blessed are the dead," said he, as well as he could articulate, "who die in the Lord; he quits a troublesome world, to return to his heavenly father, where, I trust, you will shortly be united to him."

"Father," said she, "Father!" wildly clasping her hands together, and looking from side to side on

her wounded lover; his loathsome cell and dim lamp, "Oh, tender, tender Father."

Poor thing—at nineteen, just entering upon life, to have all her hopes blighted, and all her happiness destroyed—in twelve short days to pass a long eternity of misery---not unnatural was it for her to doubt his tenderness, and feeble would be the consolation that such appeals to it could afford her:—to the aged, subdued by sorrow, they may be of use, but youth, which struggles against it, rejects them.

Mr. C—— was now obliged to leave them, promising to be with them betimes in the morning. He prevailed on them to lie down for a few hours, and left them fast locked in each others arms. The fixedness of the young lady's sorrow had in some degree given way, and he had the satisfaction of seeing her innocent face bathed with tears. The heart-sinking with which he quitted them was inconceivable—so young, so amiable, so unhappy,—for an instant he, too, murmured at the moral government of the Creator, and exclaimed, as he threw himself on his bed, with something like indignation, "Oh tender, tender Father."

Between eleven and twelve he was permitted to see them again. A clergyman was with them, to whose exhortations the young man seemed to hearken with impatience—to him there was but

one object on earth, or almost in the sky, and he hated every thing that even for an instant called his attention from her. She was neatly dressed in white—she was rather more composed than on the preceding evening—a less deadly pale was on her cheek, and a faint streak of red could for an instant be discerned on it. They conversed at intervals, and would then fall into long fits of abstraction. A slight convulsion would at times pass over the mouth and lips of the young man, but the upper part of his face was composed and serene—he would frequently get up, walk fast backwards and forwards, and look for an instant out of the window. Rapidity of movement, and the fair face of nature, are the instinctively-found medicine of misery, and, therefore, by a refinement of punishment, man casts it into a dungeon, and loads it with chains.

About one o'clock the jailor came in—he stood at the door and hesitated—he did not speak—there was no occasion—his silence, the tear, running down his furrowed cheek, told his errand.

> This was a gentle provost; seldom, when
> The steeled jailor is the friend of men.

"Now then, Harriet," said the young man, (offering to embrace her,) "but not I hope for ever."

She avoided, rather, his embrace and moved towards the door.

"Oh no, not you, not you!" exclaimed he.

"Spare yourself such a shock," said Mr. C——, "I will go with him."

"You!" said she, "it was me that he loved—he shall see me the last upon earth, and I will seek him the first in heaven."

The room was now filled with persons whose duty it was to superintend the execution. One of them strongly objected to giving her the permission she sought—"her weeping and wailing," he said, "would be of no use to the young man, and would only cause disturbance as they passed through the streets." This was a brutal speech. An English officer who was present, and who felt as every man of humanity would feel on such an occasion, said, with indignation, it was an Irish one. It matters little in what country a brutal speech is made, for unfortunately there are too many in every country capable of saying brutal things, and doing brutal actions—but as unfeeling a speech was made by an English nobleman to a far greater sufferer, and a sufferer of far greater rank.

Mary Queen of Scots passing through the hall of Fotheringay Castle to the place of execution, begged that some of her servants might be permitted to attend her to the scaffold, in order that they might be witnesses of her behaviour at her last moments. To this request the Earl of Kent replied, "that his conscience would not permit

him, that they would practise superstitious formalities, and that some of them, perhaps, would even dip their handkerchiefs in her blood." Man, who lives in an ordinary and quiescent state, cannot conceive what a savage he becomes when under the influence of passion, of party, or of fanaticism.

The officer above-mentioned, obtained for the poor suppliant the mournful consolation she was seeking, of witnessing the last moments of the man she loved. As they were quitting the prison, a clergyman offered his attendance, but they declined it. "Repent, repent," said he, (perhaps piqued at finding himself of so little account,) "it is a fearful thing to meet one's God."

"Oh," said the fair mourner, raising her fine eyes upwards, "fearful indeed, would be the God who did not think our sufferings here enough."

The melancholy procession now moved forwards, encircled by a party of soldiers. The young man was seated on a car, the young lady by his side. Mr. C—— walked behind—by their desire he read aloud the thirty-eighth psalm. It seems to me so appropriate to their forlorn and disconsolate situation, that I shall make no apology for inserting the greatest part of it here.

"O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

" For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.

" There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones, because of my sin.

" For mine iniquities are gone over mine head: as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

" My wounds are corrupt: because of my foolishness.

" I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long.

" I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.

" Lord, all my desire is before thee: and my groaning is not hid from thee.

" My heart panteth, my strength faileth me: as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.

" My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore: and my kinsmen stand afar off.

" They also that seek after my life, lay snares for me: and they that seek my hurt, speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long.

" But I, as a deaf man, heard not; and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth,

" Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs.

" For in thee, O Lord, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.

" For I said, hear me, lest otherwise they should rejoice over me: when my foot slippeth, they magnify themselves against me.

" For I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me.

" For I will declare mine iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin

"But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong: and they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.

"They also that render evil for good, are mine adversaries; because I follow the thing that good is.

"Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me.

"Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation."

The car drew up under the direful machine. I shall here be brief—who could dwell long on such a scene. Mr. C——— could hardly be said to have beheld it, though he was present. The young man was tied up, his neck was uncovered, and the rope put round it—he took one look of the earth and the sky—Alas, his heaven was at his side, and from her he was to part—He gazed on her as she stood mute and motionless beside him—he pressed her pale cheek, he kissed her long silken eye-lashes, for, weakened by sorrow, they had fallen down on her eyes—his face was covered, the car was drawn away, and in a few moments *his* sorrows were ended.

As soon as Mr. C——— could collect his thoughts, he turned to the unhappy survivor—she still remained in the same attitude—her whole frame seemed stiffened into marble, and she was carried away in the true catalepsy of sorrow, that makes neither resistance nor complaint.

For several years she remained in a state of profound melancholy, that rendered her insensible to

every thing passing round her. From this state she is (I think unhappily) reviving. The heart which received so rude a shock will never taste happiness, and can only, if it shakes off sorrow, settle into torpor or indifference—the earth will be without form—the autumn without fruit, and the spring without fragrance. Sorrow tears, but it enlarges the heart—indifference shrivels it up. Melancholy is the repose of the soul, indifference is its death.

CHAPTER XIX.

C—— Vale.

I HARDLY know a more beautiful object than a bleach-green on a fine day. Mr. C——'s is situated on the declivity of a hill, interspersed with trees, and watered by a pretty brook. The whiteness of the cloth presents a bright contrast to the greenness of the grass, while the murmuring stream excites the ideas of pastoral retirement rather than of the habitations of art. The manufacture of linen, may, indeed, be truly said to be a pastoral one. It is one of the most ancient, as it is one of the most beautiful. In the early ages of the

world it was the occupation of the greatest princesses.

Andromache is told by Hector, when he is taking his last tender leave of her,

> "To hasten to her tasks at home,
> To guide the spindle, and direct the loom :"

At the same time the linen manufacture had arrived at great perfection in Egypt, there the daughters of Israel learned to spin, and some of their sons to weave.—"And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen."

Woollen is the manufacture of art, and of commerce; linen, of nature, and of agriculture. In this country it still partakes of its origin; the weavers are likewise cultivators of the earth, and the great bleachers all reside in the country, and occupy considerable tracts of land. The weavers in consequence, are a hardy, vigorous, and virtuous race of men. The English manufacturers, I am concerned to remark, are generally the reverse in all these particulars. The fair face of nature, is a volume, addressed by the Almighty to the heart of man; and when, by the nature of his occupation, he is debarred access to it, his affections become deadened, and his heart becomes corrupt.

The linen manufacture has been carried to the greatest extent it ever arrived at, in this province. Those who have been accustomed to stigmatise the Irish as indolent and lazy, will think it strange to be told that by indefatigable industry they have made their manufacture the second greatest in the world—for only to the woollen manufacture of England, is it second. It has been supposed that the linen manufacture is not a beneficial one, because Ireland is a poor country—but the conclusion does not follow, even granting it to be a fact that Ireland is so. The wealth of Mexico did not make Spain rich, because her out-goings were equal to her in-comings—that manufacture must, surely, be a beneficial one, which, confined to a single province, enables Ireland to pay England such an immense sum, in taxes, pensions, and, above all, in the entire income nearly of all the great landlords which is spent in England.

This trade is said to be of great antiquity in Ireland. The Phœnicians, about twelve hundred years before the Christian Æra, planted colonies at Carthage and Cadiz, whence, according to the Irish historians, they passed into Ireland, and brought with them, among other useful inventions, the spindle and loom. However that may be, acts of Parliament, passed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, prove that linen was a very

considerable article of commerce, at that time in Ireland. In the reign of Charles the First, Lord Stafford adopted the most effectual measures for the encouragement of the linen manufacture, and in 1673, Sir William Temple asserts, that if the spinning of flax were encouraged, the Irish would soon beat both the French and Dutch out of the English market. In that year England imported linen from France to the amount of half a million. At the revolution, however, the importation of French linen was declared a common nuisance in the Parliaments of the three kingdoms, and finally suppressed. In 1698, the woollen manufacture had taken such deep root in Ireland, as to excite the jealousy of the English to such a degree, that both houses of Parliament addressed King William on the subject, beseeching him to take effectual measures to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and promising, in this case, every encouragement to the manufacture of linen. This stipulation was announced to the Irish Parliament by the Lords Justices in their speech from the throne. The two houses acquiesced, and this transaction has ever since been considered by the Irish, as a solemn compact between the two nations. The protection England has since afforded the linen manufacture, they regard, therefore, as a payment, not an obligation; a very inadequate payment they consider

it for what they relinquished, for it is the nature of men to undervalue what they receive, as it is likewise to overrate what they give.

Cloth, resembling linen, has been made from the fillaments of trees found in the island of Madagascar, and in the islands of the South-seas. In Sweden, hop stalks were put into water in autumn, and taken out in March—the filaments were then dressed like flax, and made in the common manner, into fine strong cloth. The filaments of nettles have been dressed in the same manner as flax, and made into cloth of a fine texture.

Irish linen is made from the prepared stalk of a small round reddish coloured seed. The Irish do not rear their own flax-seed—formerly they imported it from Riga, the Low Countries, and America—of late years they could only have it from America. Where it is to come from the ensuing year, is here at present a subject of sorrowful consideration. The quantity annually consumed is about forty thousand hogsheads. Flax-seed is generally sown in April, and the flax pulled in August. Of the various operations it undergoes, watering flax is the most difficult, and the most disagreeable. It is a process of fermentation which requires the greatest attention—the proper period for stopping it, depends upon the temperature of the water, the substances with which it

may be impregnated, and the degree of ripeness of the flax. The last operation flax undergoes is called dressing, after which it is delivered into the hands of the spinner.

The art of spinning was practised in the early ages with very simple instruments, the distaff and spindle—the distaff resembles a common walking stick, to one end of which a strike of flax is tied, the other end is fastened in the girdle of the spinner. The spindle is a small, round, wooden instrument, about sixteen inches long, thick at the middle, and small at each end, resembling the spindle of a large wheel for spinning wool. The operator begins by twisting a thread by hand, from the flax on the distaff, fastening it to the spindle, and giving it a rotatory motion with the fingers, which twists the thread. The motion thus given, did not long overcome the resistance of the air, and of the thread. The wheel, therefore, was added to the spindle—which operated by causing the motion to continue longer, and more regularly, as a fly-wheel does in more complicated machinery.

Some wheels were of wood, but they were generally of stone, very well turned; from the great number of them found in the ground of this country, it is concluded this method of spinning was commonly in use in it; it is even now practised by some old women here, and in the

Western Isles. The rim of the Irish spinning wheel (as it is mostly used at present) is of oak perfectly turned, twenty inches diameter. The spokes are of the same, or of some other heavy wood, which causes it to act both as a fly and a wheel; one end of the axis is formed as a crank, which the spinner moves with the foot. The right hand is left free, and at liberty occasionally to assist the left, in letting down the thread. As the distaff and spindle were the first utensils used in spinning, and the motion was given to the spindle, and to the ancient wheels with the right hand, the left became the spinning hand universally. Many attempts have been made within these few years, to teach girls to spin with both hands at the same time, but as far as I have learned, without success.

Spinning flax has been brought to such perfection in Ulster, that many girls spin so fine, that twenty hanks, and sometimes thirty, weigh only one pound. A young woman in Comber, in the county of Down, a descendant of the ancient family of M'Quillin, in the county of Antrim, spins so fine, that sixty-four hanks weigh only one pound; each thread round the reel is two and a half yards long, one hundred and twenty threads in each cut, twelve cuts in each hank. A specimen of her spinning was sent to the linen board, for which she received a small premium;

she spins this fine yarn only in summer. She fixes, I understand, a black cloth behind the thread, and often divides the fibres of the flax with a needle.

The looms mostly in use, resemble a bedstead upon a large scale, with six posts. The posts, which correspond to the head-posts of a bed, connect the whole frame, support the seat of the workman, and the breast-board over which the wrought cloth is strained as it passes to the cloth beam. Looms on an improved plan are made with two long head-posts only, and four short posts, which support that part of the frame on which the ends of the yarn-beam rest;—on this part of the frame two wooden slides are placed, on which the workman lays the ends of the yarn-beam, and slides it on these to a proper distance for one dressing.

Cambrics, lawns, and diapers, or damask, as they are more frequently called, are likewise manufactured from flax. The damask invented at Damascus, was silk cloth ornamented with flowers in their natural colours, thrown up in it by the workmen in the loom. The damask of Ulster is fine linen, with flowers or other figures woven in it, all of the same colour as the rest of the piece—it does not shew the figures by the colours being different from the ground, but by reflecting the rays of light more perfectly.

Damask looms are on the same plan as those generally used, but much larger and stronger. Some of them are furnished with five thousand sets of pullies, which support as many threads, on each of which a loop resembling a heddle is formed—to the lower end of each a lead weight, like thick wire, is suspended. The threads of the warp intended to form the pattern, are drawn through the loops—when one of these is pulled up, it draws up the weight, and the thread of the warp in its loop, out of the shade formed by the common heddles, so that it cannot be drawn by them to the lower part of the common shade.

The method of drawing up the threads of the warp, so as to correspond perfectly with any painted flower or figure, is very curious. The figure is first drawn with a transparent colour, upon paper, divided by engraved lines into squares, each side of which is about half an inch—these sides are sub-divided by finer lines, into ten parts—thus, each of the larger squares is divided into a hundred smaller. This figure paper is laid upon a desk—and opposite to it, on the other side of the desk, is a frame of cords, which pass through a reed, like warp in a loom—these cords or threads correspond with the lines on the design, or pattern paper. A man sits on each side of the desk—he who sits on the same side with the pattern-paper, tells off the squares

as he sees them covered with the colour. The person who sits at the side of the desk on which the frame of cords is fixed, has a very long coarse needle threaded, which he passes in a horizontal direction, through the threads or cords in the reed, raising some of them, and depressing others, as he may be directed by the person at the opposite side of the desk, who tells off the squares as he sees them covered with the colour of the pattern. This is done as often as there are ranges of squares in the depth of the design-paper. The threads thus darned into the cords passed through the reed, are allowed to continue as lay-bands. When all the squares in the pattern are thus told off, the cords with the lay-bands between them, are taken out of the reed, and attached to the small cords, which have loops in them like heddles, with lead weights suspended to them, and which are passed over pulleys, fixed above the loom. The other ends of the pattern-cords are fixed to the sill of the loom. When a thread of the warp designed to form a part of the figure, is passed through a loop of one of the perpendicular cords, and the cord drawn, this thread is raised above the general shade of the web. Five threads are drawn through each of these loops which take up as much space in the web as is between each of the small lines.

When the weaver or weavers have wrought to

the part of the web where the pattern is to begin, a boy standing at the pattern-cords, passes a staff between them, as the cross threads, or lay-bands, were passed with the needle, and pulling it out fixes it to rests attached to the loom. The heddle-cords are thus pulled up, and the threads of the warp which have been passed through their loops are drawn out of that part of the warp which forms the common shade. Eight leaves of heddles next the workmen are attached to each loom, which are so contrived, that the weaver by treading one of the treddles attached to one of the heddles, depresses one eighth part of the threads from the body of the warp, raised by the draw-boy as he is called—and raises at the same time one eighth from that part of the warp which forms the lower side of the shade, and thus the figure is produced on both sides of the piece. When the boy takes away the staff, the lead weights draw down the cords and loops, and allow the warp which they raised to fall into the common shade. The boy, after a certain number of shots, passes the staff along another lay-band, and raises another part of the figure, in the same manner as at first.

The twill, which is formed on the ground and pattern, is of such texture, that the damask is stronger than any other description of linen. Although the warp and woof are of the same

colour; yet, because the figure and the ground are differently woven, they reflect the rays of light differently—the figure resembling satin, generally reflects most rays; and, therefore, appears whiter than the ground. The patterns are as various and extensive, as the productions of the pencil in the hand of the painter. Rich centre-pieces, coats of arms, crests, and mottoes, are accurately delineated. The table-cloths are made from one yard and a half wide, to three yards and a quarter, sometimes twenty yards long, and of various degrees of fineness. The napkins are from five-eighths to a yard wide—the patterns wrought in them, correspond to the patterns of the cloths—if arms are wrought in these, the napkins are wrought with a correspondent crest or cypher in each. This elegant branch of the linen manufacture was introduced into Ireland about fifty years ago, by a person of the name of Coulson, and is now carried on at Lisburn by his sons, on the most improved and extensive scale.

Linen is purchased in its brown state by the bleachers. They have men employed for this purpose, who attend at fairs and markets. They have in general a salary of one hundred a year each, and a small allowance for keeping a horse. The fatigue these men undergo is extraordinary—some of them ride upwards of four thousand

miles in the course of a year, which, considering the storm and severity of an Irish winter, is equivalent to six thousand in many other countries. In their robust frames and florid countenances, we perceive the favourable and benign influence of the open air on man, and how infinitely the advantage of almost constant exposure to it, counterbalances the slight inconveniences of cold and rain. A habit of riding in all weathers, is, I am persuaded, the most effectual means of strengthening the frame, and I should recommend every delicate person, whose avocations will permit it, (to make use of the words of Doctor Fuller,) to learn like a Tartar to live on horseback, by which means he will acquire in time the constitution of a Tartar. I have known several instances of young men, who appeared to have the strongest predisposition to consumption, and who, had they been put to sedentary employments, would, in all human probability, have died a very short time, by the healthful fatigue of even severe riding, and long journies, become stout and vigorous men. The late Doctor Rush, of Philadelphia, in one of his essays, mentions two cures of consumption in a similar manner. I think them so extraordinary, that I shall relate them here. Though Doctor Rush is a fanciful theorist; I am convinced he would not misstate a fact; and sickness, which throws its eye over a

light works like this, in quest of amusement, might find something useful, which it would not have spirits to seek in a graver one.

The son of a farmer in New Jersey was sent to sea as the last resource for a consumption. Soon after he left the American shore, he was taken by a British cruiser, and compelled to share in all the duties and hardships of a common sailor. After serving in this capacity for twenty-two months, he made his escape, and landed at Bristol, from whence he travelled on foot to his father's house, (nearly four hundred miles) where he arrived in perfect health.

In travelling through New England, Doctor Franklin overtook the post-rider,—and after some inquiries into the history of his life, he informed him that he was bred a shoe-maker—that his confinement, and other circumstances, had brought on a consumption, for which he was ordered, by a physician, to ride on horseback. Finding this mode of exercise too expensive, he made interest, upon the death of an old post-rider, to succeed to his appointment, in which he perfectly recovered his health in two years. After this he returned to his old trade, upon which his consumption returned. He again mounted his horse, and rode post, in all seasons and weathers, between New York and Connecticut river, (about one hundred and forty miles) in which employ-

ment he continued upwards of thirty years in perfect health.

At the inns where the buyers, or cloth-merchants, as they are more commonly called, pay for their webs, a penny is left by the seller for each one—if a number pay in the same house, this will amount to something considerable in the year—it is, therefore, an object of considerable importance to landlords to draw them to their houses, and many methods of seduction are practised for this purpose. In some places they do not charge for the horses' oats, in others for the buyers' drink, and in others again, for their meat—and some adventurous publicans beginning business, charge for none of the three. The most usual mode, I believe, is to charge for liquor and oats, and to give the breakfast and dinner for nothing—supper is seldom an Irish meal—with these honest cloth-merchants it would be a very unnecessary one—exercise furnishes better sauce than the first French cook, and no meat is so sweet as that for which we do not pay. A shoulder of mutton, I am credibly informed, is often finished by one person at dinner, and it is no unusual thing to see him eat four, or even six eggs at breakfast. The middle class in the North of Ireland, live in a kind of rough abundance, which bears no resemblance to poverty—what is often wasted, or given away in charity,

would be nearly sufficient to support an English family of the same rank in life.

Until a few years ago payments for linen-cloth were always made in gold; and so abundant was it, that weavers would take no guineas, but those that were down weight—a pair of scales was then as indispensable an appendage to a cloth-merchant, as it has always been to a picture of justice. It is melancholy to think how these golden times have passed away. Guineas now are never seen in circulation, though they still are a regular article of commerce. They are, I believe, at present worth thirty shillings each, or probably more. They are mostly bought to be sent to Dublin or London—of course, in a short time none will be left in the North, except what may be concealed by those who look to the probability of an alteration, at no very remote period, in the existing order of things. The number of those is not inconsiderable—a few, perhaps, (I believe very few) wish it, but many, very many, dread it. During the late rebellion concealing gold was very common. I have touched upon it in a foregoing chapter. Concealing gold, or burying it, as it is more frequently termed here, is an ancient practice in Ireland, and a melancholy evidence of the woes it has undergone. Pots of gold are, at times, found in old walls, or in digging up anciently inhabited places

even to this day. This circumstance, it may be supposed, gives great scope to imagination, and village narration and hope—a pot of gold found by accident, sets thousands a digging; and a dream three nights running of money concealed in a particular spot is a mine of wealth to the happy dreamer, until hope, by repeated and unavailing diggings, is converted into disappointment. The dream of a poor man, who lived not many miles from where I write, led to a more disastrous consequence. He imagined that he was walking by the side of a river—the moon shone bright, and every thing was serene and beautiful—in an instant, with the transition common to dreams, the fair landscape vanished, and was replaced by a dark and dreary heath, over which the tempest wildly raged—there was neither tree nor shrub of any kind, and he betook himself for shelter to a projecting part of a bank which rose above a deep and sullen stream.—He had scarcely got there, when the ground seemed to give way with him, and he found himself in a coffin, in which was likewise a dead body crawling with worms, and loathsome with putrefaction. He awoke in great fright and communicated his dream to his wife, who, according to the established custom of interpreting dreams by contraries, comforted him, by telling him that it denoted a concealment of gold near to a part of their cottage

river, with which they were both well acquainted, he got up in the morning without saying any thing further on the subject, and went, as it was supposed, to his work. The night, however, came on, and there were no tidings of him, and the wife became exceedingly alarmed; when the greatest part of the following day passed in the same manner. She communicated her apprehensions to her neighbours, who searched for him in every direction, and by her desire dragged the river in which there was a small flood. As they passed a part of the bank which seemed to have newly fallen in, she told them of her husband's dream, and fright on the occasion—It was immediately proposed by one of the party to examine hereabouts; and, upon removing a little loose earth and rock, they found the body of the unfortunate man, whose dream, like that of many others, had wrought its own fulfilment, with a pick axe and shovel by his side.

As bleach-greens, when the cloth is on the ground, contain property to a great amount, and the fences which surround them are weak, Government endeavours to fence them by severe laws. It is a capital offence to rob a bleach-green. This law, from its rigor, is inefficient—so general is a feeling of humanity in Ireland, and so strong is a sense of justice in the North, that no one will prosecute for a crime, the penalty of

which is traced in characters of blood, and so disproportionate to the offence. Presbyterians, who are more conversant with the Bible than with Blackstone, think that blood only should have blood. The law, therefore, like that against witchcraft, is a dead letter on the statute book, and the bleachers trust to precaution, rather than to punishment. They have a two-fold guard. The least formidable, is a man armed with a blunderbuss, who perambulates the grounds during the night. But the *fides Achates*, on whom the greatest reliance is placed, is a large and ferocious dog, of a particular breed, which is kept chained during the day, and turned loose when it becomes dark. These animals are little less formidable than tygers, and hardly know any person except their keeper. When bleach-greens lie near the public road, they are dreadful annoyances, and many persons travelling at night have been severely injured by them. With all due deference to the feelings which led to their employment, I think it would be more humane for the bleachers, until a fitter one is passed, to enforce the law, and discard their dogs. No man, I trust, abhors more than I do, sanguinary laws; yet surely, it is better that a rogue should be hanged, than that an honest man should be assailed in the darkness of the night by an animal almost as fierce as the Erymanthian boar. I have

heard of several instances of persons being dragged off their horses by them, and dreadfully lacerated —but even when the wounds they inflict on the body are slight, how dreadful are those they inflict on the mind, and what misery does not the unfortunate sufferer experience during the months that must elapse, before he can be thoroughly satisfied that the animal was not mad.

"What is the most dreadful situation in which a human being can be placed?" was a question I once heard discussed in a debating society. A great deal of nonsense, as is common in all *debating* societies, was spoken. Sentimental and youthful orators seemed to think, that the most deplorable of all conditions, was that of a lover, seated on the thick grass under a shady oak, whose mistress was struck dead by lightning at his side—or that of a disconsolate husband, whose beloved wife had just expired in his arms. The graver, and more elderly ones, who, perhaps, spoke from experience, seemed to imagine that these were misfortunes which the bulk of mankind contrived to bear with considerable philosophy. To be on board a ship on fire at sea; to have a soul loathsome with vice; or a body loathsome with the leprosy; were likewise mentioned. A gentleman related some instances he had seen of this disease among the planters in the West Indies, in which the whole body was one immense and putrifying sore. I

stop for an instant, to remark, that when we consider this, and the many other evils, which by a just re-action, slavery has brought on its authors, when we consider the disease which, as well as gold, the Spaniards brought from America, and see before our eyes the fearful punishment they are undergoing in the old world, for the misery they inflicted in the new, we can hardly avoid tracing the hand of an avenging God, who of our pleasant vices

"Makes instruments to scourge us."

As I am not an orator, I did not speak on the occasion—had I spoken, I should have given the palm of misery to a man bit by a mad dog. I have seen but one instance of it, and never, I trust, shall I see another—the animal was one of these bleach-green guards. The man was crossing on horseback a field at the bottom of the green. It was day-light, but the dog had unfortunately slipped from his chain, and was roaming about. He instantly flew at the man, who drove his horse against him, and threw him back. He made several other attempts, biting the horse, and clinging about his neck. The rider, in despair, could hardly hollow for assistance; and the poor animal he was on, its limbs weakened and relaxed by apprehension, in a short time came tumbling down. The dog caught the man by the throat, and

would soon have killed him, but the keeper, who had seen the whole transaction, and run as fast as he could, fortunately now came up, and took him off. The man was wounded in the throat and the thigh—but in both places slightly. The keeper congratulated him, and he congratulated himself on his narrow escape.

About six weeks afterwards the horse was affected in a very singular manner. The unfortunate man immediately took alarm, and became a spectacle of indescribable misery—no argument or reasoning, or flattering delusion, could give him even a moment's comfort. He knew that he was bit by a mad dog, he said, and felt that the disorder would soon shew itself. He made two attempts on his own life; but was prevented each time by some officious person. He was then secured by cords, which prevented him from doing mischief, either to himself or to others. The following day the madness displayed itself in the most unequivocal manner. I saw him on the third day of the disorder. He was seated on the ground—a large chain went round his body, and fastened him to the wall. He was naked nearly to the waist, his heart heaving as if inflated with a pair of bellows—his hands, which were tied, were clasped—his face was on the ground—he lifted it up on my approach—but, such a face—such an expression of misery, horror, and anguish, as

nothing but this direful disease could have occasioned. He was not insensible, for that would have been happiness, and, in a particular manner, his was the disease of misery. His daughter came a little forward—he gave a wild shriek and started back to the utmost extent of his chain.

"Keep off, keep off," said he, "I am possessed, not by one, but by seven devils, and could take a delight in tearing those I used to love the best."

"Murder, murder!" said the wretched daughter, "I cannot kiss my father before he dies."

Happily for him the next night put a period to his sufferings. His shoutings, startings, bellowings, and convulsions, for some time before death, resembled more those which fancy attributes to a condemned soul in a state of torment, than a human being's. "His last word," said his daughter, almost breathless with horror, "was—'damnation!'"

Living folk gabble, but dying men prophecy, is an expression I have frequently heard here; and the poor child of simplicity read, in the casual expression of madness, an intimation of her father's future fate. Of what nature (to borrow the idea of the fair sufferer of the preceding chapter) must that being be, who could not think the misery he had suffered here was enough?

CHAPTER XX.

Violet Bank.

I quitted the house where I had so long and so agreeably sojourned, yesterday after breakfast. I walked. I was pressed by the worthy bleacher to take a horse, but declined it. A man who walks is the most independent, the most secure, and, I think, the most happy. We breathe too much the depressing air of chambers and towns, and we should, therefore, prolong as much as possible the pleasurable sensations which the sight of hill and dale, and rock and mountain, rarely fails to inspire. The day was fine. The road had become dry—though traces of the late rains were to be observed in the little brooks that in some places crossed the road, and in the deepened murmur of the blue streams as they rushed headlong down the mountain's side.

The road led through a delightful country. Nature and art seemed to have conspired together to try which should beautify it most. The projecting rock, and deep glen, and venerable oak, of the former, were diversified with the swelling eminence, the sloping lawn, and graceful planting, of the latter. In the distant horizon the brightness of the bleach-green, the russet of the mountain

top, and the verdure of its sides, shot into each other like the changing colours of a lutestring; while the rich purple of the sky threw over the whole a kind of celestial brightness.

A gentleman in his carriage passed me. He civilly opened the door and invited me in. I preferred the open air. He had a book in his hand —something in the form of it struck me, and I requested leave to look at it. I found it was the small volume, of which this is, in some degree, a continuation. Not even the feelings of an author, which I do not pretend to be entirely above, could reconcile me to the man who took his eyes from the sublime book of nature which lay open before him, to fix them on a paltry production of man. He repeated his invitation; which I again declined. I assured him I did not walk from necessity but from choice. He smiled (I thought incredulous) and betook himself to his book again. He pitied me, therefore, I dare say. I am sure I pitied him when I looked upon mine.

I was rewarded for my humility by the conversation of an old Covenanter, who was going home from meeting, and overtook me as the coach quitted me. He had already walked three miles, and had five more to go. He seemed in raptures with the preacher he had travelled so far to hear.

"A *bonnier* discourse," said he, "was ne'er penned

—spoke for *twa gude* hours and a half, and ne'er looked at book or paper—proved to us from *aw* authorities, both ancient and modern, that man was born to *die*."

"That is no difficult matter to prove," I said, "most people know that as well as the preacher."

"For what they know I *canna* say," answered he, "but I know what they do—there is the big man, now, that owns that *pelace* before us."

"Yes," said I, "he's a great lord."

"He's *na* great lord, *sur*," said he, "there's *na* great lord *awa*, but the great lord of heaven—*ough*, but man puts himself in the place of his maker, and must be bowed down to, and worshipped like the golden calf of the Israelites."

"His lordship," I said, "is the head of an ancient family."

"*Alder* than *gude*," said he, "I'll be bound for it—*gin* we are to judge by what we hear *o* him—he leads a *bra* ranting life in London—*gangs* to plays and such like places, and then he comes over among us, and brings his fine *medems*, like so many painted Jezabels—but *yough*, *hough*, the worm is their mother and their sister, and when they are dead what becomes then of *aa* their pride and their airs? *Lazerus* will be in Abraham's bosom—I *wanna* say where they may chance to be."

A well dressed and good-looking young woman was washing her feet by the road side. We

stopped to have a few moments conversation with her. She had walked some distance, and was going to a friend's house on a very particular errand—with true northern foresight she had carried her shoes and stockings in a handkerchief, and was now washing her feet in order to put them on, that she might step in with all due smartness. When she had finished dressing herself she proceeded on with us. She was very communicative, and told us the business she was coming on, which was to look after a stray sweetheart. As I walked a little behind I overheard her tell my companion, who had a good deal the look of a diviner, the dream which pointed out the spot where she would find him. Dreams, I believe it is Homer says, come from Jove,—he must have been in one of his pleasantest moods when he sent her's—going to visit Europa, perhaps, or descending in a shower of gold into the lap of Danae.

The old Covenanter and I continued conversing a good while after the young dreamer had left us. He was a shrewd and intelligent man. I was impressed as much with the singularity of his language, as the singular construction and independence of his mind. He never, in speaking of persons the most exalted in rank, or considerable for wealth, said lady or gentleman, but woman or man—lords, bishops, and even esquires, were not so much the objects

of his hatred, as of his derision and contempt. "*Na, na, na,*" said he "it *wanna* bear controversy when there is *na meerit*, you would *na* surely *gee a teetle*, and when there is, it only disgraces—*wha* ever said Mr. Matthew, or Mr. Luke, or Mr. John."

Were my opinions the same as his, and, as far as transcendent merit is concerned, they certainly are, I should have given a similar, though probably, a less evangelical illustration. I should, probably, have asked who ever said Lord Verulam, or Mr. Milton, or Mr. Shakespeare.

The Covenanters, it is hardly necessary to say, are the most rigid of Presbyterians, and the same who in Scotland, by their fatal opposition to the unfortunate Charles, led to the overthrow of the monarchy, and the inundation of these kingdoms with blood. They do not even yet pray for the king, because he has not taken the solemn league and covenant; nor do they pray by name for any person whatever. They are rigid maintainers of the ancient, and now almost exploded, doctrine of Election and Reprobation, and would not choose to waste their prayers on one whom, according to their benevolent system, the Almighty has, perhaps, preordained to eternal misery before the world was:

"As wordlings do, giving their sum of more
To that which has enough."

They pray (generally) for all under the influence of the Election of Grace, or for whom there are purposes of Salvation or Mercy—absent or present, from the highest to the lowest, and from the nearest to the remotest, throughout the immensity of created space.

The number of their congregations in this country is about twenty. They have now public worship pretty generally in houses—formerly it was almost universally performed in the open fields. Their ancestors were driven by persecution to wilds and glens, where only they could worship their Maker by stealth and in secrecy; and by a natural association, more pleasurable than otherwise, they retained the custom long after the original cause was removed. I recollect being at one of those meetings when I was a very little boy, it is present to my recollection as fresh as if it were only yesterday. I see it now as if it were before my eyes; the bright sun and clear sky—the wild glen, and dark woods, and foaming torrent—the thin dapper figure—the sharp face, and keen visage of the preacher, as he projected his head from the little pulpit covered with canvas, placed on the verge of the hill; the immense multitude of all ages and sexes, in scarlet cloaks and grey mantles, and blue and russet-coloured, and heath-dyed coats—in hoods and bonnets, and mob caps, and old-fashioned hats, standing, sitting, and lying, around.

The sermon lasted upwards of three hours. The text was taken from the first chapter of the Song of Solomon. "While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof." The preacher in this text clearly perceived a type of something pertaining to the Christian dispensation, and emblematic of the future glory of the church; for Theologists (as Commentators have done with Homer) maintain, that scripture has a double sense, the one obvious and literal, the other hidden and mysterious, which lies concealed, as it were, under the veil of the outward letter. The former they treat with the utmost neglect, and turn the whole force of their genius (such as it is) to the latter. What reference the above text could have to the Christian dispensation, or the future glory of the church, it would, I believe, puzzle any but a Theologist or Commentator to discover.

I arrived at an old friend's house in the evening. He was an old friend in the strictest and most literal acceptation of the word. He was upwards of eighty when I had seen him last, which was nearly fourteen years before. His daughter, whom I saw first, did not immediately recognise me. When I told her who I was, she gave me a cordial, though, perhaps, a melancholy welcome—it is sorrowful to meet as we are beginning to grow old, the friends we have known in our youthful

days—fourteen years are a great death-stride in the life of man—how few can look back upon them with pleasure, how few can contemplate them without despondence, when they reflect how little they performed of what, elate in youth and hope, they expected when they looked forward to them—yet happy are they, or ought to be, who have only the common ills of life to complain of, who have been able to hold the even tenor of a virtuous life, and who never have had their souls wrung by the recollection of crime.

My venerable friend had walked into the garden, where I followed him. He was seated on a kind of rustic seat by the side of some bee-hives—his long hair, white as the stricken flax, shaded his forehead. He was asleep, for age as well as sorrow knows no seasons. His white locks and whole appearance reminded me of the aged monarch of whom this was spoken—happily for him, to watch bees and not to govern men was his occupation, and in this innocent employment, and in the cultivation of his garden, he spent the greatest part of his time. Could I give him a higher eulogy than this? and does it not exclude the necessity of any other? Les goûts simples accompagnent presque toujours les grandes vertus, it has been well remarked by an elegant female French writer. I was astonished on his awaking to see the little change time had wrought on him

—a little more stoop in his shoulders, a wrinkle perhaps more in his forehead, a more perfect whiteness of his hair, was all the difference since I had seen him last. We walked into the house together. We passed into his room, it appeared as if it were as little changed as himself—the spectacles lay on the table as I had formerly seen them—I believe the identical book was there likewise, it was a volume of monthly reviews—; a work once highly prized in the North of Ireland, for the same reason that it was disapproved of by Doctor Johnson—the liberality of its opinions on religious and political subjects. "My memory fails me," said the good old man, I believe quoting the words of some other person; "but my eyes are the same—my old books, therefore, do for me, and my old spectacles."

They wanted to prepare dinner for me; but I would not allow them. It was their tea-time, and I knew what a plentiful meal tea was generally with them—besides, flesh-meat in my revered friend's house was an article rarely to be met with—for sixty years he had not tasted it, nor did he greatly like to see others take it—his food was vegetables, bread, milk, butter, and honey. "Butter and honey shall ye eat," is said in the Scripture, "that ye may fly evil and choose the good." And *he* had flown evil, and he had chosen the good—his whole life was a series of bene-

volent actions, and Providence rewarded him even here—by the peace of heart which passeth all understanding, by a judgment unclouded, and by length of days beyond the common course of men—while the sensual and beastly gormandizer of a metropolis, who with greasy hands, and blood-stained mouth, dozes snorting over the table, covered with the hecatomb of animals which are murdered to fill his rapacious maw, and pays the penalty of his barbarity, in his habitude, his stupidity and lethargy, his face distorted out of all human resemblance, and his body tortured with the gravel and gout.

> "No flocks that range the valley free,
> To slaughter I condemn;
> Taught by the power that pities me,
> I learn to pity them,"

Could my aged friend, with the venerable hermit of Goldsmith, exclaim, as he made his simple meal of curds and cream—and when seated, in a delicious summer's evening, on the grassy bank of the blue stream, that rolled its sparkling waters past his garden, when he raised his eyes to his Father in Heaven, who also is the Father of all his creatures—when he looked round him on the lamb which his humanity had saved from slaughter, which cropped the flowery lawn by his side, and upwards to the dove, which bore the olive

branch of his mercy, to gladden the hearts of its young, how pure would ascend his devotion, how expanded would flow his benevolence, and how unfaded would bloom his hopes.

CHAPTER XXI.

Violet Bank.

In the harvest of 1798, a stranger applied to Mr. S—— for employment—he was an uncommonly able young man, and did as much work as any two of the labourers—yet he never threw off his coat as the others did, and his left arm was tied up—he said he had received a slight hurt in it from a splinter of wood—as he looked very pale and thin, Mr. S——, from motives of humanity, allowed him to sleep in the house.

Mr. S—— conversed with him often in the fields, and found, though an untutored man, he had great strength of understanding, and uncommon energy of mind and expression. He was always anxious to hear the newspapers, which Mr. S——, as is not unusual in this part of Ireland, often read to the labourers of an evening, after their work was finished. On one of those occasions he stumbled on a paragraph, beginning

with, "Whereas a most daring robbery." At this instant his eyes rested on the countenance of the stranger—the expression struck him as so singular, that he discontinued his reading. On retiring to his own room, he read the article in question. It gave an account of a most daring robbery, committed a short time before, by four armed ruffians, one of whom was killed, and another supposed to be desperately wounded—an exact description of the person of the latter followed, and Mr. S—— had little doubt that he was the stranger whom he had taken into his family. He did not hesitate a moment on what he should do. An Englishman would, perhaps, have hesitated a little, but the conclusion he would have arrived at, would, probably, have been a different one. He reasons better than an Irishman, and therefore he is oftener just—his feelings are less lively, and he is seldomer merciful. Mr. S—— could not bear to give up to punishment an unfortunate stranger, who had been sheltered under his roof. This was his feeling as an Irishman. He thought that the punishment of death, which he knew would be inflicted, was disproportionate to the offence. This was his conscience as a Presbyterian. Except in cases of cool and deliberate murder, Presbyterians think (and I think along with them) that man has no right to deprive his

fellow of that life, which no power short of that which gave it first, can give him back again.

Mr. S—— brought the stranger in—he shut the door, and read to him the paragraph without comment. The other listened without betraying any emotion.

"I see what you suspect," said he; "you think I am the person."

Mr. S—— was silent.

"You may give me up to justice, if you will," proceeded the man. "I shall make no resistance; I am innocent, and have nothing to fear."

"Were you innocent, I should give you up to justice," said Mr. S——, "for then you would have nothing; but I know you are guilty, and have every thing to fear. Go your ways, then, and betake yourself to a place of safety."

"Do you mean," said the man, "that you will not send the army after me?"

The army are the great *peace-officers* of Ireland, and hardly any thing, on their first coming over, astonished the officers of the English militia more, than that even a pickpocket could not be sent to a county gaol, without an application being made to them for an escort of soldiers.

"I mean," said Mr. S——, "to do you no harm—I shall pay you your wages, and you may go your ways."

"A Presbyterian," said the man (retiring

from the proffered wages) "a Presbyterian Minister."

"Go, go," said Mr. S———.

"I was a rebel and a robber," said the man, "and am a Catholic."

"You are a bad man," replied the other, "I have little doubt; but it was not your religion that made you so—repent, and live as it directs."

The man instantly threw aside his coat, which hung loose over his left arm—in the same hurried manner he tore off the dressing from his sore—the hand had been shattered by a ball, and had been amputated by a country apothecary in a bungling manner. The sight of the wound filled Mr. S—— with horror—it was covered with filth, and crawling with maggots.

"I have suffered this" said the robber, "without a groan—I could go to the gallows without a tear; but cannot bear your goodness—it overcomes me."

It did fully overcome him, for he wept and sobbed aloud. Mr. S———, who, like most Presbyterian clergymen, is a surgeon and physician likewise, washed and applied some mild and clean dressing to his sore—he would have applied likewise healing balsam to his wounded and ulcerated spirit; but his efforts were unavailing.

"Repent!" said the man with indigna-

tion, "let them repent who drove me to this. I have done nothing of which I should repent, or be ashamed—I only endeavoured to get back a part of what was my own, and that's no crime in the eye of God, whatever it may be in that of man—my forefathers were robbed of their land by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers, and a great man has the property which by right should be mine—and may be will be my children's yet, though I will not live to see it—but though I do not repent of what I have done, I repent of what I intended to do."

Here, to the utter astonishment of Mr. S——, he confessed that he was in his employment not by accident, but in consequence of a scheme of his man servant. He had been sheltered in the cellar of the father of the latter, before he applied to Mr. S—— for employment. The misguided man had often meditated robbing his master, but shrunk dismayed from so daring a crime. The presence of so adventurous a robber encouraged him. He opened his plan to him, to which the other readily consented. They only waited until Mr. S—— should receive his half year's stipend to carry it into execution. Here one may remark the singular contradiction of the human mind, and how erroneous it would be to affirm of any vicious man, that he is entirely destitute of virtue—this wretched

creature, who would have robbed his master, his benevolent master, and risked his own neck for a few guineas, might have earned instantly and safely, a hundred pounds, by giving up the robber to justice—but his ideas of honour were such, that perhaps no sum would have induced him to be guilty of what he would have deemed so foul a deed, and so dreadful a breach of hospitality.

His master summoned him, and charged him with the crime he had meditated. He was sulky and would confess nothing. Mr. S——— paid him his wages and dismissed him. He went away with his companion. Mr. S——— gave them much good advice, which the robber repaid with tears and blessings; the servant with threats of revenge for the injury he had done his character.

A few weeks afterwards he learned, that the unfortunate robber had died of a mortification in his arm, in a cabin on a neighbouring mountain.

The following year Mr. S——— had occasion to go to a town thirty miles distant. Towards evening, when he was very near it, he was surrounded by a party of men, who seemed, like Cadmus's men of old, to start armed and prepared for combat from the earth—he had seen no traces of human beings the instant before. They pulled him down from his horse and pre-

ceeded to rifle his pockets, with oaths and imprecations of vengeance if he did not keep quiet. One of them, getting a glimpse of his face, exclaimed, "Ough, sweet Saviour of the world! it's my master's own self; don't one of you harm a hair of his white head."

"Ah, Dennis!" cried Mr. S———.

"Eh! you know him then; but, by the Holy Ghost, you shant live to tell it;" said another of the gang, striking him on the temple with the but-end of the pistol.

Mr. S——— fell senseless on the ground. When he recovered, he found himself in a strange kind of cell, with a low roof—a glimmering light, as from an outward apartment, enabled him to discover that it was a cave, or excavation in a rock, and from the rushing of waters he indistinctly heard, he concluded it was in or near a glen—a man was sitting at the head of the bed of heath, on which he was laid. It was his man Dennis, who, notwithstanding the terms on which he had parted with him, had not forgotten his ancient master's kindness, and who, by his exertions, had probably saved him from being murdered. The man who had given him the blow, now came in, and shook him cordially by the hand.

"De whole of de boys" said he "are widout, and only wait for your reverence to come and

say grace—don't be uneasy, you will be as safe wid us, as if you were in your own pulpit—Dennis here has told us what a kind-hearted man you are to all sects—he gave me de devil of a thump just now to be sure; but it was in your defence, and I don't bear malice."

Mr. S——— found little inconvenience from his wound, and accompanied the two men to the outward part, which was only partially separated from the inner, by a projection of the rock—a large oaken table was placed in the centre, round which were seats formed by laying boards on large stones. The robbers were seven in number. He was congratulated by them on his escape, and they insisted on his pledging them in a bumper of whiskey. He readily complied, and found himself much the better of it—a man who sits down in a dark cave, certainly stands in need of a little spirits. He had now recovered himself sufficiently to be able leisurely to survey the apartment he was in—it seemed a natural cavern, perhaps a little enlarged by art—it was lighted by splinters of bog-wood, which were stuck up in different places, and threw their dusky red shadows on the visages of the men, rendering them, to the terrified imagination that feared for its safety, still more ferocious. The countenances of some of them, however, were mild and agreeable,

and gave no indication of the savageness of their lives. There was for dinner a ham, a large cheese, and some other matters. Contrary to Mr. S———'s expectations, great decorum was observed—there was neither laughter nor loud conversation:—as these are essentials (disagreeable essentials) in parties, even of persons in respectable ranks of life, Mr. S——— concluded, they were excluded here by the dread of discovery;—the drink was ale, of which there seemed to be abundance, and, after dinner, a certain quantity of whiskey was placed before each person, by a man who acted as chief.

This man sat in an easy unembarrassed kind of manner, and conversed with facility and correctness. The impression on his mind that he should one day be taken and hanged, was as strong as any impression could be—yet it had no influence in making him wish even to change his course of life. Mr. S——— wondered at this; but checked himself, when he recollected that all men know they are to die; but, as the precise moment is unknown, act as if they were never to die at all. The gang were mostly desperadoes, who had been concerned in the rebellion, and a life of violence and plunder was become natural to them. Their whole conversation turned on the exploits they had performed; and as the flame from their sooty pipes gleamed on their faces and habitation, it

required no violent stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself in the infernal regions. Mr. S——'s countenance, he supposes, displayed his uneasiness at his situation, as the company repeatedly told him not to be under the least apprehensions, and Dennis in particular assured him, that he was as safe as if he were on his own potatoe ridge.

"We keep your money," said the chief, "because we want it, and you can spare it—but sleep in peace, not a man here will hurt or harm you."

He stretched himself again on his bed of heath, and a blanket was thrown over him—before going to sleep he had some conversation in a low voice with his old servant, on whose mind he endeavoured to impress the danger of the company he was in—the poor creature shed tears, and promised to think on what he had said, swearing at the same time, he would sit up all night to watch him; and that neither man nor devil should do him harm. Early next morning he was awakened by the crowing of a cock—the sound was distant; but the thought that he was within hearing even of the habitations of men gave him inexpressible pleasure—the sound was likewise the herald of day, and such weak beings are we, that with daylight we ever associate the idea of safety.

Before he quitted the cave his eyes were blindfolded, though Dennis swore by his grandmother's soul, who was dead and gone, that his master

was a God-fearing man, and woudn't turn informer to save himself from purgatory. The character of an informer is of all others the most odious in Ireland. It is the braying together in the mortar of the imagination a thousand little sooty devils to make one great arch black one. This, I should suppose, in a great measure, proceeds from the extraordinary sensibility of the lower Irish, who, in the contemplation of misery, lose all recollection of the causes which gave rise to it—doubtless, in some measure, from a feeling of dislike to the laws and government.

Mr. S—— was mounted on horseback, and accompanied by two (he heard the voices of no more) of the gang. They travelled for about an hour over rough and uneven ground. His companions then bade him adieu. An instant afterwards he raised the handkerchief from his eyes and looked round—he saw nothing of the men; but, to his astonishment, he found himself not five hundred yards from the town he was going to.

The career of a robber is short—a few weeks after the event I have been relating, Dennis and one of his companions were taken in the act of robbery, tried and convicted. Mr. S—— received a message from his unfortunate man, begging some money to assist in burying him. This is one of the strongest appeals that can be made to charity, and a man who refused his assistance

would be considered a barbarian. Mr. S——— was not a man to refuse it—he resolved even to go himself, and administer consolation to the poor condemned. It was the night before the execution. As he approached the gaol, he endeavoured to summon up resolution to meet the scene of woe he expected. It was a scene of noise and confusion. A crowd was assembled before the grated door of the cell. Dennis was mounted on his coffin, from which, as from a pulpit, he addressed them, begging money to bury him, and pray his soul out of purgatory. He rated those who were tardy in drawing out their purses, scolded others who had already given, for not standing back to make room for new comers; wept, preached, and prayed, all in the course of a few minutes. No sooner did he see Mr. S——— than he descended from his rostrum. He wept bitterly as they went apart together.

"To think of my ill-luck," said he, "in quitting the trade. I was coming with my comrade to see my friends, and then take up, as you advised me, and go to America—and to be taken for nothing else, and hanged like a dog."

"Nothing else!" said Mr. S———, "did you not rob a gentleman and lady?"

"Of nothing but seven two-pound notes, and a handful of silver," said the other, "and that

was to pay our passage—we couldn't go to America without money, you know."

Mr. S——— now attempted to give him some spiritual advice.

"Don't, dear master," interrupted he; "don't, for the love of the sweet Jesus, speak about it. I have settled all them things with priest Higgins, and it might be the loss of my poor *sowl*, if a man of another sect meddled with it."

Mr. S——— then turned to his companion, who was seated on a stone at the extremity of the cell.

"Is there any thing I can do for you?" said he to him.

"Nothing," replied the other.

"The priest then," said Mr. S———, "has given you absolution, I suppose, likewise."

"I know too much, to believe any man can do that," said the other, "would to God I had lived as well as I was taught—I am a Protestant."

"I am sorry, very sorry," said Mr. S———, "to see a Protestant in such a situation."

"I should be sorry, too," said the man, "if sorrow was of any use—but I have sinned against good advice, and it is fit I should suffer for it."

"Have you any friends?" asked the other.

"I had friends," said the man, "if my evil courses hav'nt broken their hearts."

"Do they live near this?" enquired Mr.

S———, "or is there any message you would wish to send them?"

"Message," repeated the other, "they shall never hear from me; when I entered on this life, I changed my name; my sin, if I can help it, will never be their shame."

"I will pray with you," Mr. S——— said.

"Of what use?" said the man with firmness, "I have given my days to the devil; I need not give my last night to God; that poor creature there may tell his beads, and thump his breast, and kiss his crucifix, and believe what the priest tells him; I know what God himself has said; that no unrighteous person shall see his face."

Mr. S———, however, prevailed on him to hear a prayer or two, and left him in a better state of mind. Dennis, who had all this time been busied in addressing the gaping country people outside, now hung about him with shouts and lamentations. He extricated himself from him with difficulty, nor could he for a long while reflect without astonishment on the singular alternation of frantic sorrow, and thoughtless levity, of overflowing affection, and careless indifference, of dread of death, and anxiety about his funeral, which characterised the conduct of this poor creature.

The following day he and his companion were put on a car, and brought, under the escort of a

party of soldiers, to the neighbourhood where the robbery was committed. A gallows was erected in a field. The criminals were allowed to rest themselves for a few minutes in a cabin. They here, as is the universal custom with the unfortunate persons who are to be executed in Ireland, put on their dead dress. This consists of a shroud and cap with a black ribbon, and gives a person clothed in it, the look of a spectre, as imagination forms it, or of a corpse newly raised from the tomb. Poor Dennis came out with a show of great fortitude; but it entirely forsook him when he cast his eyes on his fellow-sufferer, and beheld in him, as in a mirror, the reflection of his own funeral appearance. He uttered a wild shriek, and fell senseless on the ground. The reality of death seemed now, for the first time, fairly to have struck him. It seemed never to have made a thorough impression upon him, until presented thus to his imagination through the medium of his senses. When the car arrived at the fatal spot, he could scarcely be said to be alive; his eyes were closed, his heart scarcely beat, and all colour had left his face. The conduct of his fellow-sufferer was calm and intrepid. Mr. S——— took a kind leave of him, he was affected, and even felt his cheek moistened; he could not be mistaken, for by the force of sympathy, a tear started in the poor sufferer's eye; but he instantly recovered him-

self, and shook Mr. S——— by the hand. "I have lived the life of a brute," said he, "but I would wish to die like a man." Mr. S——— rode to his own house, which was about seven miles from the place of execution. It was the latter end of summer. About dawning day, (grey morning as he beautifully and poetically termed it) he was awakened by a noise in the room, he drew the curtains, a figure like one of the hanged men, in its shroud and dead cap, stood pale and sad at the window. He rubbed his eyes, he strove to wake himself; he turned himself in the bed; he stretched himself forward, and endeavoured to penetrate the gloom; the figure of sleep did not, as he imagined it would, melt into thin air; it moved its eyes even, it opened and shut its mouth, it seemed preparing itself to speak. Nature was now too strong either for reason or philosophy; a cold damp bedewed his forehead, and he lay speechless and nearly senseless. The phantom approached the bed, and fell on its knees before him. "Master," said it, "remember I have saved your life, now save mine."

It was Dennis, the poor hanged Dennis—his fears had saved him. He had to be supported on the car as it was drawn slowly away, and he swung gently off, his fellow sufferer threw himself off with violence, and was almost instantly dead. Dennis was likewise a tall man—the gal-

lows was low, and his feet at times touched the ground. After hanging the limited time he was cut down and given to his friends; he was carried to the nearest cabin, and as is almost always done in Ireland, all the vulgar methods in use were practised to recover him; his feet were put into warm water, he was blooded by a countryman with a rusty lancet, and rubbed with spirits, which were likewise applied to his nostrils and lips, and poured down his throat. He opened at length his eyes, and milk was given him from a woman's breast, which in Ireland is supposed to be a medicine of great efficacy.

When night came on, he resolved to go to his master's house, which, across the fields, was not more than four miles off. He was advised to lay aside his dead dress now that he had so unexpectedly returned among the living; but it was too valuable a piece of finery, and had cost Dennis too much oratory the preceding day, to be parted with so readily. He met nobody on the road; but if he had, his dress would have been his protection; for every one would have run from him as from a ghost. He might have gone in any dress, however, in security; few people in any country would be willing to lead to the gallows a man just escaped from it—few people in Ireland would refuse to run some risk to save him from it. He knew well the room where his master slept, open-

ed the window, and stepped into it, from the garden. Mr. S——— kept him for some time in his house, and then got him put on board a vessel bound to America, where he arrived in safety. He is at present a porter in Baltimore, is married, and the father of several children. When time has thrown its dark mantle over the origin of their family, the descendants of poor hanged Dennis may rank with the greatest in America.

CHAPTER XXII.

Violet-bank.

Mr. S——— has been minister of this congregation upwards of sixty years. He was not a very young man even when first placed. He had received several calls before, and was so often rejected, that at length he despaired of being placed at all.

By a call is meant the summons which a congregation on the death, or removal of its minister, gives the young probationer, who preaches before them, and resides among them a certain number of weeks upon trial. The election is completely

popular, and the intrigues of the conclave are often rivalled by those of a Presbyterian congregation.

Of various modes it is easier to affirm that they are different, than that they are better or worse. Popular election, doubtless, has many advantages. It gives a congregation a man to their mind, and as he is, in a great measure, dependent on their voluntary subscription for support, he is obliged to be humble, attentive, and, if not virtuous, to seem so.

But, then, popular election has its disadvantages. A congregation, like a flattered lady, sometimes do not know their mind, and often are of a different mind. There are rival candidates, with different pretensions and claims. Parties arise, disputations and wranglings follow, and at length, when all become pretty well exhausted, and the successful candidate is chosen, he is still only forced upon a part of the congregation. In manners, modes of living, and doctrine, he must often follow, fully as much as he can lead—he must often flatter the prejudices of the congregation, in order to influence their actions, and what to a Theologian is, perhaps, the most difficult of all, he must often preach what they like, rather than what he likes himself. Many of the parishioners think themselves as profoundly versed in Bible learning as he is, and will not endure the

slightest heterodoxy. Jeroboam, Jeroboam, your blood will be licked by the dogs, was, a good many years ago, the mild rebuke of an Old-light Presbyterian to a clergyman, of whose doctrine he disapproved.

The Presbyterian church, at the period I am speaking of, (as in a greater or lesser degree it has been ever since) was divided into two great parties, called Old and New-light. The Old-light party were rigid Calvinists, and believed and taught exactly as Calvin and John Knox believed and taught before them. It would be taking up too much room to give a particular account of all the points on which they disagreed with their opponents, nor, indeed, would it be worth either the trouble of reading, or writing—for unintelligible as most human disputes are, theological ones are the most unintelligible of any; and therefore could man be brought to think so, the most useless; as, happily for him, whatever is necessary to his happiness, heaven has left plain. I shall, therefore, briefly mention only the most prominent article of their creed. They believe, that all mankind, by the fall of Adam, lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and made liable to the pains of hell for ever. But God, in his infinite mercy, they teach, did not leave all mankind to perish in this state of sin and misery. Having, out of his mere good will and pleasure,

from all eternity elected some to everlasting life, he entered into a covenant of grace to deliver them out of a state of destruction, and to bring them into a state of salvation by a Redeemer. This Redeemer of the *elect* is Jesus Christ, who by making continual intercession for them, and by offering himself up a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, reconciles them to God. These happy few, are called the elect. The unhappy many, Old-light leaves in a state of dark and hopeless reprobation.

The New-light doctrines are more rational, more liberal, and infinitely more humane. They are nearly the same as those now preached by the clergy of the church of England. The recorded opinions of the church itself, I need hardly say, are exactly the same with the above-given merciful ones. Nor is it the least wonderful circumstance of the present wonderful age, that they have been lately drawn from the sepulchre, wherein they were so quietly inurned, to fill the pages of a tale ...of a female's tale, and that the hero should sally forth, like another David Simple, or Simple David, in quest of a wife, whose great merit should be a firm belief in them.

Young clergymen generally leaned to the New-light doctrines, which the graver and more elderly members of congregations considering as mere ignes fatui to lead men astray, they were careful to conceal until they were placed,

and then, as occasions were favourable, they gradually unfolded them to their hearers. Mr. S——— was of a lofty and unbending spirit,

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder.

He would not yield to selfish or worldly considerations a particle of his principles, and did not scruple to avow, that he thought the doctrine of Election and Reprobation, as it is called, a damnable one—damnable indeed might that doctrine well be called, which makes God, who the scriptures emphatically say is love, the author of the misery of millions of his creatures, and the happiness of tens. (In a parenthesis let me here remark, that the beautiful line in the Lay of the Last Minstrel

"That love is heaven, and heaven is love."

is taken from the Epistle of St. John.)

Mr. S——— had even the audacity, on one occasion, as he was taking a glass of punch with a leading member of a congregation that had given him a call, to doubt of the reality of everlasting punishment—so heterodox an opinion would have lost him the see of Canterbury, no wonder, therefore, it should a north country Presbyterian congregation. "I believe he did not well know what he was talking about," said (the next day) the liberal shopkeeper, "he was at his fourth tumbler—I would be loth, therefore, to say when he's himself, he's so great an Atheist."

The next congregation he was called to, he lost in the following manner: One market-day a countryman asked him to step into a public house and have a glass of something. Mr. S——— civilly declined it, saying he never drank in the morning. "He's too proud," said the man, "for me—I like a clergyman I can be free with, and can crack to on occasions." A proud clergyman, and one who would not crack with the congregation, was nearly as bad as one who did not believe in the eternity of Hell's torments—he was rejected, therefore, and another chosen, who, as long as he could, neither refused conversation nor drink—indeed, he generally took so liberal a portion of the latter, as shortly to disqualify him for the former.

On the third occasion, my friend was more circumspect—avoided the imputation of being either moralist or legalist; left eternity in the state the ancients did,—a serpent biting its own tail—*Quod in sese volvitur*—and drank at all hours, and at all places, with such pious and thirsty Christians as wished to have questions of faith discussed, and doubts cleared up, over the bottle. He was going swimmingly along, and thought himself secure of his election, when an unlucky circumstance occurred. A gentleman of large fortune in the neighbourhood interested himself in his behalf. The greater part of the congregation were his tenants. He spoke to

them, he expressed a wish that they would choose Mr. S——, in which case he would give him, he said, a good farm at a moderate rent.

Though this gentleman had lived all his life among those people, he did not know them. They fired up at his interference, as an unjustifiable attempt to deprive them of their rights; and instantly, to assert them, proceeded to elect a rival candidate, whose rusticity of manners, and uncouthness of appearance, effectually and happily preserved him from the patronage of a great man. "It is the Lord's affair," said the congregation with one voice, "and not the landlord's—we want none of his parasites—we can't abide flatterers." These good people did not know that they liked flattery so well, that they wished it to be addressed only to themselves. They are mistaken who think that great men only seek praise—mobs are equally voracious of it. Dryden, who, as Doctor Johnson remarks, in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation has not been surpassed since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, did not bestow more flattery on his patrons, than a modern patriot is obliged to lavish on his constituents; or since the omnipotence of public opinion has become so established, each party lavishes on the nation. Horace did not besprinkle with stronger, though he might with more courtly and elegant incense, Augustus, or Boileau, Lewis the Fourteenth, than

writers of all descriptions, Encyclopædists, Tourists, Dramatists, Journalists, down even to the humble followers of literature, Novelists, do the English people, who are now the great landholders of the East and the West, to say nothing of their extensive watery possessions. It must be admitted, that John, *est bon de son naturel*, or so much flattery would have corrupted him.

Mr. S—— now gave up all hopes of ever being placed. Industry, learning, meekness, and benevolence, he found were no helps to get bread as a clergyman; he resolved, therefore, to try them in the humbler sphere of a schoolmaster, in which situation he meant to continue, until a favourable opportunity should occur of going to America, which is the great ocean into which the overflowing stream of Northern Irish population loves to empty itself. An unexpected circumstance made him change his determination, and procured him a comfortable establishment in his native country.

——— quod obtanti Divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro!

A young Catholic clergyman, just fresh from Salamanca, challenged him to a dispute on the relative merit of their two religions, and offered to prove, by irrefragable arguments, not only that his was the best, (which every one thinks of

his own,) but that the others was the worst. This theological challenge was given in a public house at a fair. My friend prudently declined it. He liked not controversy at any time, and as at that particular time it was to be carried on before a number of his opponent's persuasion, he feared that the lightness of his arguments would be overpowered by the weight of theirs, and that if their leader's reasons, when weighed, were found wanting, the *ultima ratio*, like the sword of Brennus, would be thrown in by his enlightened followers.

Some of the parents of the children at his school, when informed of it, considered this as a most shameful dereliction of duty, and threatened instantly to remove them from under his care, if he did not give immediate battle to Antichrist. Mr. S——— complied, though reluctantly. He was a friend to all religions, because he knew that religion was essential to man, and was to his heart what air was to his lungs—a necessary without which it would be dead. He wondered at the mysteries of none, because he knew there were mysteries in all—because he knew there were many articles of his own utterly incomprehensible, and thought it mattered little that the Catholic had, perhaps, two or three additional ones. But he was a Presbyterian, and, consequently, the enthusiastic friend of liberty,

civil and religious; and though he did not dislike e Catholic church for its doctrines, he did for the opposition he supposed it gave to free enquiry, and the shackles he imagined it placed on the mind. A day was, therefore, appointed for the solemn disputation, and care was taken to exclude those numerous erratic sophists, who prefer the *argumentum ad hominem*, and the *argumentum Bacculinum*, to all others.

The first point in dispute was the often enough disputed doctrine of transubstantiation. This is a vast Sorbonian bog, in which whole armies of controversialists have sunk. It is, of all the tenets of the Romish church, the most incomprehensible—which was precisely the reason, why the young Salamanca pedant chose it. The more unmalleable it was, the more credit he thought he would have in hammering it into the hard head of his Presbyterian antagonist. He was not, however, more successful in carrying on the controversy, than Henry the Eighth had been on a similar occasion, and, luckily for my friend, he could not have recourse to the *flaming* argument, with which the royal disputant, when every other had failed, silenced his adversary. The parties separated, after many hours of discussion, as is customary on such occasions, in mutual ill-will, and confirmed in their respective opinions. The Presbyterians, however, were clamorous in

their rejoicings, (in which they were joined by their brethren of the established church,) at the great victory, as they deemed it, their quiet schoolmaster, who looked as soft, they said, as if butter would not melt in his mouth, had gained over the priest of Baal. He had trimmed the scarlet whore with whom kings had committed fornication, and who had made the nations of the earth drunk with her abominations, so soundly, that if she had either grace or shame, her face would be as red as her mantle. A neighbouring congregation, (whose clergyman opportunely for him died,) gave him an immediate call, and he was unanimously ordained their minister. The elders got drunk for joy the day of his ordination, and generously voted him an addition of ten pounds a year to the usual salary, for having so well fought the good fight, and like little David, armed with sling and stone, pelted to death the huge Goliah.

In general he has lived on the best terms with his flock—little causes of dissension, however, sometimes arose—his memory became impaired, and he found it difficult, after having composed his sermons, to retain them in his recollection. He requested, therefore, permission to read them. This was refused him as subversive of all discipline, and a scandalous example—to indulge him, however, as far as possible, he was told

neither to compose nor commit to memory, but to preach as the spirit of the Lord might dictate.

"I shall preach nonsense," said the good man.

"Never fear;" said an elder of the old school, "but even if you should, I would sooner hear nonsense spoken, than your fine philosophy read out of a printed book.—It wasn't so the Apostles preached." Mr. S——— likewise dwelt too much on good works. He did not say enough about faith to please the zealots. He gave the bone, but seldom or never the marrow of divinity. He was too fond of the filthy rags of his own righteousness, and did not, as he ought to have done, clothe himself in the white wool of the Lamb, and preach Christ crucified.

In reality, his mode of preaching was too abstracted to be popular with any congregation, except a singularly enlightened one. Truth is too strong for the eye of the ignorant, (all men whose avocations do not leave them great leisure for thinking, are ignorant,) and, therefore, as St. Pierre has told us, in his beautiful tale of the Indian Cottage, "nous la voilons d'allégories et de mystères pour en soutenir l'éclat." The scriptural phraseology and metaphorical language of many Presbyterian preachers shadow the truth, raise the imagination, and relieve the understanding, as much as the chaunted litany of the church of England, or the high mass of the church of Rome—and

those preachers, as it is natural they should, are by far the most popular ones. I have heard prayers and exhortations, in which, from the beginning to the ending, hardly a word was spoken, to which a definite idea could be attached—they were a continued metaphor; or rather concatenation of metaphors, (many of them certainly beautiful metaphors,) taken from scripture, and ingeniously put together. The audience were exhorted to take righteousness as a breast-plate, and the helmet of salvation on their heads—to put on the garment of holiness, and to be clad with zeal as with a cloak. They were comforted with the assurance, that if they were sorrowful sojourners upon earth, all tears should be wiped away from their eyes in the heavenly Zion, where beauty will be given unto them for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of peace for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

But the grand subject of dispute between Mr. S——— and the congregation was the psalmody, which he wished to reform. He was something of a musician, and still more of a poet. He could not, therefore, abide the barbarous tunes that were sung, and still less the barbarous version to which they were sung. It was that of Sternhold and Hopkins. Many people have heard of those cele-

lated scripture versifiers, who never saw their works. I select a couple of verses taken almost at random, that those who read this may never wish to see or hear of them more.

He hath in thee shew'd wonders great,
O Egypt void of vaunts:
On Pharaoh thy cursed King,
And his severe servants.
He smote then many nations,
And did great acts and things:
He slew the great and mightiest,
And chiefest of their Kings.
Sehon, King of the Amorites,
And Og, King of Bashan:
He slew also the kingdoms all
That were of Canaan.
And gave their land to Israel,
An heritage we see,
To Israel his own people
An heritage to be.

It surely did not require (one would have thought,) two people to put their heads together to produce such verses as these—so improved are we in taste, if not in virtue, that hardly any person at the present day could, I think, be found to make such ones, were he even to strive to do it.

For several years Mr. S——— waged frequent, but unsuccessful war with this Bavius and Maevius of sacred song. The elderly parishioners persisted in singing to their dying day, the psalms, as they said, King David had, and as they had always done themselves, and their fathers before them. By

degrees, however, as these venerators of King David were gathered with him, and their fathers, the remaining congregation became more compliant, and at length yielded, though reluctantly, to the introduction of a more modern version, and a better style of song. There were two points, however, on which he found them inflexible. He wished that the psalms should be given out by the clerk verse by verse, instead of line by line, which he thought, from the rapid alternation of speech and song, destroyed the harmony, and produced a ludicrous effect. The congregation started in horror at the first mention of so daring an innovation, and he prudently never mentioned it to them a second time.

The fifth psalm was a very favorite one of his, and so likewise was the tune to which it was sung. The first verse in his version was as follows:

Lord in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascend the skies;
To thee I will direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eyes.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

One would have thought that these lines might have escaped without animadversion—the four first were unobjectionable, but the mischief lay in the fifth. Hallelujah was a word of novel sound, and savoured too much of the church of Rome. Mr. S——— addressed the congregration several successive Sundays, explained its meaning, and

reminded them, that the spirits of just men made perfect, are said in scripture, to stand before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands, and to sing Hallelujah for ever. They were, however, obstinate—one Hallelujah might have been endured, but four Hallelujahs was a superstitious repetition, which no true Presbyterian could abide.

"He's a good soul," said one of the parishioners, "but over nice and fanciful—we must make a stand, or there is no telling where he may stop—he may be wanting us next to be bowing and kneeling like the high Kirk, or to sing in Latin like the Papists."

I have dwelt on those petty details, because I think they are characteristic of the people I am among, and because they shew how smooth must have flowed the stream of my benevolent friend's life, when, for sixty years, it has been only ruffled by occurrences such as these. And they took place in times that are long past. The inestimable virtues of their venerable pastor are now universally recognized by his parishoners, who have ceased to give opposition to his slightest wishes, and are attached to him by stronger ties than those of love—by respect, by admiration,—I might almost say, by adoration. And well does he deserve them all, who is their disinterested guide, the physician of their souls and bodies, their law-

giver, counsellor, father, and friend. In them and in his daughter all his worldly cares are centered.

To them his heart, his love, his griefs are given,
But all his serious thoughts have rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

It is with a mingled feeling of melancholy and admiration I want words to express, that I hear my aged friend speak of his dissolution, which he believes to be near, and listen to his earnest desire to be soon laid in the grave, and brought to the house appointed for all the living. In him this proceeds, I am well persuaded, from his conviction of the truth of revealed religion, and his implicit belief in the immortality of the soul. I have never heard him express a doubt on these subjects, and very cruel would be the man who suggested them to him. But while I am fully aware of the influence of religion in converting the chill bed of death to a couch of kindliest down, it is fair, likewise, to mention, that I have met with instances of an ardent longing for dissolution in elderly people, which could not be traced to this cause. In them it appeared to proceed from that wise and humane law in the animal economy, which does more than accomodate the body and mind of man to all the natural evils to which, in the common order of things, he is necessarily exposed. Satiety of worldly

pursuits and pleasures, and a desire of being relieved from suffering and pain, make (at times) the coffin, the grave, and the shroud, so abhorrent to the imagination of the young and the gay, more desirable to the heart of the aged, than the bridal suit to the expecting virgin, or the crown of triumph to the youthful warrior's head. I cannot forbear remarking, that almost every discription of death represents it in this point of view, and considers it as a state of repose, and not of enjoyment, as an escape from sorrow, and not an entrance into joy. There (say the scriptures in speaking of the grave,) the wicked cease from troubling—and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master.

An elegant writer of sermons sees in this view of death no argument against a future state. I trust it is not an argument against it. I regret to say, it is not one in favour of it.

Old age desires death, and youth wishes to live to old age—since, therefore, I am on the subject, I shall mention a few more of the phænomena which occur at that advanced period to which so few arrive of the sons or daughters of men. There is a great sensibility to cold in all old people. The servant of Prince de Beaufremont, who came from Mount Jura to Paris, at the age of 121,

to pay his respects to the First National Assembly of France, shivered with cold in the middle of the dog-days, when he was not near a good fire. The National Assembly directed him to sit with his hat on, in order to defend his head from the cold. The

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,"

of Horace, notwithstanding his knowledge of human nature, is not of universal application. Impressions made upon the ears of old people excite sensation and reflection much quicker than when they are made upon their eyes.

The appetite for food is generally increased in old age. The famous Parr, who died at 152, ate heartily in the last week of his life. The kindness of nature, in providing this last portion of earthly enjoyments for old people, deserves to be noticed. It is remarkable, that they have, like children, a frequent recurrence of appetite, and sustain, with great uneasiness, the intervals of regular meals. The observation, therefore, made by Hippocrates, that middle-aged people are more affected by abstinence than those who are old, is not true.

Old men tread upon the whole base of their feet at once in walking. This is, perhaps, one reason why they wear out fewer shoes, under the

same circumstances of constant use, than young people, who, by treading on the posterior, and rising on the anterior part of their feet, expose their shoes to more unequal pressure and friction. The advantage derived to old people from this mode of walking is very obvious. It lessens that disposition to totter, which is always connected with weakness:—hence, we find the same mode of walking is adopted by habitual drunkards, and is sometimes, from habit, practised by them, when they are not under the influence of strong drink.

The memory is the first faculty of the mind which fails in the decline of life. While recent events pass through the mind, without leaving an impression upon it, it is remarkable, that the long-forgotten events of childhood and youth, are recalled, and distinctly remembered. It has been remarked, that studious men, like others, suffer in old age a decay of their memories, but rarely of their understandings. Dr. Swift is one of the few exceptions to this remark—but his premature dotage is judiciously ascribed by Dr. Johnson to two causes, which rescue books, and the exercise of the thinking powers, from having had any share in inducing that disease upon his mind. These causes were, a rash vow which he made, when a young man, never to use spectacles, and a sordid seclusion of himself from company, by which means he was cut off from the use of books,

and the benefits of conversation, the absence of which left his mind without its usual stimulus—hence it collapsed into a state of fatuity.

It is humiliating to human nature, to remark in old people the disposition, like children, to detail immediately every thing they see and hear, and their aptitude to shed tears—hence they are unable to tell a story that is in any degree distressing without weeping. Dr. Moore takes notice of this peculiarity in Voltaire, after he had passed his eightieth year. He wept constantly at the recital of his own tragedies. This feature in old age did not escape Homer. Old Menelaus wept ten years after he returned from the destruction of Troy, when he spoke of the death of the heroes who perished before that city. Few of these appearances, however, are to be noticed in my venerable friend, and none of them in any considerable degree—for his is old age without decay. Before I conclude, let me mention, that he attributes his protracted existence to his manner of life. This, however, appears to me fanciful, rather than just; and probably not one of thousands, who imitated him in this particular, would live to his time of life. But that is of small consequence; if they imitate his virtues, they will have lived long, let them die at what age they may. For honourable age is not that which standeth in

length of time, nor that which is measured by number of years—but wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Dungiven.

It was more than time, after spending six days at Mr. S——'s, to think of going—yet it was sorrowful to part with an old friend whom there was no chance I should ever in this world see again. I turned twice to bid him farewell, and the tears stood in his eyes as he gave me his pastoral benediction, and bade peace rest with me and abide with me for ever.

I had various modes of conveyance in my power, but preferred walking;—if not the easiest, it is the safest method of travelling—a man who is on the ground can fall no lower—this should be a consolation, in times such as these, to poverty also. I had walked but a short way, when a shower forced me to take refuge in a cabin by the road side. The men and women were in the fields—an infant was in the cradle, a child of about six years old was rocking it. I spoke to

the little rocker, but it could only speak Irish; this is commonly the case with children born in the mountains, but they almost universally learn a little English as they grow up. Speaking Irish may, I believe, be considered by every Englishman who travels in Ireland, as a declaration of being Catholic. The lowest Protestant would feel degraded by the supposition that he understood, much less spoke it. This singular and most unjust contempt of the Aborigines and their language is a convincing proof (were proof wanting) how very colonial, and how little national, a large portion of the people of Ireland is. Nothing affronts a poor or ragged Protestant more, than asking him any question as if he were a Catholic—indeed, if a little time is allowed him, he will himself tell what he is—like an English landlord or waiter in Wales, if he is asked a question about any neighbouring mountain or valley, will answer shortly and gruffly, that he knows nothing about them, and then takes care to inform you that he is an Englishman, and tells often the particular spot where he was born, lest it should be supposed he was a borderer even. Nobody so low but he thinks others still lower.

Little occurred in the day's rumble worth all being related. The general aspect of the country was dreary and cheerless. I met with very few

people, and regretted the more the absence of man, as nature so ill made up for the loss. I had, however, one consolation in solitude, which in London a man has not always in society. I was perfectly free from molestation, or from apprehension of it. Robbery is little known, and never dreaded in the North of Ireland. Yet the mountains, I this day travelled over, were in ancient times the seat of rapine and plunder. Travellers were obliged to cross them in large bodies like Eastern caravans, notwithstanding which they were often robbed, and many of them murdered, by the numerous and daring gangs of robbers who infested them. It is inconceivable how fresh the events of those days are in the minds of the people of Ireland. The wars of William and James are as little talked of in England as the war of Troy, and an immeasurable distance seems between the period in which they happened, and the present one—but in Ireland, where accounts of them have been handed down from father to son, and the ideas been frequently revolved, they are as fresh as if the events had only occurred yesterday, and the siege of Londonderry is talked of with much less reference to distance of time than the siege of Boston is in England. One evil of this is the injury it does the character of the country. The country people, accosted by a stranger, will tell

him of robberies and murders, and assassinations, that make him tremble—he fears to walk a mile alone, and thinks himself in a country inhabited by demons—but were he to take pains to ascertain facts, he would find that the greater part of the events recorded in these terrific tales, occurred upwards of a century ago. There is not in the universe a country more free from violence or robbery than the North of Ireland. Highway robbery is almost unknown. House-breaking certainly does occur, but not often. The great thefts are horse-stealing and bleach-green robbing. In several counties not a man has been executed for many years. One murder, however, was perpetrated in these mountains in the memory of some people yet living. The murderer was executed near the road, and the body hung in chains. A circumstance half ludicrous, half melancholy, occurred about a fortnight afterwards. The gaoler, who had superintended the execution, returning late at night from a fair in the neighbourhood, made a bet with some people that were along with him, that he would ride up to the gallows, and would give the body a blow with his whip. This he performed; but a poor foolish creature happening to be asleep at the foot of the tree, started up, and called to him—"Dinna strike him now, man, he is dead, and canda ye na harm." The gaoler was so alarmed, that he set

off full gallop; and, without proceeding far, dropped off his horse and expired.

I arrived, towards night, at the little town of Dungiven. It consists of about fifty houses, a dozen of which are nearly overshadowed by a spreading oak that grows in the middle of the place. This venerable tree awakes so many recollections—its branches gave shelter to so many generations long passed away, its trunk was the residence of the Dryads and Hamadryads of our younger days, that I can never see it without a feeling (a short-lived feeling) of melancholy.

I stopped at a little inn or public house. It was not uncomfortable, and seemed perfectly clean. I was shewn to a bed-room as the parlour was full. I had no reason to doubt the truth of the information. The noise pretty intelligibly told it me. Silence, Doctor Goldsmith says, is the mother tongue of a lover.—It rarely is of a drunken party. After walking twenty Irish miles a bed is no bad sofa, nor is the fatigue an indifferent opiate. Notwithstanding the merriment in my neighbourhood, I remained in peaceful slumber until my dinner was ready. It consisted of veal chops, roast mutton, and boiled beef. I had only ordered the first. The malt liquor, as is too frequently the case in Ireland, was bad—there is in truth little inducement to make it good, for few people seem disposed to drink it. Spirits and

water constitute the favourite beverage at dinner, and punch after it. The punch, however, has little resemblance to what goes by that name in England. It is made with little sweet, with no acid, and is drunk very weak. Acids, so harmless to English stomachs, are very injurious to Irish ones. I should attribute the extraordinary irritability of Irish stomachs, which I have had frequent occasion to remark, to the great moisture of the climate.

After dinner I went to the bar. I found the landlady busy in serving out whiskey. The landlord was reading a newspaper. I invited him to come and take a glass of punch with me. He refused it. "He was under a promise," he said, "and could only take one glass of whiskey in the day."

This voluntary penance is not uncommon. With many the love of liquor is so strong, that they find it impossible to abstain from it, and, therefore, by a strong effort, endeavour to restrain it. They resolve either not to take spirits at all, or to take only a certain limited quantity, and to secure the performance of this arduous resolution, they generally bind themselves by an oath, which is never broken, though it is sometimes evaded. One of them, for instance, swears that he will not drink except out of the hand of some lady or gentleman in his neighbourhood. When any many

drinking is going forward in which he wishes to take a share, he waits on the keeper of his conscience with a bottle of whiskey, which he puts into her or his hands, and immediately takes back again into his own.

Various other ludicrous evasions are practised. A man in a sudden fit of repentance, swears never to drink whiskey as long as he lives—he soaks bread in it, and gets drunk—he does not, he conceives, drink, he only eats it. Another has been squirrelling at fairs and markets, and swears that he will not for a certain time drink out of his own house. He gets drunk there, quarrels with, and perhaps beats, his wife or children. The next morning he is smitten with remorse, for his heart is generally as soft as his passions are violent. He then swears neither to drink in nor out of the house. He is caught here, and one would think has no loop-hole to creep out at. He finds one, however. He drinks with a foot on each side the threshold, and flatters himself he is not forsworn.

My host is a Presbyterian, and, therefore, more conscientious. He is sworn to drink but one glass in the day, which he tells me he takes as soon as he rises in the morning, and feels no more inclination for it till the same hour of the following day. He has a glass of his own which is not a small one, and he takes care, I dare say, to give

himself good measure. I asked him if he had any books. "Books! I think I have, indeed," said he, opening a chest where there were about half a dozen mouldy and half torn ones. "You see," said he smiling complacently, "I have all my comforts about me, for a library, a wife, and a drop of the *native*, I defy the county."

His liquor was good, certainly, his books were,—Boston's four-fold State, Boston's Sermons, Cloud of Witnesses, the Hind Let Loose, and the Marrow of Divinity—all of which I had read in my younger days, and never wished to see or read again. Books of which, I shall shortly say, that like all others of what is called Scotch divinity, give a God, different, I trust, from the real one, and while they represent as a stern judge the beneficent author of nature, they (to change a little the words of Hamlet,)

> "take off the rose
> From the fair forehead of man's opening hopes
> And set a blister there."

I took up a volume which lay on a chair that belonged to a lodger. It was Sir William Temple's account of the rebellion of 1641. I carried it to my room. Sir William was a great statesman, a polished gentleman, and elegant scholar. Such is the character historians give him. We must not judge an author by his book, else

I should pronounce him very undeserving of the praises so lavishly bestowed on him. Of all the accounts of the above unhappy period, his is the most partial, the most exaggerated, and the most absurd. On reflection, he was himself highly dissatisfied with the performance, and would not suffer it to pass through a second edition. But the mischief was already done. Thousands read the book who never heard of his contrition, and thousands who did hear of it, had their imaginations too much inflamed, and their judgments too much biassed, to pay any attention to it.

From the most authentic and unprejudiced accounts, it does not appear that the number of English (as they were called) massacred, amounted to twelve thousand, instead of one hundred and fifty thousand which Sir William swells it to. Nor was any considerable portion of those English, in any other sense than the Irish Protestants of the present day are English. They were the descendants of Englishmen, settled in those lands of which the unfortunate natives were (often perhaps very unjustly) dispossessed. Of the state of wretchedness to which some of the principal Irish families were reduced, some idea may be formed from the following :

" The Duchess of Buckingham, being then, after her first widowhood, married to the Earl of

Antrim, had raised one thousand men among her lord's yeomanry, in aid of King Charles the First. The deputy, Lord Wentworth, had directed her Grace to have these recruits marched by the route of Newtown Limavady. In passing through the village, curiosity induced her Grace to visit the wife of O'Cahan, its chieftain, whose castle had been demolished and himself banished. In the midst of this half-ruined edifice was kindled a fire of branches. The window casements were stuffed with straw, to keep off the rigours of the season. Thus lodged the aged wife of O'Cahan —she was found by her noble visitant, sitting on her bent hams in the smoke, and wrapt in a blanket."

Though passion was formerly deaf to them, reflection on various other circumstances, will suggest much to us in extenuation of the Catholics, and, probably, as it advances in its enquiries, will find that they have at all times been as much sinned against as sinning.

But whatever were their errors or their crimes, and, like all other human beings, very grievous probably, have been their errors and their crimes, they have fearfully expiated them. They may now well say,

Satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontæ luimus perjuria Trojæ.

It is impossible, without a sinking of the heart, to think of the fate of these generous and warm-hearted, though often misguided and misled people, of their sufferings, their proscriptions, their expulsions, and when actual violence had ceased, of the contempt which unceasingly pursued them in the brutal scorn, the idiot laugh, the pointed finger, which have marked with indelible letters, the Catholic character, which has made past recollection almost predominate over future hope, which with swelling heart and thrilling anguish. But I check myself, lest my words should convey a meaning different from what I intend. Far be it from me to insinuate, or even suppose, that the Catholics are not to be gained by kindness, or that were they relieved from what they deem the degradation of their present condition, the past would many years longer occupy that strong hold of their imagination, which it now assuredly does. Were present grievances removed, ancient ones in a few years would probably only be a subject for tales or ballads. What event was ever more disastrous or less honourable to a nation than that of Flodden Field; yet a celebrated Scotch poet has made it the subject of the only poem resembling an epic one which his country can boast of. Were a generous, and, therefore, a wise system of policy adopted towards

Ireland, some future Catholic genius might find his hero in King William, and might deck with all the charms of poetry, the battle of the Boyne.

CHAP. XXIV.

Strabane.

Left out betimes this morning. The landlord was taking his morning glass as I passed—probably had got up earlier that he might take it. He civilly invited me to partake—I declined it, but asked for a draught of buttermilk. "That's poor weakening liquor," said he, "its enough to give a man the dropsy." "I was going to make the same observation of your's," I replied; "it is slow poison."

"Slow indeed," said he, "I have taken it many a long year, and never found it did me any harm, but a great deal of good." "Slow poison indeed!" I heard him muttering as I was leaving him; "may be, I will be stout and hearty when you are laid under the sod."

I walked ten miles for breakfast, and after all got an uncomfortable one. I stopped at a large single house; the sign was the White Cross. Travellers often meet with *crosses*, and they have little reason to complain when they are not greater ones than bad tea and coarse sugar.

I was now completely clear of the mountains, and travelled through a rich and highly cultivated country. But even a poor and barren country would have been rendered delightful by the fineness of the day. The sun shone in mild brightness amidst a serene sky, in whose blue bosom I contemplated the image of the aetherial repose we hope for after death.

I was overtaken by a gentleman's servant on horseback; with the civility almost universal on an Irish road, he instantly dismounted, and made me get up. He walked several miles by my side. He was in the house of the Reverend Doctor Waller the night that the unfortunate Doctor Hamilton was murdered. This was almost the only murder committed in this part of the country during the late rebellion. An account of it I recollect in the periodical publications of that day—yet a few minute circumstances, related by an eye witness, may not be uninteresting here.

Doctor Waller was an old and almost bed-ridden clergyman. Mrs. Waller was a middle-aged woman; their house was in a lonely spot, nearly a mile from any other habitation. Doctor Hamilton, fatigued, exhausted both in body and mind, arrived there on horseback an hour before it was dark. "I am come," said he "to beg the shelter of your roof for this night—to claim it rather—

I am unable to go farther, nor will I leave this unless I am turned out."

He was rector of a parish near the sea side; he had rendered himself very obnoxious to the United Irishmen, by the opposition he gave their system, and even his friends allow that he committed a number of harsh, if not of cruel actions. As rebellion became more powerful, his situation became more perilous, and it required all his address to get clear of his own house, and to pass through the different parties that were lying in wait to murder him. Mr. Waller reluctantly consented to his stopping that night in the house. After tea, Mrs. Waller, two young ladies, visitors, and Doctor Hamilton, sat down in the parlour to a rubber of whist. They had not finished the first game, when the window shutters were thrown violently open, and a number of voices called loudly for the unfortunate Hamilton. He started wildly up, and rushed to the door. The men without fired. Mrs. Waller crossed the room at the instant, and received a shot in her side, of which she died a few minutes afterwards. Doctor Hamilton ran down to the cellar, where he concealed himself. The assassins, with shouts of vengeance, desired him to be sent out, threatening, otherwise, to set fire to the house, and to murder every one in it. Overcome by weakness

and fear, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his wife, and, probably, irritated against the innocent cause of her death, Doctor Waller gave the fatal mandate. The servants dragged the wretched man from the cellar—trembling, quivering, convulsed, grasping at every thing he could lay hold of. With the mortal heart-sinking which sudden and violent death inspires, he was dragged along, and thrown out to his murderers, who dispatched him with as many wounds as Cæsar was in the capitol. They then mounted their horses, and rode quietly away.

There were probably about twenty of them. They traversed partly by land, and partly by water, a distance of nearly thirty miles, yet, what is most singular, not one of them has ever since been discovered. It is a question, often and warmly discussed in Ireland, whether they were Catholics or Protestants. Some have supposed they were a mixture of both. I am not of that opinion; the union which took place at that period between the two sects, was a most unnatural one. I mean unnatural, with a reference to Irish nature, modified by habit and circumstance. It was kept up only by success; misfortune, or the dread of punishment, always resolved it into its elemental particles, and mutual alienation and animosity resulted. On these occasions, the Protestant always was the informer. The

fidelity of the Catholic could rarely be shaken. I do not here attribute to him greater virtue, but greater zeal. His opposition to government was, in some degree, his settled habit; it was in some degree his ordinary and habitual movement; it was the vertigo of the Protestant, and required the perpetual agitation of enthusiasm to keep it up—whenever he stood still, it subsided. He played only, if I may be permitted the expression, for the counter of speculative freedom, which circumstances led him to prize more than formerly. But the Catholic played for life, for what is dearer far than life—he had set his all on the hazard of a die, and he played with a constancy, a fidelity, a devotedness, equal to the greatness of the stake.

Government, therefore, was probably benefitted rather than injured by the share the Protestant had in the rebellion, hanging, as he often did, a dead weight about the neck of his associate, restraining his efforts, and discovering his plans. The events of that day, (at least as far as the present generation are concerned) have placed an everlasting bar between the two—the one has no wish to be trusted; but if he had, no inducement, I dare say, would prevail on the other to trust him. Rebellion, therefore, should it ever again, for the misfortune of these kingdoms, take place in Ireland, would most likely be confined to one

great homogeneous body, animated by one soul, directed to one object, and, therefore, I should conceive, infinitely more dangerous.

I stopped with my companion at the little village of Dunny Manra, to take some refreshment. We parted there. He rode off to the left, and I proceeded forward alone, and on foot as formerly. That, however, was of small consequence. I was now *en pays de connoissance*. Every object I saw, every tree which waved over my head, every brook which sparkled beneath my feet, every field and meadow, and grey rock and lone lane, and green thicket, were well known objects, on which, when blindness had thrown its dark and cheerless mantle over the scene around me, my heart had often rested. I could not behold them again without transport, though I had seen them so lately before, so natural it is to love one's country.

Love of one's country is a feeling as pleasing as it is natural—and when kept within due bounds, is a rational one. It is a feeling, however, of which (I put myself out of the question) a Presbyterian of the North of Ireland has less, perhaps, than most other men. He is an Irishman by birth, and a Scotchman, though in a great measure unconscious of it himself, by association. He halts between the two countries, and properly considered, can hardly be said to belong to either.

In this respect, he resembles the officer in Tom Jones, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn the language of the country. He has little sentiment of locality, and, therefore, emigrates with an indifference only inferior to that of an American planter, who, having created a beautiful spot in the wilderness, disposes of it, and removes some hundreds of miles to create and abandon in the same manner, another. He is, of consequence, generally liberal-minded, and perfectly free from national prejudice. It is an undue fondness for country which makes us so often short sighted, ungenerous, and unjust. Benevolence, humanity, and even justice, are sacrificed on the altar of patriotism. Manlius, Brutus, and Mutius, were counted worthy Romans, but they were most unworthy and undeserving men.

The English are said to be the most rational people in the world. On many, perhaps on most subjects, I believe they are so—yet, what people have ever discovered greater want of judgment or more blameable prejudice on every thing connected with France and Frenchmen, whom, by a fate as unfortunate as that of Cassandra, they seem doomed always to hate, and always to imitate? Were all that has been written of delusion and sanguine expectation with regard to its

result since the commencement of the present war, brought together, it would probably make one of the largest and most foolish books ever written. Even at this instant, with all their experience of the past, how few Englishmen are there who are thoroughly alive to the perils of their situation, or who perceive that, like the sailor-boy upon the high and giddy mast, they are slumbering in the cradle of the rude imperious surge, which has swallowed so many empires and nations, and yawns to swallow them also. Yet, hardly a man taken at random among the Presbyterians of the North of Ireland, I am persuaded, is to be found, who has not at times the gloomiest forebodings on this subject, and whose fears do not more than balance his hopes.

Are then, it may be asked, the Presbyterians of the North of Ireland a more rational and enlightened people than the English? Assuredly they are not—on many subjects they are less so. But on this particular subject, though their affections are interested, they are less interested—their interest is less, their pride is less, and their prejudices less. Time only can tell whether their judgment is greater.

CHAP. XXV.

Strabane.

MAN, in his journey through life, would fly heedless over the road, were it not for the milestones on his way—they arrest his attention, they recall his wandering thoughts, and, by shewing him how much he has travelled, tell him how little of his journey remains.

I know nothing more calculated to draw forth sad and mournful reflections, than a return, after a long absence, to the place where we passed our youthful days. Man, who moves in his ordinary circle, seldom looks beyond it, and, occupied with his amusements or his business, thinks little, because they are gradual, of the changes time has wrought either in others or in himself. But on a return to the place in which he formerly lived, he finds every thing changed—children are grown up to be men and women, middle age is old age, and old age is either helpless imbecility, or mouldering in the tomb. Man sees now he is not moving in a circle, but fast approaching the goal whither tend all the sons of men. He mingles with society, but finds it so different from what it had formerly been; the sympathy, the interest,

the community of feeling, which intercourse had occasioned, is broken off—he is received with, and feels kindness, but it is kindness only—different habits, different manners, and different degrees of communication with the world, will hardly allow him to feel much friendship or to experience much gratification. The landscape seems changed likewise—he still mounts the hills with pleasure, but it is not unmixed pleasure—he wanders over his favourite walks—time he thinks has changed them, alas! it has only changed himself.

Upwards of forty years ago, a lad, about sixteen years of age, the son of a respectable farmer, was sent to America, to pitch his fortune, as the phrase here is. His passage was paid for him. He had a couple of suits of clothes, a dozen of shirts, and ten guineas in his pocket, which is the common outfitting farmers give their sons. Extravagance is no more a Presbyterian's vice, than distrust in Providence.

For four years the friends of the young man heard frequently from him, and wrote to him in return. On one of those occasions, they informed him of the death of his father. As he was an only son, the farm, which was a valuable one, was now become his, and his mother and sister were left without any provision. He was desired to come immediately

home and take possession. A paragraph of his letter (which was addressed to his mother) in reply, is so characteristic of an upright and noble mind, that I cannot forbear inserting it. When the universe is shaken by the crimes of man, it is pleasant to pause and contemplate his virtues, however humble the sphere in which they are exerted.

"I have not succeeded here to my wish. I am preparing to go back to the wilderness, and should I not make something like a fortune, you will never hear from me more. In the mean time act, manage, and dispose of the property, as if there were no such person as me in the universe. I renounce all right to it. I will never touch a haporth of it, or a haporth's worth, and God's curse light on me if I do not keep my word. Should any thing happen to me, I have given your direction to a friend who will not fail to let you know—but I do not fear, for I am under the care of a good God, who spread a table for the Israelites in the wilderness, and whose eye will watch over me the same as if I were on the fairy waterside. For has he not said 'when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—for he is with me, his rod and his staff they comfort me.'"

The good dame to whom this letter was addressed, shed many tears as she perused it—not bitter ones, however, for precious as the oil which poured on Aaron's beard, and ran down to his skirts, are the tears which flow from a mother's eyes, upon the letter which bespeaks the affection of her son. She shed, however, many bitter ones afterwards, when years rolled away and brought no tidings of him—when she reflected that while she enjoyed comfort and affluence, he to whom she was indebted for them, was, perhaps, toiling in some American forest, or (dreadful thought) sinking beneath the grasp of some American savage.

In the mean time her daughter grew up, was married, and had sons and daughters of her own.

They likewise became men and women, and bethought of marriage themselves. Birth, marriage, and death, are the three grand epochs in the history of man. Short is the space between them, even with the longest liver, and the author who passes them in rapid succession before the eyes of his reader, does little more than imitate the movements of time, which

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till it eats the world at last.

The wedding day of one of them arrived. It was to take place in the evening, at the grandmother's house. Fashion weds in the morning, for what reason I know not, nor probably does it know itself. Nature weds at night—as man is conceived at night, is generally born at night, almost ever dies at night, and is then involved in night. Nox was the oldest of the deities, and an ancient poet ascribes to her the generation of gods and men.

A surveyor was measuring the farm, in order that it might be fairly divided among the young people. The grandmother wished to leave them the earth—she was old, and her thoughts were on the sky. An elderly man passed the surveyor as he was at work. He returned and asked him what he was doing. The other informed him, as well as the reason of it.

"I like a wedding" said the man, "for I like to see happy faces, though I have seen, by a great number, more sorrowful ones—if I thought I should be welcome, I would go along with you."

"Welcome," said the surveyor, "that I am sure you will be, a hundred and a hundred times. Mrs. N——— is a Christian; would you have her shut her door on the stranger, or refuse a corner of her fire-side to the weary traveller?"

The bridal party was now assembled, rejoic-

ing and carousing. The stranger, as the surveyor promised him, received a cordial welcome. In Ireland, even at the present day, it may be truly said, that to refuse admittance to

——a wearied man were shame;
And stranger is a holy name.

The present one was a great traveller. Had been in various parts of the world, he told the company, and had experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, both by sea and land.

"Ay, Lord help us!" said a jolly-looking young man, "there's sorrow enough, I dare say, every where—even people abroad must expect to meet with it, as well as we poor slaves, who toil all our lives, and have never any thing comfortable at home."

This poor slave was the uncontrolled master of his actions, had never toiled an entire day in his life, and at the moment he was speaking, was in the midst of plenty. But he forgot all these things. He spoke the language of the country, of human nature rather, which, since the days of Horace, perhaps since the days of Adam, is always dissatisfied with the lot Providence assigns it.

The question ever uppermost with the old woman, was now asked the stranger. "Had he ever been in America?"

"He was just come from it," he said.

"And had he ever, by any chance—"

"Seen your son?" interrupted he—"aye, many a good time and often; and so will you, too, when you least expect it."

"Oh, blessed Saviour of the world!" exclaimed the enraptured mother; "let me but see my boy once again, let me but see his red cheek and flaxen hair, and I will die content."

"That you will not see," said the man, with a melancholy smile; "his red cheek is now a pale one, and his flaxen locks, like your own, are grey ones. Time changes the face, but it does not change the heart, and many a sorrowful pang his gave him when he thought of you."

The tears started into his eyes as he spoke. The old woman fell on his neck and wept—her heart told her who he was—a son's tears speak a language a mother cannot mistake. The rest of the company, however, were not mothers. Some of them, indeed, were going to be married, and hoped, no doubt, in due time to become so. They did not, therefore, greatly relish the sight of this full-grown son, who started up in a drab coloured great coat to rob them of their inheritance. A murmuring, even, went among them, that he was not the son, but an impostor. Mr N——— had lived among the Americans, who are a judicious people, and understand the nature of evidence. A handful of bank notes he threw forth to share among the young people made

many converts, and when he declared his determination to confirm any distribution his mother should make of the land, the most incredulous were satisfied, and declared that he was a true man and not an impostor. Of his lands and his notes she did not think; she only thought of himself, and in the words of Jacob to Joseph, said, "now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

Mr. N———'s adventures in America were curious. I regret I cannot give them at length. I shall relate one or two of them.

At the breaking out of the war in 1775, impelled by his zeal for liberty, he entered into the American service. He was present at several engagements, was wounded in one of them, and gradually rose to the rank of a captain. A love of liberty, however, seldom exists long in a soldier, for he soon finds that obedience is a more necessary virtue; besides, he had sworn not to return to his friends until he had made a fortune, and though the army leads to the temple of honour, it seldom does to that of Plutus. He resolved, therefore, to quit the profession, but wavered about the mode. An accident that occurred assisted him in his determination.

A young officer in one of the American corps in the British service was found lurking near the American camp. "To be a loyalist was a crime

deserving of death; but to be both loyalist and spy—hanging was too good for him," a member of the court martial that tried him humanely said. In vain he urged that he was no spy, that he was not caught in the camp but near it, and that he was going to see a young woman he was attached to, whose father lived in the neighbourhood. The court treated this defence with great contempt. Love is not the deity of a camp in a time of civil war, but hate. Nemesis presides there, not Venus. The young man was sentenced to be hanged.

The night before the intended execution, Mr. N——, as captain of the guard, sat up with the prisoner. He listened to his tale of sorrow with commiseration, and believed his protestations of innocence. The young man cut off a lock of his hair, which he requested him to convey to his mother.

"Poor woman," said he, "it will be a sorrowful sight for her; little did she think, when we left Ireland, that I should meet with such a fate as this."

"Ireland!" said Mr. N——, aghast. "I thought you were an American."

"No," the other answered; "I left the county of Fermanagh when I was a child—my name is O——, but I changed it when I went into the army." Mr. N—— clasped him in his arms in rapture. He was a relation, not a very distant

one, of his own. The rapture was followed by agony, when he recollected that his unfortunate relation was to be hanged the following day.

"Ah, man," said he, when he was able to speak, "why did you bring yourself to such a pass —why did you not take the right side?"

"I did take the right side," said the young man—"all my forefathers were loyal men—I would die ten deaths sooner than be a rebel—They may tell in Fermanagh that I was hanged; but nobody there will think the worse of me when he hears it was for being a loyalist."

The Protestants of Fermanagh and of the neighbouring county of Cavan, are mostly members of the established church, and have an immeasurable attachment to that monarchy which their ancestors "helped to make so portly." Loyalty with them is an enthusiastic emotion, rather than a cold-blooded calculation. It is an instinct of nature, a sentiment of the heart, an effulgence of the imagination, rather than an operation of the judgment.

I have often smiled at the warmth of their feelings, but never attempted to deaden them. Very cruel, indeed, would it have been to attempt it. What of sober reason could replace those noble and generous, though romantic, feelings which bind a people to their monarch in indissoluble ties of holy love and aweful reverence,

which make them obey him, not as the delegate of the public voice, but look up to him as to a parent, and venerate him almost as clothed with the attributes of a God!

Mr. N———, after a short pause, resolved to save his relation at the hazard of his own life. By an ingenious contrivance, he got him beyond the bounds of the camp, and by day-light next morning they were several miles from it. He felt the necessity of accompanying his prisoner, for he knew what sort of people he had to do with—as hanging was thought too good for a loyalist, what would be thought bad enough for a traitor?

They were in an immense forest, in the thickest part of which they concealed themselves till evening. They then prosecuted their journey. An American forest has no wild beasts except men, and they seek their prey by day. On the fourth evening they conceived themselves free from pursuit, and, seated at a blazing fire, eating some game they had killed, were entertaining themselves with forming schemes for their future life. A volley was fired from a neighbouring thicket, and the young loyalist fell. Mr. N——— was wounded, but was in perfect possession of his recollection. He knew the enemies he had to deal with, and that art must be employed against them. He staggered a few paces and fell

into a ditch. Three Indians rushed forward—two towards his companion, and one towards himself.

The tomahawk was raised to strike. He fired a pistol and the Indian fell dead. Alarmed by the report the other two turned upon him—with his remaining pistol he shot one, and a severe struggle ensued between him and the other; They rolled backwards and forwards on the ground, sometimes his antagonist, sometimes he being uppermost. His strength was weakened by fatigue, and loss of blood, and his heart, he owned, sunk within him at the fearful yells with which the savage made the whole Forest echo. His limbs became palsied, his arms were almost powerless, the hand of his enemy grasped his throat, when the whole enclosure (Savannah I believe it is called) was filled with English soldiers. They assisted him in burying his murdered friend. One of them, a countryman of his own, would have pierced his late fearful antagonist with his bayonet, but the serjeant who commanded the party prevented him.

Mr. N——— was presented to General ———, who bestowed the highest praises on him for his conduct, and offered him a commission, either in a loyalist or a British corps. He declined the offer. "He had carried arms for the Americans," he said, "and never should against them." The General

finding him inflexible, sent him to Canada, with a strong recommendation to Sir Guy Carleton, the governor.

At the conclusion of the war, he returned to the territories of the United States, where he sought out the family of the unfortunate loyalist, and gave them the lock of hair entrusted to his care. The mother, while she lamented the death of her son, said she should ever consider him as one. To this Mr. N——— had no objections, as she had a fair daughter, who captivated his affections, and in due course of time he became nearly her son.

He traded backwards and forwards between America and the West India Islands during the war which broke out in the year 1793, and the greatest part of the present one. He made fourteen, five different fortunes, and lost them again, and the elements seemed to conspire against him. He was cheated by American merchants, plundered by English cruizers, and was twice shipwrecked. On the last of these occasions his wife and son perished miserably before his eyes, and he was left, (to use his own expression,) without a shilling he could call his own in the wide world.

But nothing could subdue his inflexible resolution. He had sworn he would make a fortune, and until then would never return to his country or friends. He had "protested too much," it is

probable, he sometimes thought, but he was resolved to keep his word. In sickness and advancing years he recollected his oath, and at the age of fifty, began again to climb the hill from which accident had so often thrown him down.

By a few lucky occurrences, he succeeded to the utmost extent of his wishes, and returned to his own native place in the manner I have related; to leave, as he himself expressed it, his four bones in Ireland. He is now, however, carrying his four bones back to America, after a residence here of little more than five months. The last two, he confessed, passed in great misery.

"I cannot bear it," said he. "I thought I could, but I cannot. It breaks my heart to see the brook I bathed in when I was a boy, and to see in it the change time has wrought in me—and to see all the blooming boys and girls I used to play with when I was young, old and wrinkled—my heart sinks within me, and I must run away, or I shall go mad. Had I been prepared for it,—but I never thought of the years that were flown, and I now see in their infirmities how great are my own.

"No, no, I must go back to the crowded streets of Philadelphia, where nobody minds me, and where I mind nobody. A large town is the best stage for an old man to halt in, until he is overtaken by death.

CHAPTER XXVI.

This town is in the diocese of Derry. The clergyman, (comparatively speaking,) has but a small living. It does not, perhaps, exceed seven hundred a year. He is universally allowed to be a worthy and deserving man. I have little personal acquaintance with him; but with a predecessor of his I had much. I have passed many, very many, happy days and hours in his society, and never quitted it without being enlivened by his gaiety, instructed by his conversation, and, I trust, benefitted by his example. But though his kindness to me is still, and will be ever, with gratitude remembered, I should not notice him here were it not that I could bear ample testimony to the unbounded benevolence of heart, which led him ever foremost to relieve misery, and gladden the mansions of distress. Glorious pre-eminence, worthy the minister of that gospel which teaches us to consider all men as brethren.

This excellent man lived at that unfortunate period, when the face of Irish society was begrimed and darkened by anarchy and rebellion. No wonder, therefore, that it saw in his fair visage the reflection of its own. Prejudice assailed him when living, but stopped at his tomb. His vir-

tues are now recognized, and I am not, I am sure, so bad a painter, but that hundreds would likewise recognize the portrait I have drawn, were I not to place under it the name of Graham.

It is but justice here to mention, (and my opinion may be allowed to have some weight, for it cannot be suspected of partiality) that, as far as my observations extend, the clergy of the Established Church in the North of Ireland are a virtuous, charitable and useful body of men. In many parts they are almost the only resident gentry, and diffuse, by their example, and that of their families, a spirit of order, decorum, and gentleness in their neighbourhood. In collecting their tithes they rarely go to the extent that the law allows them, and in letting their glebes they give an example which it would be to the credit of other landlords to follow. I am persuaded that depriving the clergy of their tithes, would injure the community rather than benefit it. Leases are given at present for a very short number of years, and the moment the actual ones were expired a much larger tenth, (if I may be allowed the expression,) would, I am persuaded, be taken by the landlord than ever was by the rector. Yet, on the other hand, it is not to be denied, that few measures would be more gratifying to public *feeling* in Ireland, than an abandonment or a modification of the system of tithes.

The clergy of the church of England have been

accused of great harshness and severity in their office of magistrates during the late rebellion. This may be so. Though I should suppose that in these respects they were far exceeded by the country squires. I am not the advocate of harshness and severity, under any circumstances; yet, when I consider what objects of personal hatred the established clergy were to the United Irishmen, and that the destruction of their office was one of the great objects of the association, I see much to palliate and excuse, what certainly nothing can justify.

The Bishop of Derry is a benevolent man, and does a number of charitable actions. His income, (if I am rightly informed,) including all its advantages, is upwards of eighteen thousand a year; a sum which, in the North of Ireland, may be fairly reckoned equal to thirty thousand in the South of England. He has nearly forty livings in his gift, some of which are said to be worth fifteen and even eighteen hundred a year. The living of Urney, in the neighbourhood of this town, brings in to its present possessor about twelve hundred a year, and I am credibly informed, were he disposed to go to an extreme valuation, this sum might be nearly doubled. He is a man of large fortune, however, and can afford, (which many clergymen cannot) to be liberal. I record with pleasure, (for pleasant it is to record the virtues of persons unknown,) that a large portion of his fortune is

not spent in vanity or dissipation, but is employed by his wife in a far nobler manner, in giving food to the hungry, clothing to the naked, and medicine to the sick.

Admirable and deserving of all praise as such exalted, and also rare distribution of wealth is, I must take the liberty to suggest, that of all modes of charity the latter is the worst. Medicine is an antidote which nature gives against the repletion of the rich. The poor suffer from inanition. A blanket is their warmest plaster, and broth their richest cordial.

The Bishop practises a species of charity which appears to me to be excellent. He lends out money at moderate interest, to such artizans and manufacturers as are disposed to settle in the wildest and most remote parts of his diocese. The advantages of this, in giving employment to the poor and wretched inhabitants of the meadows and mountains, are obvious. Yet, a short while ago, when one of those establishments, to which his lordship had lent a thousand, or fifteen hundred pounds, failed, a paragraph found its way into several of the London newspapers, ridiculing him as partner in a manufactory, and a bankrupt. This was not more unjust to him, than it was injurious to the community. Mankind, of themselves, have little enough disposition to be charitable. The pen of literature is prostituted when it is employed to weaken the disposition.

Derry is fortunate in bishops. The late Earl of Bristol was universally allowed to be a most amiable man. He was reckoned likewise a very eccentric one—and with reason—for benevolence such as his was, is so rare, that it might well be reckoned eccentricity. He took an active and zealous interest in every thing that concerned the welfare and prosperity of Ireland. He was a great friend to the volunteers, and at one period was almost idolized by them. He sat as one of their delegates at the grand convention held in Dublin about thirty years ago, and distinguished himself by the warmth with which he pleaded the cause of the Catholics, and reprobated the unworthy treatment they had met with. This doctrine was new in those days, and probably did not greatly add to his Lordship's popularity. The Catholics of these days should not, however, forget, that it is to an English bishop they are indebted for the first effort to break their shackles, and restore them to their rights.

His Lordship frequently visited Italy, where he was more universally esteemed than perhaps any Englishman ever was. He brought with him, at different times, to Ireland, several most valuable paintings with which he enriched his wild and romantic seat of Downhill. Downhill is now the property of a Sir Hervey Bruce, to whom, with all the admirable paintings and rare curiosities it

contained, it was bequeathed by Lord Bristol. It is not many miles from the Giant's Causeway, and, in my opinion, is equally deserving the attention of the traveller.

A catalogue of the paintings, even, would occupy too much room here; I shall, therefore, without touching on the other curiosities, mention only a few of the most remarkable of those.

A madonna della sedia,—a very fine copy of the picture by Raphael, formerly in the Pitti palace at Florence, now in the repository at Paris.

Sharpers at cards, an admirable copy of a picture by Caravaggio.

Christ, bearing his cross, by Guido.

A holy family, by Baroccio.

A ditto, in repose, by ditto.

A landscape, by Hackert, a copy of one of Poussin.

A cupid, bending his bow, an original, by Correggio.

Virgin and child, original, by Pietro Perugino.

St. Cecilia, original, by Guercino.

The death of Lucretia, the chef-d'œuvre of Gavin Hamilton.

The cardinal virtues, on gold grounds, copies from Guido.

St. John, original, by Guercino.

Two landscapes, original, by Orizonte.

Madonna and child, by Pietro Perugino.

Return of Priam with the body of Hector, by Thirnot.

Two pieces, groupes, taken from the school of Athens.

The transfiguration, a most wonderful copy of the original of Raphael, by Durnet.

Virgin and child, Magdalene, St. Jerome, and two angels, a fine copy of the original by Correggio, considered as his chef d'œuvre, taken from Parma by the French.

Two landscapes, original, by Claude Lorrain.

Death of General Wolfe, by West.

A Magdalena, by Guido.

Adoration of the Shepherds, a fine original, by Titian.

Two landscapes, by Ryswael.

Three sea-pieces, by Vernet.

The woman taken in adultery, by Lucas Cranach.

The four Evangelists, by Albert Durer.

A good copy of the Aurora of Guido.

St. Peter and St. Paul, a copy of the original of Guido.

It is deeply to be lamented that collections of a similar nature are not more frequently than they are to be met with in Ireland. They would prove a source of infinite gratification and attraction to the traveller and stranger. But that is of small consequence. They would prove a source of infinite benefit to the community, and that is of great. They would gradually introduce a taste for painting and all those fine arts which so much adorn, dignify, and grace human life. Painting, statuary, music, and

poetry, are akin, and while they almost ever travel together, almost ever bring the virtues and the graces in their train. A well-regulated taste is one of the most invaluable blessings a people can possess, and while it gives them courtesy of demeanor, and polish of manners, happily preserves them from debasing habits, or dangerous pursuits. Existence can no where be purely corporeal, and when it has no better resources, will have recourse to the dangerous agitation of liquor, or to the more dangerous agitation of politics.

A people who are accustomed to the gratifications of the imagination, are rarely politicians, and as rarely sots or gluttons. How calm and unruffled, even unto this day, would, probably, have flowed the stream of Italian government, had it not been disturbed by the French Revolution, which, like a ponderous mill-stone fallen into a lake, extended its circles to the remotest parts.

And what a people likewise were the Italians—so gentle, so sober, so animated, so intelligent, so affectionate. Is that wonderful? when the finest paintings, and most exquisite statues, when heavenly music and sacred incense, and spectacle and show, and procession, daily seen and hearkened to, tuned their natures to corresponding harmony, and caused their souls to float in a kind of celestial dewiness, which raised them far above the dark and murky shadows, which so did care,

and barbarous ignorance, and paltry trafficking, and mad-brained politics, throw on the characters of men.

The native Irish are as much under the influence of the imagination as the Italians could possibly have been, and by giving it proper food to feed on, by appeals to the eye, the ear, and the heart, by the united charm of music, poetry, and painting, might be rendered as easy to be led, as they have been found difficult to govern. Why do I say the native Irish—all people in a greater or lesser degree, are more under the influence of the imagination than of the judgment. Songs and plays will ever have more influence over them, than sermons or exhortations; and even the great oracle of Delphos, which for ages was hearkened to in reverence, became a sounding brass, or tinkling cymbal, the moment that it spoke in prose. What a powerful auxiliary might not dramatic entertainments be rendered by a wise government, and what benign influence might they not be made to exert, by awakening those ideas of moral beauty, which, for want of due cultivation, lie dormant in the minds of the illiterate. I am persuaded, that much of the superiority the populace of London have over the coarse and noisy rabble of English and Irish country towns, is to be attributed to the easy and frequent access they have to the theatre, ill-regulated and conducted as it is. Wherever there was a Roman station,

there was a theatre, and the civilization of many places, at the present day, may be traced to this origin. The French army is generally accompanied by a party of players, who plant a sprig of gentle myrtle beside the mournful cypress of battle, and bind to their cause, by the silken cords of pleasure, those whom the baneful bowl and dagger of war do not destroy.

It is in this point of view, and not on account of any disappointment of gratification to myself, I mention with regret, that from the period of my being driven on shore at the Skeries, to the present hour, during which time I have traversed a distance of nearly a hundred and fifty miles, I have not even heard of a party of strolling players, or seen a single mountebank, horse-rider, juggler, or puppet-showman, in any town, great or small, I have passed through. When I was last in this town, a company from Derry got permission to perform for a few nights. I went one night to see them—the theatre was indifferent—the decorations were more ingeniously conceived, than happily executed—a barn has long been the presence-chamber of strolling Kings and Queens—"Their state chair is a joint stool, and their golden sceptre a leaden dagger."— The play was the Castle Spectre, a piece more frequently performed than many better ones. This can only be attributed to the introduction of the spectre in the fourth

act—an exhibition, clumsily even as it was managed here, at once solemn and impressive. The belief of ghosts is now not general—yet the representation of them will ever afford pleasure—for they are the earliest children of the imagination, and even wedded to reason, she delights to acknowledge her spurious offspring.

It is curious how erroneous are often our judgments, even on those points on which they are exercised the most. The manager of Drury Lane received the Castle Spectre with reluctance, and probably, but for the rank of the author, would not have received it at all. He was very desirous to have the ghost strangled in the green-room. Mr. Lewis is the father of many ghosts since, and he could now easily spare one—But this was his first born, and no solicitation could prevail on him to part with it—the actresses were all horror struck, no one would play the ghost, they were so much afraid the audience would play the devil with them. Mr. Lewis, going out with the unfortunate manuscript in his hand, was met at the door by Mrs. Powell. She said, "you seem ruffled, is any thing the matter?" He told her. "Then don't be uneasy," she said, "I will undertake the part, only do not let my name appear in the bills." The play was performed. I need not say with what success. Mrs. Powell was no "dam-ned spirit."

It was better done in the little theatre here, than could have been expected. The part of Osmond by Mr. Talbot, an actor of considerable merit. I could not help regretting seeing him in a situation so unworthy of him. He was a favourite performer on the Dublin boards. He was disliked by Mr. Holman, however, who, probably, saw in him a formidable rival, and succeeded at length in driving him from the genial shades of Dublin, to wander on the bleak mountains of the North of Ireland, which are not much more unfavourable to venomous animals, than they are to players, who are considered by many of the inhabitants, a species of monkeys or dancing dogs, one may be sometimes amused by looking at, but whom no person who had any regard to his character, would associate with.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A———

I WRITE this from a farm house, sixteen miles from Strabane. It might be six hundred, the change in climate, soil, and manners, is so great. In England a man may travel much and see little, Gloucester is Lincoln, and a man or maid of Kent, little different from a man or maid of Salop. But in the North of Ireland we have every progression

of climate, soil, and manners, in the course of a few hours' riding or even walking.

The people with whom I am are Presbyterians. They are industrious and wealthy. Their house is what a farm house ought to be, comfortable and neat, without finery or fashion. It is situated in a most dreary country, and may be said to be on the very verge of civilization in this quarter. Before my windows rise the immense mountains, which separate the county of Tyrone from the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh. The appearance of these mountains, though gloomy and forlorn, is not uninteresting. They are covered with a sort of brown heath, interspersed with scanty green rushes, and scantier blades of green grass. They are such scenes as Ossian would love to describe, and probably many of his heroes did tread those heaths over which the wind now passes in mournful gusts, and moves in melancholy unison with the memory of years that are gone.

For an extent of several miles forward, there are only a few cabins inhabited by the herdsmen of my friend. They are called shepherds, but *heu quantum mutati ab illis*, which the imagination pictures. This is no Arcadia. The shepherd's life in these mountains has little embellishment—little for poetry, or fancy, to exercise itself on. Here is no bright sun, no verdant mead, or daisied bank for love to repose on—no sound of

pastoral music, or rustic pipe to beguile care, and gladden the sorrowing heart. Life, like the mountains which sustain it, like the wind which howls over them, like the mists which ever rest upon them, and now come slowly down in thick and drizzling rain, is solemn and lugubrious. Yet, the herdsmen have a kind of song or chaunt, as they bring their cattle home, which, were it not for the indistinct ideas one attaches to shepherds and their flocks, would not be unpleasing.

These mountains are inhabited entirely by Catholics. In ancient times they were the asylum of those unfortunate people, and they were not dispossessed of them, probably, because no other people would live in them. In these mountains, therefore, we meet with a people purely Irish, professing what may be well called the Irish religion, and retaining most of the old Irish customs, usages, opinions, and prejudices. I hold long conversations with them, as I meet them on the roads, or sit with them in their own houses. Hardly a day has passed since my arrival, that I have not walked from eight to ten miles, and either address, or am addressed by, every person I meet. In almost every instance, I have been impressed with their singular acuteness of intellect, and extensive information of what is passing in the world. A London tradesman could not detail the wonderful events we are daily wit-

nessing, more correctly, and probably, would not half so energetically. An Irish peasant, like a Frenchman, speaks with every part of his body, and his arms and countenance, are as eloquent as his tongue.

I was invited to day to a christening, but was prevented from going by the weather. It has been raining the greatest part of the day, and I have passed my time, (not unpleasantly passed it,) between the kitchen and parlour of my friend's house. Parlours are pretty much the same every where. I shall, therefore, say nothing of his—I cannot, however, pass the kitchen over so quietly. I do not say that there never was a merrier one; but certainly it was a very merry, a very noisy, and at the last, a very musical one.

In the forenoon it was occupied by the churn—my host makes great quantities of butter for sale; it is, therefore, an immense one, and so is the churn staff. This latter is made of the mountain ash, or rowan tree as it is commonly called. Superstition attaches to the rowan tree as many valuable properties, as it does to the witch elm, and churn-staffs are universally made of it:

> Then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the wood.

I cannot here, forbear throwing out as a conjecture, that, perhaps, the passage in Macbeth

which has so much puzzled commentators, instead of the usual reading, might be better rendered, thus

A row'nt thee witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries

I recollect asking poor Mr. Malone's opinion of this emendation, the last time I was in his company. He was about to answer me, when a lady coming up interrupted him, and I can never more talk of him now.

After the churning was finished, the servants and labourers were set down to their dinner at the kitchen table. They had a most abundant one. It consisted of milk, butter, potatoes, and greens, pounded together, and oaten cake. This in Wednesday, or else, in addition to the milk and butter, they would have had bacon, or hung beef. Wednesdays and Fridays are perpetual fasts of the church of Rome, and no luxury or dainty could tempt the poor Irish peasant to eat flesh meat, on either of those days, or during the whole course of Lent. Admirable forbearance! when the hardship of his situation is considered; and admirable must the religion be which so strongly inculcates it. Let others talk of the doctrines of the church of Rome, I love it for its observance of Lent. What is the value of every doctrinal point of every religion in the universe, compared to that blessed one, which twice a

week, and for six weeks in every year, preaches peace and good will, not to man alone, but to the birds who carol in the air, to the beasts which bound on the lawn—which preserves the turtle to his dove, the lark to his song, and saves from slaughter the helpless chicken, and the sportive lamb, to which it is the perfection of innocence to be compared.

As soon as the kitchen was cleaned up after tea, the maids sat down to their wheels—the fire was, if possible, made more blazing, and the fire-place more cleanly swept. I seated myself in a corner, and pretended to fall asleep. The maiden's song makes the hum of the wheel an instrument of wild music, and I wished that it should flow free and unconstrained.

I continued sleeping, and the spinners continued singing for several hours. To say that I was gratified, would be saying little. I was delighted. I was rivetted as it were by a spell, and regretted when a summons to supper, (a day-light supper, and soon finished, as I write this after it) compelled me to waken. I do not deny, however, but that a part of the pleasure I received, may have depended on my being well acquainted with the tunes. Music is an emanation from heaven, and partakes of the unperishable nature of its origin. It owes none of its charms to novelty, but grows more and more delightful

by time and association. Yet, I think it impossible but that the simple pathos, and melancholy wildness of Irish music, even when first heard, must find their way to the heart of every person of sensibility. To me there are times when its plaintive wailings seem scarcely human, and resemble rather the noise of the wind, mournfully complaining through the vallies, or the subdued sounds of murder and woe, as fancy forms them, when in dreams we wander alone, and at midnight, on some waste heath.

I speak here of Irish music in its original state, not in the form in which Sir John Stevenson has thought proper, lately, to present it to the English world. I respect Sir John's talents as a general composer; but he appears to me, to be totally unfitted to do justice to Irish music. In almost every instance, he seems to have substituted in place of the wonderful charm of melody, the ostentation of science, and mere trick of execution. Nor has Mr. Bunting, I think, succeeded much better. They have both built on an entire wrong foundation. It is wonderful, indeed, how any men who have hearts in their bosoms, should be so far misled by the ear, as not to perceive that native Irish music would lose its charm the instant that it was shackled by the symphony and accompaniment of modern art. It is like taking the lark from the forest, and bidding it pour

forth its "wood notes wild" in a cage. Shall I give a stronger illustration? It is like putting a madman in a strait waistcoat, when, if we wish to contemplate him in his grandeur, we must see him alone, and baying at the moon.

The wild melancholy of Irish music has been remarked by all, and attempted to be explained by many. An elegant writer attributes it to the depressing influence of the English invasion. "Sinking beneath the weight of sorrow, the bards became a prey to melancholy, and the sprightly Phrygian (to which they were before wholly inclined) gave place in all their subsequent compositions to the grave Doric, or soft Lydian measure."

This is ingenious, and probably, in a degree, (a small degree) is true. But I have doubts whether ever Irish music was essentially other than grave Doric, or soft Lydian. Melancholy is its essence, and incidents could do no more than heighten it. Climate, soil, and descent, must have combined with events to give it this character. Were I to seek another cause, I should, perhaps, find it in the great susceptibility of the passion of love in the native Irish. Some of their songs breathe the soul of tenderness and affection, and would do honour to any age or nation. It would be well for many writers of the present day, who give the debasing ravings of desire, instead of the ennobling

passion of love, could they catch a portion of the pure spirit that pervades them. Would it be believed that the beautiful song in the Duenna

How oft, Louisa, hast thou said

is a literal translation of an old Irish ballad, and that Mr. Sheridan even borrowed with it the air to which it was sung?

The following is the production of an obscure poet, who died many years ago. I do not understand Irish, but I am assured that it is as literally translated as the idiom of the two languages will allow :—

SONNET.

Thou dear seducer of my heart,
Fond cause of every struggling sigh;
No more can I conceal love's smart,
Nor more restrain the ardent eye.

What tho' this tongue did never move,
To tell thee all its master's pain;
My eyes, my look—have spoke my love,
Alvina! shall they speak in vain?

For still imagination warm,
Presents thee at the noon-tide beam,
And sleep gives back thy angel form,
To clasp thee in the midnight dream.

Alvina! tho' no splendid store
Of riches more than merit move;
Yet, charmer! I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulse of my beating heart! shall still
My gay seductive hopes be fled;
Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall?
Unpitied wilt thou see me dead?

I'll make a cradle of this breast,
Thy image all its child shall be;
My throbbing heart shall rock to rest,
The cares that waste thy life and me.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A———.

I WALKED this morning to the little town (as it is called) of Minecherin. It is situated in the very heart of the mountain, and, at a little distance, might be taken for a part of it. It consists of twenty or thirty little cabins. To each of these are attached a few acres of land—a portion is a potatoe garden, and the remainder gives grass for a cow, and produces a little oats. To an Englishman nothing would seem more wretched than the situation of these cabins. The ground on which they stand is half-reclaimed bog, and heaps of manure are piled and scattered round them, which render entrance a matter of considerable difficulty. Nor does the state of the inte-

rior appear to make amends for the exterior. In mid-day the darkness of midnight rests upon it. The chimney is seldom so well constructed as to carry away the smoke, through which some women, blear-eyed, shrivelled, and blackened, seated on their three-legged stools, like so many Sybils in the act of prophecy, gradually become visible. A cow, a calf, and a pig, generally fill up the back ground. The appearance of the furniture corresponds with that of the inhabitants—a few earthen vessels, tin porringers, and wooden noggins on the dresser, two or three stools around the fire, and a bed or beds, covered by a coarse and black rug, make up the whole of it.

"All this is wretchedness, surely, or there is no such thing as wretchedness upon earth."

To many, very many, no doubt it would be so, but happily the people most interested, are not wretched—very far from it, and many good reasons might be given, why they should not.

In the first place, neither they nor their immediate fathers, ever knew a better way of living. This in itself is almost every thing. Man is the mere creature of habit, and all those tastes which have the most influence over him, are acquired ones—no man ever was born with a love of snuff, of coffee, of pepper, or of claret.

In the next place, the bogs on which (in which I should rather say) they live, give them plenty of

turf. The poorest man has (if it is not his own fault) an inexhaustible abundance of firing. Chilled, and as it were impregnated, with the damp and moisture of his mountains, even the smoke of his cabin gives him pleasure. He is not a creature who lives in a medium way, nor is he, perhaps, the more to be pitied on that account. He has the rapid alternation of heat and cold, of drought and moisture, and if he is often chilled and drenched during the day, has a more exquisite relish for the fire during the night, and when he is dried and baked, as it were in an oven, he returns again with cheerfulness to the open air.

His food is simple; but he has it in abundance. It is wholesome food likewise. Vegetables and milk, potatoes, butter, onions, and oaten bread. Onions and garlic are of a most cordial nature. These vegetables composed part of the diet which enabled the Israelites to endure, in a warm climate, the heavy tasks imposed upon them by their Egyptian masters. They were likewise eaten by the Roman farmers to repair the wastes of their strength, by the toils of harvest. Whilst, notwithstanding their cordial properties, he feels uneasy sensations in his stomach, from the noxious qualities of his food, nature kindly extends her hand to him, with a medicine drawn from his own mountains—a medicine which he does not take reluctantly, but readily and cheerfully.

whiskey,—which, when not drank to excess, is as well suited to his temperament and necessities, as wine is to a Frenchman's, or ale to an Englishman's.

Milk and vegetable diet humanize the heart, and if they do not create, cherish benevolent dispositions. All fierce animals are carnivorous, all gentle ones are granivorous. An Irish mountaineer is mild, humane, and affectionate, and he shrinks—yes, paradoxical as it will be reckoned by many,—he shrinks beyond most other men from the idea of inflicting misery, or of shedding blood. This is his natural and quiescent character.

But he is social, and he has extraordinary sensibility. His sympathy is easily excited, and he catches the flame of enthusiasm with an ardour incomprehensible to persons of a more phlegmatic temperament. The quarrel, therefore, of his neighbour, his friend, his relation, is his own quarrel—he kindles as he goes along, passion takes entire possession of him, and under the influence of this temporary frenzy, he is capable of committing the greatest excesses. Women are more tender, more humane, and affectionate, than men; but when in a passion they have much less self-government, and have, perhaps, done more atrocious deeds.

The wretched condition of society in Ireland,

the contest which has so long subsisted between the two great sects into which it is divided, the occasional arrogance and oppression of the Protestant, plant the thorns of envy, jealousy, and hatred, in the poor Catholic's breast, which never fail to shoot forth into a plenteous crop of resentment, whenever an opportunity presents itself. On such an occasion he does not scrupulously discriminate between the Protestant his benefactor, and the Protestant his oppressor—in his ordinary and insulated state, he thinks only of the man, in his artificial and gregarious state, he thinks only of the Protestant.

But besides his great susceptibility of impression, his great tendency to association, and his political situation, there is another reason why the incidental character of the Irish mountaineer should so often predominate over his intrinsic one. I mean his great tendency to drunkenness—which, after all, he has only in common with the inhabitants of other mountainous countries. The craving and longing of man, in a cold and damp climate, for ardent spirits is so universal, that it seems an instinct given by nature for his preservation, rather than a pernicious habit which leads to his destruction. It has been remarked, that the Indians have diminished every where in America, since their connection with the Europeans. This has been justly ascribed to the Europeans having introduced spi-

ritious liquors among them. In the same period the Irish peasantry have every where increased, nor is there, perhaps, a healthier body of men in the universe.

But to return to the other advantages of the poor mountaineer's condition. I return to them with pleasure, for sweet it is to find that the flower of human happiness will not wither, even when stuck in the bosom of what at first view appears wretchedness itself.

Milk and vegetable diet, not only mend his heart and humanize his disposition, but give him, if not better health, at least longer life. Animal food is a much higher stimulus than vegetable. It quickens the circulation much more, and sooner wears out the powers of life. The lamp burns the brighter, perhaps, (and only perhaps) but it burns the quicker. I have felt the pulses of a number of English and Irish peasants, and have always found those of the latter, slower than those of the former.

Constant intercourse with his cattle, sharing with them his room and his roof, gives him health to enjoy life. Nature, which made man and those animals equally necessary to each other, has kindly prevented any inconvenience from their living together. On the contrary, to repay him for affording them shelter, she has done more. She has endowed them with the power of destroying

the effects of marsh exhalations, and of preventing fever.

Constant living out of doors during the day gives him more health, more enjoyment. Happiness not only depends on objects, but on capacities—not only on the application of them to the nerves, but on the state of the nerves themselves. When they are not in a state of proper tension, impressions made upon them will be feeble and unattractive.

To the healthy state of the nervous system, frequent and almost continued exposure to the open air, which, beyond even sleep, is chief nourisher in life's feast, is indispensable; and I will venture to assert, that the English tradesman or manufacturer, whose avocations exclude him so entirely from it, though he has so much more of what the world calls comfort, has not the one half of the enjoyment of the Irish peasant, who labours in wet and cold, and snow, on an immense morass, or dreary mountain, but whose heart is fanned by the storm which passes over him, whose imagination is quickened by the solemnity around him, and whose nature is ennobled by the intercourse of those airy beings with whom in fancy he associates.

One more advantage, (a very great one) and I have done. The bounty of nature has by one gift, in a great measure, levelled the conditions of

men. A simple weed brought from America, has put on an equal footing the king on his throne, the lord in his castle, and the peasant on his mountain—perhaps, with benevolence beyond justice, has given the superiority to the latter. I question whether one of those poor Irish mountaineers, seated by his blazing fire, drying his drenched garments, resting his wearied limbs, and inhaling from his little soot-covered pipe oblivion to his cares, his hardships, and his wants, quickening his imagination at each breath, to revel in ideal communication with the fairies of the stream which flows near him—to listen in astonishment to the song of the witches in the storm which passes over him, does not for one pleasurable sensation which fastidious prosperity, shut up in a close apartment, picking dainties, for which the best of all sauces is wanting, sipping the finest wines, which to its jaded palate have lost all their relish, even experiences, enjoy a hundred.

Are then these poor people, perhaps may be asked, perfectly satisfied and content?

Alas! no, who are content? The rich London merchant who heaps thousands on thousands—The mighty conqueror who adds provinces to kingdoms, as a girl strings beads, merely to be scattered again—Are they content?

These poor people, like all other men, are only

ficiently alive to the evils of their present condition. Like all other men they do not live in the present alone, but in the future, and in the past, and while they have hope to brighten, have recollection to darken their path.

Into these mountains their ancestors were driven. They were driven and pent up like sheep, and left upon black bog, and dun heath, and barren rock, to mourn over their fallen greatness, their ancient possessions, their fertile vales, their flocks, and their fields.

In these mountains even they could not worship their God in quietness. Insult and injury followed them even here, and the pious and venerable priest, who would have raised their thoughts from earth to heaven, was driven, with tauntings and mockery, from the black rock which sheltered his grey locks from the storm, from the simple sod of earth, which was the only altar he could raise to the Almighty, and from the dark lake, which mournfully reflected his own still darker fate.

In these mountains their generous hearts became ulcerated, their souls corrosive, their judgments perverted, and they preyed in large gangs, on the lands and properties of the inhabitants of the vallies, as a matter of right, of inheritance, and of revenge. In these mountains, when resentment dared no longer openly shew itself, it became, perhaps, only the stronger for concen-

tration. Protestant magistrates, Protestant landlords, Protestant masters, to bow down to, to flatter and to obey. To bow down to those who had injured them, to flatter those they hated. Dreadful condition! which Homer, whose knowledge of human nature will not be doubted, makes in a special manner the wretchedness even of the wretched Priam himself.

> "Prostrate his children's murderer to implore,
> And kiss those hands, yet reeking with their gore."

And if to these mountains, in poverty and depression, some of their descendants continue to cling, when a brighter sky and warmer sun, and happier land, invite them from the other side of the Atlantic, because religion teaches them to view in the storms which shake the earth, the judgments of an avenging God, would it be thought wonderful or strange? But on this ungracious subject I will not dwell. It would be worse than ungracious in me.

Simple and warm-hearted people! becaue I had in a light work written a few lines in your favour—because I had done you a faint kind of justice, how expressive were your feelings, how warm was your gratitude, and how sincere were your thanks.

Oh, how repeated must have been the injuries which deadened those feelings of kindness, how

deep the sense of the injustice, which shut up those kind and glowing hearts—which plucked the damask rose of love, and turned its opening leaves to livid barrenness! Oh, how it is to be lamented, that of late years, feeling, rather than calculation, has not predominated in the councils of England—the soul of generosity, rather than the measure of policy, and that the great and god-like statesman was not spared, whose spirit might have moved dove-like on the waters, and hushed them into quietness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A——.

The comparative merits of high and low civilization is a question which has been often discussed. I shall not enter into it. I shall only mention one advantage of the latter, which counterbalances many advantages of the former. I mean its greater freedom from disease. Of health may be truly, what is fancifully said of liberty, that

> "It makes the gloomy face of nature gay,
> Gives beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day."

When disease stretches the sons of affluence listless and wakeful on their couches of down, health gives peaceful slumbers and pleasing dreams to the rude inhabitant of the mountain on his bed of straw.

To enumerate the diseases of civilization would be a task as wearisome as disgusting. I shall say all that is necessary on the subject, when I mention that, according to Doctor Cullen's Nosology, they amount to thirteen hundred and eighty-seven —the single class of nervous diseases furnishes six hundred and twelve of that number. So tremendous are the evils which gluttony, sensuality, pride, avarice, and ambition, have inflicted upon man. The diseases of these mountains are few in number, and are mostly fevers, consumptions, cutaneous eruptions, and convulsions.

Nothing can be more simple than the general treatment of those fevers. The patient is left entirely to nature, which seldom fails to recover him. He swallows no medicine. He takes no nourishment, because he has no desire for it. He drinks plenty of cold water, because he has an ardent longing for it. When the disease proves fatal, it is almost always in consequence of the interference of some person pretending to medical skill. A sweat, as it is called, is the remedy most commonly recommended, which is attempted to be forced out in some preposterous

manner. The poor patient then dies as the rich one often does, not of the disease, but of the doctor.

Diseases, like fashions, change. The cutaneous eruptions of these mountains, are the lingering remains of the leprosy, a disorder now happily almost unknown. How much it prevailed in the middle ages may be conceived, when I mention that there were nineteen thousand hospitals for lepers only, in Christendom. Lewis the eighth king of France, in the thirteenth century, bequeathed legacies to two thousand leprous hospitals in his own kingdom. Consumptions are very prevalent, not only in these mountains, but among all ranks and descriptions of people in every part of Ireland. I hardly know a family that has not lost a member by this afflicting disorder. The most promising and beautiful member, it mournfully relates. It is the nature of man, while he undervalues what he possesses, to exaggerate the value of what he has lost. But consumption in reality is most apt to attack young people of the sanguine temperament, of great liveliness of imagination, and if it does not find them beautiful, it almost ever makes them so. I can hardly conceive a more interesting object than a lovely young woman, decked with the enchantress flowers of this disorder, like an unconscious victim moving to her own early funeral

And when I gaze on her ærial form, on the deep hectic of her cheek, and the soft blue of her transparent veins, through which the blood scarcely circulates, she seems an angel of whom the earth is unworthy, and who is about to return to her native skies.

It was my fortune once to see a very young lady die of this disorder. She was perfectly aware of her approaching dissolution, and perfectly resigned. Yet she had some reasons to wish to live,—for she loved, and the object for whom she had renounced all her friends was at her side. She consoled him, comforted him, and (as he was afterwards told) gave up her last breath in ejaculations for him. I remember the scene as if it were yesterday, for it made a strong impression on me.

I should attribute the prevalence of consumption in Ireland, as much to the variableness of its climate, as to the dampness of its soil. Women are more subject to it than men, as well from their going more lightly clad, as from the greater delicacy of their organization. It is the law in England, that every person must be buried in woollen. There never was a law to compel the living to wear flannel, yet it would be a more useful one.

I have said above, that convulsive diseases are common in these mountains. As there is no-

thing that I know of to occasion them, they may be, perhaps, in some degree, owing to the intemperate use of ardent spirits. I have seen, however, many cases of epilepsy in young persons of both sexes, which could not be attributed to this cause.

Epilepsy is a disorder about which all nations have entertained extraordinary opinions. It was in ancient times called *morbus sacer*, and persons affected with it were supposed to be inspired. The extravagance of its writhings and contortions, might very naturally excite such an idea in a superstitious people, the more particularly as they were very similar to those of an oracle in the act of prophecy. It has at times a strong tendency to injure the faculties, and sometimes leads to downright idiotism. Yet there are instances where it has had a directly opposite effect, and where it appears in common with many other diseases to have quickened, rather than slackened the mental powers. Julius Cæsar, a man, perhaps, of the greatest talents that ever existed, was subject to frequent fits of it, and Buonaparte is said to be liable to attacks of catalepsy, which is only one of its modifications.

The greatest men, indeed, I have little doubt, will be always found among the delicate and sickly. Nature is fond of equality, and where she gives bodily weakness, she gives mental

strength. But even supposing mental strength to be equal in the healthy and sickly, the temperance and sobriety which the latter is obliged to practise, give him infinite advantages over the former. Temperance and sobriety elevate man to the Deity. Gluttony and drunkenness degrade him to the brute.

A number of singular medicines are in vogue here, for the cure of the disorder I have been speaking of. Rain water, collected from the lettered cavities of a tomb-stone, drunk at midnight,—the moss that grows in a dead man's skull swallowed fasting,—rubbing the face and neck with a dead or a hanged man's hand,—are a few of them. Doubtless they are often effectual in stopping the nervous movements, by inspiring the mind with horror, awe, and dread.

On the same principle I should account for the efficacy of the grand medicine, which is never had recourse to, except on desperate occasions, and when every other has failed. The epileptic is brought with great solemnity before the priest, who prays over him, and then throws round his neck an amulet, or little silken bag, containing a slip of paper, on which is written the following verse from the first chapter of the gospel of St. John. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." This remedy is in almost equal repute

with the low Protestant and Catholic. They may differ a little, indeed, with regard to its source, for while the latter piously ascribes it to God, the former most generally attributes it to the Devil. This he more naturally does, because if he avail himself of the charm, he renounces his religion, for it ceases to operate the instant he enters a church door, and (*horribile dictu*) the convulsions immediately return.

I was called down a few days ago to the *low country*, to see the son of a Catholic, in easy circumstances, on whom the charm had been tried, and was found wanting. By the time I got to him, he was under the influence of a more potent spell, and all human assistance was unavailing. The casual sight of him, however, imposed on me the necessity of attending his wake and funeral.

An Irish wake has been often described, and often ridiculed. I saw nothing ridiculous in the present one. Though every apartment in the house was crowded, the most perfect order and decorum prevailed. The kitchen was filled with servants and labourers, to whom tea and tobacco were liberally given. In the parlour were assembled the neighbouring farmers and shopkeepers. Wine and punch were on the table; but they were taken sparingly, and several did not take them at all. These were Catholics.

Of late years they are not permitted to drink at wakes. This is a regulation of their clergy; a most laudable one, and disgusting scenes of drunkenness, doubtless, often occurred. Nothing more forcibly marks the influence the Catholic clergy possess over the middle and lower classes of their own order, than this circumstance. If they gave up whiskey, they would give up any thing.

Two large candles were placed on a table in the room where the corpse lay. They gave a gloomy and sepulchral kind of light, as superstition does not allow them to be snuffed. The bed was hung round with white. The body in a shroud and cap with black ribbon. A plate of salt was laid on the breast, not, as has been supposed, in the expectation of its keeping the dead from corruption, but on account of its preserving the living from infection.

I approached the dead body and uncovered the face. I contemplated it long. I scarcely know a more sublime object, than the face of a dead man. The passions that distorted it are fled. There is no longer either joy or sorrow. All is silent as the dark mansion in which it is to be enclosed.

I have witnessed the last struggles of many dying persons. In general, I am happy to state, (for in the last struggles of poor human nature

we are all interested) they seemed to suffer much less than would be supposed. Convulsions passed over, but seldom distorted the face. A smile, even, would often play upon the lips, while they stood quivering on the cheeks and temples. A celestial expression would shine in their eyes, as they imitated with their hands, on the bed clothes, the pretty movements of gathering flowers, and talked in broken and indistinct language, of green fields, and falling waters. Who can tell but at those moments they had lofty glimpses of thought, more sublime than ever entered into the conception of a poet. Who can tell but that at those moments, they had a bright foretaste of the happiness of heaven, in the verdant meadows, the shady bowers, and cooling streams, in which, in fancy, they were wandering.

They gradually sunk down lower and lower in the bed. A slight heaving of the shoulders, and drawing up of the limbs, were almost immediately followed by their stretching themselves out to everlasting quietness. Cæsar, when he found his fate inevitable, drew his robes around him, that he might fall with dignity. In falling so, he did no more than is done by the commonest man. The attitude of death is ever a graceful one.

The company in this apartment were relations

of the deceased, and mostly women—for where sorrow is, women are mostly to be found.

In England, relations generally keep away on such occasions. I suppose, because it is not accounted wise to indulge in unavailing sorrow. It is *wise* to indulge in it; for "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." It is wise to contemplate, often to contemplate, what we must one day be ourselves. We may run away from our friend's funeral, we cannot run away from our own.

The conversation was carried on in an under voice, and turned on death and judgment, and ghosts and apparitions. More stories were told of these latter, than I can remember. I was as forcibly struck with the look and tone of terror and affright, with which they were told and listened to, as I was with the importance they shewed man is of to himself, who cannot die but that hundreds of imaginary beings are conjured up, to bewail his dissolution, and give warning of it.

The Banshee, (a spiritual being who foretels death by the most plaintive cries) a cousin of the deceased related, was heard wailing the live-long night of his death, and, just before it happened, vanished, clapping her hands and crying—"Oh! Katty Galbraith (the young man's mother) Katty Galbraith! but you are going to get a sore heart."

The sudden death, a short time before, of a young lady in the neighbourhood, was talked of, and lamented as a most unexpected and unaccountable circumstance. "Dear heart, dear heart," said an old woman, "I might have told of it weeks and weeks before—didn't I see, with my own eyes, her *wrath* going up the bank of the river behind her father's house, with a water bottle in her hand?"

A wrath is such a shadowy representation of a living person, as a ghost is of a dead one. Whenever it is seen, it is a sure sign that the person, man or woman, to whom it belongs, is shortly to die.

From death, I know not by what transition, they came to marriage. In marriage, as well as in hanging, there has been always supposed a destiny, and fate was powerful in these marriages. It is an article of popular belief in Ireland, as well as in Scotland, that if certain ceremonies are performed at midnight, on All-hallows eve, the person who performs them, will see the figure of his or her future wife, or husband. The beautiful poem of Halloween, by Robert Burns, contains a faithful and amusing account of those lingering superstitions of other days. To those, if there be any, who have not read it, the following will give a faint idea of them.

Two girls went out at the dark of the moon, and washed their shifts in south running water, in the devil's name. They hung them before the fire in the room where they lay, keeping awake and silent, as the charm requires. Towards morning two apparitions came in, and turned them. The one was that of a man with a rope about his neck, the other was that of a man in a coffin. Shortly afterwards the two girls were married to men bearing the forms in question. One of them was hanged for horse stealing, and the other died the day after his marriage.

A comely servant maid of a neighbouring farmer, went out in a similar manner, to wash her shift in the devil's name. The apparition of her master passed. As she had left him a sleep in bed, she was in a terrible fright. She came in and told the circumstance to her mistress, who persuaded her to go out a second time, and to take with her a pair of scissors. The apparition once again slowly passed. She, unobserved, cut off a piece from the skirt of its coat, and returned with it to her mistress. "Well!" said the good woman, "what must be must; you will be his second wife, and be kind to my children, for I have but a short time to live." The servant maid, however, forgot this injunction, and when married to her master, which

she was about twelve months afterwards, proved a very step-mother.

At the dawn of day, the whole company with one voice, uttered a wild and sudden shriek. This is an ancient custom, and appears to me a natural one. The first rays of new-born day break dismal on the brilliant halls of rejoicing, and give the gay figures who glide over their figured floors, a sad and livid hue. They may well be supposed to make death more ghastly, and its apartment more sorrowful.

At eight o'clock the funeral went out. The frantic sorrow of the mother and sisters, as the coffin was removing, it would be impossible to describe. They hung round it, tore their hair, which they flung in handfuls on it, clasped it in their arms, beat on it with their hands, called on the deceased by his name, by a thousand tender, by a thousand almost reproachful names, to hear, to answer, to come forth. They called on their Saviour who had raised Lazarus from the grave, to burst the bands of death, and bid him come forth—in his winding sheet, in putrefaction, in corruption, to come forth. The mother flung herself across the head of the little stairs to block up the passage, and it was only by stepping over her, that the body could at length be brought down.

I felt as if the weight of a mountain were taken

off my breast, when I got out of hearing (which was not for a long time,) of her, and of her daughters' cries.

The priest stopped at a field near the church. The coffin was laid at his feet, and the people ranged themselves round, while he read the funeral service of the church of Rome, in a solemn and impressive manner. Fondly attached to their ancient burying places, which they regard as holy ground, the Catholics still bear their dead to them, though they are mostly now Protestant churchyards. It is almost superfluous to say, that they do not think it prudent to perform all the ceremonies of their religion, and that the body is laid in the clay, and that the earth falls lumbering upon it, after being springled with holy water by every person present. This, to the eye of reason that resides in a large town, will appear a slight evil, but to the heart of sensibility that dwells in the country, it is a great one. The more, indeed, I reflect on the evils of the people of Ireland, I am the more disposed to refer them to feeling, rather than to condition, and to believe, that had they people of feeling to deal with, (which statesmen rarely are,) they might easily get rid of them.

The service was succeeded by the mournful cry of death, which continued until we reached the church door. To my ears, perhaps attuned to it by the lamentations they just had heard, it seemed

a sadly pleasing strain, such as sorrow well might utter, and pensiveness would love to hear. Many who will not allow the Irish cry to be musical, have admitted that it is melancholy — and have thereby admitted their own want of knowledge of music. No concourse of sounds can be melancholy without being musical, nor, paradoxical as it may appear, can any, I think, be fully musical without being melancholy. Music, as well as poetry, issues from heaven, and never, never, can reside in its perfection, with noisy mirth, or broad-faced laughter. Let any person try the simple experiment of listening to a German waltz, and afterwards to an English country dance, and, probably, he will be nearly of a similar opinion.

Mourning over the dead, in a manner nearly similar to that in use with the Irish, was practised by almost all ancient nations. Many passages in the sacred writings shew that it was the custom of the Hebrews.

"Call for the mourning women, that they may come" — "we have mourned unto you, but you have not lamented" — "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets," — are a few of them.

Artificial mourners stand round the corpse of Hector, as well as Hecuba and Andromache, and, alternately with the natural ones, bewail his loss and sing his praises.

A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound;
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe,
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.

A similar display of sorrow over the dead body of Pallas, is to be found in the eleventh book of the Æneid.

Circum omnis famulûmque manus, Trojanaque turba,
Et mœstae Iliades crinem de more solutæ.
Ut verò Æneas foribus sese intulit altis,
Ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt
Pectoribus, mœstoque immugit regia luctu.

The high antiquity of the Irish cry, indeed, is unquestionable, from the circumstance of its obstinately refusing the accompaniment of the base. No kind of base accompaniment, as has been remarked by Doctor Burney, was known to the Greeks or Romans. That, however, which would be classic beauty in them, is hideous deformity in the native Irish, and their Keenagh, as it is most frequently called, is a never-failing subject of derision and contempt.

It generally combines with lamentations, the eulogy of the deceased. In the one I have been describing, the mourners sorrowfully dwelt on the extreme youth of the young man, and bewailed, in no rude strains, his untimely fate. With a little correction from the hand of taste, it

would have spoken nearly such language as the following:

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and for ever.

CHAPTER XXX.

I AM still in the mountains, though in a different part of them. The house where I write this, is eight miles from the one where I wrote my last chapter. I was six hours on the road, and might have been six days—the roads were so rough, the mountains so slippery, and the people so kind. I went into three or four cabins to seek shelter from the rain. It must have been my own fault if I injured me, as the universal panacea, whiskey, was pressed upon me. In every instance my kind-hearted physicians shewed their confidence in their prescription, by first taking a large dose themselves. It would be thought ill manners to offer the cup without first tasting it.

This is a remnant of the practice of barbarous times, in barbarous lands, when distrust taught every precaution. The custom continues long

after the cause which gave birth to it is gone by. Poisoning is not now, and, I trust, though it was an ancient, never was an Irish vice.

I had walked about a quarter of a mile from one of these houses, when a little boy out of breath with running, overtook me.

"Ough, I thought," said he, as soon as he was able to speak, "that I never would get up with you. I have three long miles to walk, and it is so lonesome to go by one's self."

Solitude to a poor Irish peasant is an heavy evil. He finds all his pleasures in society; on Sunday, therefore, he seldom walks abroad, but reclines under a hedge, or sits by the road side, conversing with his fellows.

When we came to the place where my little companion was to turn off, he could not bear to part with me, and insisted on conveying me, a little way through the flough, (bog) as he expressed it, and it was only by affecting a degree of harshness repugnant to my feelings, that I could at length get rid of him. I have often before remarked in the native Irish, a similar overflowing of heart, and have been as much gratified with their simple tenderness, as I was struck with the affectionate imbecility with which they clung to the nearest object, as if seeking for support. The transfusion, therefore, of English soul, and English nature, has, I am persuaded, been of

service to the Irish character. They are, (I do not mean it as a ludicrous illustration,) what Kircher supposes mountains are to the earth, hoops, or ribs, to strengthen and support it. I did not travel long in solitude. A little distance from the road I saw a party of soldiers, standing round a small house on the side of the mountain. I was thinking of stepping up to enquire the reason of so unusual an appearance, when a female shriek issued from the house, and before I could recover from the surprize into which I was thrown, my ears were assailed by a concourse of cries, the most piteous and mournful. I then ran up and went into the house. A young man was standing on the floor, a number of women were clinging, screaming, round him, instinctively as it were, endeavouring to shelter him from the soldiers. The man seemed quite stupified, and gazed alternately on the women, and the soldiers, with a wild and vacant air.

He was a deserter from a regiment, in which, in a moment of drunkenness he had enlisted a few months before. As long as the regiment had remained in the neighbourhood he was content; but when it was removed to a distant part of the county, that ardent longing after his friends and home, which is so strong in the breasts of the inhabitants of these mountains, began to operate and threw him into a state of profound melan-

choly. This is a disease which is common to the inhabitants of all mountainous countries, and is called by Dr. Cullen, in his Synopsis, *nostalgia*.

He became unable to do his duty, and was sent to the hospital. As soon as his mother heard of his illness she set off on foot to see him. She was, however, refused admittance to the apartment where he lay, as it was thought the sight of her would only nourish his malady. She was outrageous at this refusal, and so passionate in her exclamations and appeals, that she was obliged to be taken by force from the door. The young man from the inside heard all that passed, and in an instant his melancholy became frenzy, as violent as her own. He started out of bed, rushed upon the centinel at the gate, knocked him down, wrested his gun and bayonet from him, and instantly, (to use the phrase of my narrator,) took to the hills. A party was sent after him. He swam rivers, crossed bogs, and mountains, his pursuers still following him. Often when he was on one hill, they saw him from another.

He went forwards upwards of twenty miles in this manner, and at length arrived breathless and exhausted, at his mother's little mansion. He had nothing in his hand, for he had left the gun and bayonet sticking in one of the many bogs he crossed over. His sisters put him to bed, pur-

posing to take him to a place of greater security when he awoke. A friend was planted above the house to give notice of the soldiers' approach. For some hours this Argus continued wakeful at his post—but his eyes were at length sealed up by a soporific, superior even to the wand of Cadmus. Strolling about, he stumbled on a private still at work, and drank such a quantity of whiskey as threw him into a profound sleep.

A mountain may appear rather a *public* place for a private still; but it should be remembered that if they could be easily seen, the distillers could likewise easily see, and that at such a distance too, as would give them, (and did give them,) full leisure to secure themselves. In the mean time the soldiers arrived, and proceeding to the house found the poor maniac asleep, his sisters watching round him.

The serjeant consoled them as much as was in his power. I joined my endeavours to his, and assured them that their brother, when brought back to the regiment would be an object of medical kindness, and not of military punishment. When I left them, they were tolerably composed, the more particularly as the serjeant, at my request, humanely consented to let the young man stop till the following morning, and left two men to look after him.

I was so much pleased with the conduct of this

honest serjeant, that I made a little circuit, and kept company with him upwards of four miles. I found him and his little party rational and intelligent, to a degree that I should not have expected from men of their condition, and as modest in their conversation, as they had been mild in their demeanour. They belonged to a Northern Irish militia regiment.

As I may not have another opportunity, I cannot forbear availing myself of the present one, to express my warm approbation of the wise and judicious measure, of the interchange of the militias of England and Ireland. Among many advantages that will, I trust, hence be derived, it will not be the least, that of making the two countries better known to each other; and that while it awakens kindness, if it does not destroy, it will lessen prejudice.

I hope the conduct of the Irish militia in England will be such as to leave favourable impressions of their country behind them. It is the more likely to be so, as they are commanded by their own country officers, who understand their nature, and can better manage them than Englishmen can possibly do. Irish nature requires a vigorous, but a flowing rein. English system, which is well adapted to English nature, only makes it restive and violent, and, while it provokes its mettle, does not increase its speed.

The conduct of the English militia in Ireland, as far as I have had an opportunity of knowing, has been in the highest degree correct and exemplary. They have displayed a gentleness of demeanour, and disposition to conciliation, not more honourable to themselves, than creditable to their officers.

These latter will, probably, at times, find Ireland a heavy residence, but they will quit it with reluctance, and they will remember it with regard. What was unfavourable will be forgotten, and what was agreeable will be remembered. It may not have, it has not, splendour and decoration to grace the noon-day of prosperity, like England—but there is in human life, as in the revolution of time, midnight as well as mid-day, and it is to cheer and brighten the midnight of adversity, that it is peculiarly fitted. It may not have, it has not, much of amusement for the gay, or much of elegance or refinement for the fashionable; but it has ever society for the solitary, kindness for the sick, consolation for the afflicted, and sympathy for the distressed.

In the hour of sorrow or danger, and in the languor of sickness and suffering, this sympathy is as necessary to the greatest man, as to the meanest, and the want of it is the highest aggravation of the evils of their condition. The mighty spirit of Cæsar did not burst, until he

received the stab of his distinguished Brutus; and an exalted hero of our own days, who had braved danger in every form, found consolation when dying in the tear which ran down the cheek of the rugged seaman who bent over him, and in the warm kiss of commiseration he asked from him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

R——.

I was requested by a gentleman to accompany him hither to see his son, who is very ill. We had a pleasant drive in his gig, and performed a journey of ten miles, through a mountainous country, in an hour and half.

My host is a Methodist, and a very worthy man. Methodism of late years has greatly increased in this part of Ireland. It is a curious fact, that after the last rebellion, several who were concerned in it, turned drinkers, and others died mad. Numbers became Methodists. The enthusiasm of politics, gave place to the enthusiasm of religion. The high-wrought fever,

which agitated the mind in the exultation of revolution, could not all at once subside into the settled business, the sober current of life. Ireland presented at that time, though a melancholy, yet an interesting spectacle. It displayed no doubt, great hatred in the two classes, into which it was divided; but there was a correspondent flow and warmth of heart, among the individuals of each class towards each other. There was a community of affection, an elevation and dignity of mind, which raised it above grovelling objects, or low and wretched pursuits, or even above the common business of life. Whether in these respects, and in various others, which I have not room to enumerate here, that rebellion will not ultimately benefit Ireland, I have doubts. We can enter little into the government of being, who both in the natural and moral world, makes individual suffering general welfare. The misery of one generation may be the happiness of another, as the volcano, which swallows up cities and their inhabitants, gives heat and fertility to the earth.

At a little distance from this, is a Danish fort—one of those stations from which, in ancient times, by means of fire, intelligence could be conveyed with the rapidity of the telegraph, from one end of the kingdom to the other. They are green mounds of earth, surrounded by a ditch,

and planted with trees. The superstition of the vulgar, happily, conceives them sacred. They are, therefore, never touched by the plough or the spade. Independent of all associations, they are delightful ornaments, particularly at this season, in the midst of corn fields. Many grand and venerable remains of antiquity have come safe to us from the wreck of ages, but I have never seen any so beautiful and romantic. They are very *gentle* places, for

> " ——— here
> At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
> In various games of revelry to pass
> The summer night, as village stories tell."

It is astonishing how peasants in remote situations love to people their solitude with living creatures, and to clothe the commonest productions of nature with the imaginary attributes of ideal beings. The fox-glove is denominated the fairies' thimble, and every accidental print in a rock is called the giant's slipper, or saddle, or staff, according to the shape which fancy discovers.

I found the young man I came to see, in the last stage of a consumption — he was, indeed, far beyond the reach of all human assistance— "past hope, past help, past cure."—Yet, so happily has nature blinded our eyes to the peril of

our situation, in this most melancholy and lingering disorder, that he was full of confidence and hope, forming projects for future months and years, while he probably has not weeks to live. In my bed room I found a servant attending with some water to bathe my feet—this is a universal custom in the country parts of the North of Ireland. When the guest, fatigued with a long and generally wet ride, seeks repose; a girl comes with a large pail full of warm water, into which he has only the trouble of immersing his feet, as the ablution is performed by his fair attendant. The refreshment of this act of cleanliness is inconceivable, it generally produces gentle perspiration, which, united to the soft bed and well-aired sheets, always to be met with in an Irish country house, gives delicious slumbers. In every country general practices, however strange they may appear, will be found to have their origin in reason. In this very damp climate, to guard against the effects of cold is of peculiar importance. Irish kindness is, therefore, exerted in restoring checked perspiration; and in addition to what I have already mentioned, warm whiskey punch, which is liberally prescribed and freely taken, proves a powerful auxiliary.

This partial warm bath is as generally used by the peasant as by the farmer—though shoes do not always defend his feet against the flint's sharp

point, though they are often exposed to the winter's chill blast, to frost, to rain, and snow, yet do they never offend—nor, however exhausted by labour, or oppressed by sleep, does he ever stretch himself on his humble straw, till he has carefully washed them—nor would he be supposed to have rightly discharged the duties of hospitality, if the same office were not performed to the wandering traveller, (however mean,) who shared the hospitality of his roof.

From the neglect of this simple but necessary act, as well as for other reasons, I have doubts whether the cleanliness of the English people is as great as it is generally supposed. In every country poverty is an evil, in England it is a crime—it is the greatest of crimes, it debars from employment and excludes from society—it is contamination which no person dares approach, least calumny should affix to himself the same odious appellation. The consequence of this is, that almost every one avoids the appearance of it, the poorer he is, the more sedulously does he avoid it:—

"His chin, (therefore,) new reap'd
Must shew like a stubble-land at harvest home."

His coat must have all the gloss of newness, and his boots the polish of the finest black. But this is not cleanliness, it is but the expression of it. It is not for one's self, but for the world,

Cleanliness must be seated, (like every other virtue,) in the mind; and must exert its first effects on the surface of the body. How far it is thus exerted, I appeal to the experience of my readers. Hands and face are regularly washed to be sure, because they are to be seen of men, but how many persons are there who never allow water to touch any other part of them.

The careless and slovenly Frenchman, who lounges about the whole of the morning in a loose great coat, and dirty shirt, excels us in this particular. He is aware of the necessity, and regular in the use of frequent bodily ablution. Among the Eastern nations it is an indispensable duty, sanctioned by custom, and sanctified by religion. Nor is it alone in the warm climate that gave him birth, that the Eastern practises it. The virtuous habits he has acquired there, follow him to our frigid one. In England, as in India, on the Thames, as on the banks of the Ganges, he is as uniform in his ablutions, as he is regular in his prayers.

Every where, except in England, the use of the warm bath is now pretty generally adopted; even the barbarous Russian knows its value, and revels in its luxury. It would be no disgrace to civilized Englishmen to imitate him in this particular. I do not mean in the promiscuous use of them; but I should wish to see warm baths

generally erected throughout the kingdom, in every village, as well as in every parish of the metropolis. I am sure they would be of more service than the cow-pock, about which so much has been written and spoken. It is the opinion of many, I know, that they are relaxing. The ancients, however, were of a different opinion. They regarded them as tonic and exhilarating. The Athletæ, to whom bodily strength was of such peculiar importance, went frequently into the warm bath. Hercules, after having tamed the wild bull that desolated Crete, made use of it. History does not record, whether he had recourse to it before the greatest of his labours. But having jocularity aside, I am convinced warm bathing is an admirable means of preserving health, and of subduing disease. It might be used by the drunken villager, gorged and stuffed with ale and fat pork, and by the pampered and luxurious citizen, with equal good effects. I shall not recapitulate the tremendous mass of disease, which gluttony, drunkenness, and indolence, give rise to, and which every season assembles at Bath such a number of miserable creatures. I will venture to assert, that had they kept the surface of the bodies in a clean, and, therefore, in a perspirable state, many of the hideous effects of their intemperance would have been prevented. I do not know how I have fallen on this subject, but I fear I have gone further than is proper in a work of this

kind. I have only to say in excuse, that I was brought up with an Apothecary, (I know no where a more worthy one) and it is natural, therefore, I should partake a little of the shop. Musk and asafœtida are strong-scented substances, and adhere a long time to the person who has once handled them.

I write this on Sunday evening. I went in the morning to a place of worship. I will not say of what description. I have sometimes slept at a concert, but thought it was improper to do so in a church. I struggled hard against the inclination, therefore, but the preacher was irresistible, and would have lulled Prometheus in spite of his vulture. I slept till the psalm-singing awoke me. It effectually dispersed the fumes of the reverend orator's eloquence.

As Barons-court, the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, was only a short distance, I walked there afterwards. I was opening one of the gates, which leads into the demesne, when I was accosted by the porter, who asked me for my order. I had none to shew him; not having expected any interruption, I had neglected providing myself with one. I offered him some money. Money is said to be the universal *passe par tout*. It opened in ancient times the gates of Paradise, yet it failed in opening those of Barons-court. A gentleman, who luckily passed at the instant, procured me admittance, and I buried myself in its sequestered shades.

Barons-court has all the appearance of the residence of the head of an illustrious family. It is extremely well planted, and contains three very large lakes. From a little rustic seat, erected at the head of one of them, I had a delightful prospect. Their borders were planted with the lofty oak and venerable ash, which bent their heads responsive to the breeze that passed over them, and scattered a few early leaves on the billows that bathed their roots. The lofty mountain of Bessy Bell, whose over-hanging sides give—"a browner horror to the woods,"—strikes the beholder with its forlorn and dreary appearance, and gives an air of gloomy grandeur and melancholy magnificence to the landscape below. In some parts, however, the willow bending over the pellucid stream, the honey-suckle which twined round the taller shrubs, and the wild flowers which were scattered over the path, irradiated the gloom, and softened the sterner features of the sylvan sublime. The fairy foot of beauty was imprinted on the marble of ancient greatness—Honey distilled from the lion's mouth, and, glittering with dew drops, roses were braided to his mane. On one of the most venerable oaks in the demesne, I found true lover's knots, and all manner of curious devices, more fancifully conceived than ingeniously executed, by some modern artist, who did not shew his fancy the least, when

he chose the most durable of all trees, on which to express the most fragile of all passions. There were some verses addressed to the immortal, or immoral (the spelling was so bad I cannot be certain which) Miss M——— B———. I regret the young lady's name was not given at full length, that I might have transplanted it here.—As it is, this fair flower (the author compares her to an orange lily)

"Is doomed to blush unseen,"
"And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

I wandered about for several hours without meeting any person to disturb the enthusiasm, which the immensity, as well as the loneliness, of the place was so well qualified to occasion. I do not know that I ever passed a day of more varied enjoyment, or ever had a train of more pleasurable sensations. How much are those people to be pitied, whom fashion confines to large towns—who never know the enjoyment of a country walk—who never breathe the pure air which gives elasticity to the body, and vigour to the mind—and who never glow with the rapture with which rural imagery always inspires the heart of sensibility.

A part of the house only is standing; as one of the wings was burned down some years ago. With the usual liberality of those times, the fire was attributed to the United Irishmen. As if they had not real crimes enough to answer for,

all sorts of imaginary ones were heard among them. The seasons even felt their influence, for a judicious old lady once remarked, that the climate of the country had changed, as well as the morals of the people, ever since the rebellion. On this occasion, however, the United Irishmen were painted blacker than they were. The fire was an accidental one, and as it broke out at midnight, the whole of the castle would have been consumed, but for the great exertions of the people in the neighbourhood.

The family of the Marquis of Abercorn is among the most illustrious. He is remotely descended from Bernard, near kinsman to Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, who, upon the decease of that Duke, was appointed governor to his son, and governed the Dutchy during his minority. His more immediate ancestor was Lord Claud Hamilton, better known in Scotch history, by the appellation of the Black Abbot of Paisley. On the breaking out of the civil war in 1567, he adhered to the interest of Queen Mary, who appointed him one of the principal commanders of her army at the battle of Langside, fought in 1568, where he performed the part of a brave officer: but that battle being lost, the Earl of Murray (Regent,) called a Parliament at Edinburgh, where Lord Claud, and other partisans of the Queen, were summoned to appear; instead

of obeying the summons, but persisted resolutely in the Queen's service, for which he was outlawed, and had his estates forfeited. He fled into England and was sheltered by a friend. In the confidence of youth and innocence, his unfortunate mistress fled thither also. She, however, met with no friend to shelter her; but, on the contrary, met with treatment I can never, without a sinking of the heart, remember; and which, I believe, when all the circumstances are considered, is unparalleled in the history of the world. Protestants have often heard the tale of Catholic cruelty; yet I have doubts whether the annals of the Inquisition could furnish even a solitary instance of such systematic, cold-blooded, and protracted misery, as was made, drop by drop, to distil on the head of this unfortunate princess, by a woman who, in many respects, is the pride of England, and whom zealous Protestants have, in a special manner, called their Queen! On the head of a princess, who closed the dreary catalogue of her earthly sufferings with a dignity, a resignation and magnanimity, that have hardly been equalled, and whose life was as pure (as any person may convince himself, who will carefully read the works of Goodall and Tytler) as her person was beautiful, and as her fate was powerful. James, the second Earl of Abercorn, married

gard of his noble blood and lineage, being descended of one of the most ancient houses in the realm of Scotland, (as King James expresses himself) and because his Majesty was desirous to encourage him and his posterity to make their residence in the kingdom of Ireland, for the good of his service there, was advanced to the Peerage of Ireland, by the title of Lord Hamilton, Baron of Strabane, and a large grant of lands was given him.

The Earl of Abercorn, uncle to the present Marquis, though a good, was a singular character. He never drank any thing but water, and, in consequence, as it is supposed, of a disappointment he experienced in early youth, had no more relish for the society of women, than he had for the exhilaration of wine. His nephew has inherited none of his dislike to women, whatever he may to wine. He is married at present to his third wife, who is a native of this kingdom. His first was an English, and his second a Scotchwoman. He has paid due regard, therefore, to distributive justice, as he has selected a wife from each country which gives him a title. His Lordship is the only nobleman in his Majesty's dominions who is a Peer of the three kingdoms. His estate here is very considerable, both as to the extent and value of property. It reaches from Barons-court, on both sides of the river, with few intervals, for several miles. In one respect, I have no reason to

suppose that he is not in other respects) he is the benefactor of his numerous tenantry. He will not allow them, under any circumstances, to go to law with each other, but dedicates two mornings in the week, to hearing their complaints and deciding between them. He is not, as will naturally be supposed, on this account, very popular with the lawyers in his neighbourhood, nor, probably, with many of the tenantry themselves; for such is the perversity of human nature, that justice even, is little valued when it is to be had for nothing.

I understand Mr. Walter Scott was born on one of his Lordship's estates in Scotland, and is now agent for it. I should recommend him to visit his patron's Irish demesne—he would find materials enough for his fancy to work on, and the Author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, might pour fourth the rich and melodious, but melancholy and heart-rending, notes of an Irish bard. But why do I say he might pour, he has already poured them forth. Ulster was the grand seat and last refuge of the Irish bards. Many of them passed over to the neighbouring coast of Scotland, and from them, there is little doubt, the Scotch had, if not the system, at least the instrument, which gave it much of its graces. In the lonely glens of Ulster, and in the palaces, as well as in the wilds of Scotland, they poured forth their

melancholy wailings, and by the singular unhappiness which has hitherto pursued Ireland, which has made whatever appeared to be good, turn out to be evil, which has converted whatever was grateful, into food for merriment, the music of her bards, their wild and irregular numbers, their Coronach, which were the great objects of the ridicule of one generation of Englishmen, sanctified and revived by the genius of Mr. Scott, have become the admiration of another, and have formed a new, and, I think, an admirable æra in poetry. For I am sure, I know of no reason that has made, and will continue to make, Shakespeare a favourite, that will not, in a degree, apply to Mr. Scott.

Having said this much from the bottom of my heart in favour of this popular writer, I cannot avoid expressing my regret that, when he thought it necessary to mingle passing transactions with long-passed events, he should, chill and steril as winter, throw only a few violets on the tomb of one great man, while, open and liberal as spring, he has scattered roses in rich profusion over the sepulchre of another. That cunning, artifice, and trick, will generally prevail over candour, frankness, and generosity, is, unfortunately, the case in the world; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that they should generally be preferred by men of the world. The cunning Politician,

I will, therefore, readily allow to be the Mercury of a trader; but, surely, the magnanimous Statesman should have been the Magnus Apollo of a poet.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Strabane.

Doctor Neilson, in his Irish grammar, lately published, says, that the Irish language is the best preserved dialect of the ancient Celtic, and that the poetic and romantic compositions in which it abounds, afford the finest specimens of elegant taste and luxuriant imagination.—We must make some allowance for the worthy Doctor's partiality What seems generally admitted is, that the Irish, beyond most others, is distinguished by its tenderness, which breathes in every line and expression, and makes it the best language in the world for a man to make love in. This latter observation, I must confess, I heard from an old priest, who, probably, had little practise in the tender passion.

The connexion that subsists between a district and its language is well known. Tenderness of heart is the grand characteristic of an Irishman, it is excited by every sort of distress, in the contemplation of which he loses all recollection of the guilt that caused it. A man flying from justice, therefore, for the most atrocious crime, is certain of his hospitality and protection.

> "His is, indeed, the soft'ning heart,
> That feels another's pain;
> To whom the supplicating eye,
> Was never rais'd in vain."

For when he cannot afford assistance, he never refuses his sympathy;

> "But melts in pity o'er the wound
> He wants the pow'r to heal."

It is singular that a nation unfortunately marked by the commission of many atrocious deeds, should be characterised by a disposition so opposite. But such is the fact. The atrocities are connected with political rather than with moral causes, and reflect more disgrace on the system that caused them, than on the ignorant perpetrators. They are likewise connected, no doubt, to a certain degree, with the singular sensibility of the lower Irish, which makes them liable to such wild and

unmatched variety of emotions, like an exquisitely tuned musical instrument, which, touched by the careless hand, gives the note of rage, when the tone of love yet vibrates in our ears.

It is this tenderness of heart which makes an Irishman blend better with women than an Englishman. As there is no tenderness like the tenderness of a woman, so there is, probably, no quality she values so much in others. An Irishman is more her companion, he associates more with her, and is longer happy in her company than an Englishman. A woman is an Englishman's wife, his mistress, his friend even, but she is seldom his companion. Even from women of the town, when the passion is satisfied which brings him to them, an Irishman does not fly, as an Englishman does. He remains with them, he accompanies them to places of public resort, he takes an interest in their welfare. This soothes their feelings wounded by so often finding themselves the object of brutal lust only. They feel complacency, therefore, for the man who, in some degree, raises them from the degradation to which they had sunk, and reconciles them to themselves. I could give many instances of generous devotement of women of this class to Irishmen, which while it proved the justice of what I have been saying, would likewise prove that a woman by losing her chastity, does not necessarily lose every other virtue.

It has been objected in opposition to this, that Irishmen in general make bad husbands. When it is considered, however, that a large proportion of the Irishmen who take wives in England, are adventurers who marry merely for the sake of money, it will be allowed to be illiberal to judge the nation by these few. Yet I do not dispute, but that the very virtues of an Irishman may have some tendency to make him an indifferent husband. (And here, I trust, I am understood to be speaking of the old and intrinsic Irish character, not as it is modified by the admixture of English or Scottish nature.) He possesses great sensibility, or, as some people would call it, irritability. Sensibility is the characteristic of the female also. Unless there is a very happy coincidence indeed, even two amiable persons of great sensibility can hardly live long together without disagreement—like two musical instruments, of which the slightest jar in either, gives discord to the concert.

It is not in the married state, therefore, that the real character of the Irishman is to be seen. It is in the strong affection he bears to his natural family, to his relations, to his parents—for them he is ready to run all risks, to endure all privations, and to undergo all fatigues. There is no nation in the world, where there are more or stronger instances of affection from children to their parents, than in Ireland. I appeal to the observation of every

English officer, who has marched Irish recruits from their native villages, whether he has not witnessed scenes of distress, to harrow up the soul.

Nor is this an evanescent feeling. It follows them wherever they go, to the East, to the West Indies, and even seems to grow stronger by time and absence. I will venture to assert, that in every regiment and ship in his Majesty's service an Irish soldier or sailor will write, or cause to be written, ten letters to his parents, for one by a soldier or sailor of any other nation. He saves from his trifling pay likewise, and remits these guineas and half guineas on occasion. An Irishman is often turbulent and untractable in England; because he is a creature of impulse, because Englishmen do not understand his nature—to recur to an illustration, given above, because he is an instrument which contains rich melody, but of which the musician has not yet found the key—but he is rarely or never a bad son.

A legislator of old would make no law against parricide, because he would not suppose such a crime was in nature. Few men in England shorten their parents' days by violence, but how many shorten them by unkindness, how many embitter them by neglect. How many instances of brutal indifference to mothers are to be met with. Of every species of cruelty this is the most cruel—of every species of barbarity this is the most barbarous—of

every species of ingratitude this is the most ungrateful. No kindness, no attention to a mother, can repay, or half repay, what she has done and suffered for us.

The love of a mother for her child is the perfection of love. A lover loves his mistress, a husband loves his wife; but their own gratification enters for a considerable share, and slight causes will disgust where all was rapture before. But the love of a mother knows no selfishness, and feels no disgust—time cannot efface it, absence cannot lessen it, unkindness cannot destroy it—it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our years; it sustained us in the helpless years of infancy, it follows us with an anxious eye through the thorny path of our riper years; amidst the whirlpool of pleasure, the hurry of business, man forgets his mother, but she never forgets him; she gave him life, and should he happen to die before her, he is certain of having at least, one sincere mourner over his tomb. Oh, would man but think of this, would he reflect on the pain with which she bore him, on the care with which she watched over him, on her anxious days and sleepless nights, he would not so often strew with thorns her declining years, he would not so often bring her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Oh, no, for he himself may be a parent, and might feel in bitterness and anguish of heart—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is
To have a thankless child!"

I have been oftener than once at the Presbyterian place of worship. It is a large building, and holds a numerous congregation. The service commences with a psalm, which is followed by an extempore prayer, and afterwards by a sermon. The psalm singing would be unpleasant to an English ear. The whole congregation join in, and as some praise the Lord with all their might, and, probably, with more zeal than knowledge of music, it is not wonderful that discord should oftentimes prevail over harmony. But this uncouth jargon, this noisy bawling, as refinement, perhaps, would term it, is delicious to my ears. I am a Presbyterian, and it comes loaded to them, with the sweet associations, and fond recollections of my early years.

"We look back with a sorrowful pleasure on the days that are past—and sigh at the memory of years that will return no more"—The preacher's sermons were rational, and perspicuous, and while he was not inattentive to graces of language, he avoided that false and meretricious ornament so common in Dublin, and even London pulpits.

It has been objected to the Presbyterian form of worship, that it is too naked and unornamented—that the imagination and the passions are too little

addressed—that the reason of man which is feeble, is often, that his weaknesses which are many, that his feelings which are strong, are seldom, appealed to. Far be it from me to give lightly my opinion of any solemn exercise of worship which brings together some hundreds of people, and raises their eyes above this little chaos, to a higher and better world—yet, I must acknowledge, these objections seem to have considerable weight. It is, however, a solemn and decorous worship, and though it may not much amuse the fancy, may be contemplated by the most perfect reason. A deist, or an atheist, could not behold it with contempt, though he might listen to it without conviction.

The people seem highly superstitious here. The country itself may give such a character—awful and majestic in its quiescent, but forlorn and dreary, howling with tempests, roaring with cataracts, and darkened with clouds, in its troubled moments, it may naturally be supposed to excite corresponding emotions in the natives. A fondness for the marvellous, a shuddering at the indistinct, a superstitious dread of futurity, have been remarked in almost all northern nations. But beside the physical influence of climate, there has been in Ireland the moral influence of events. It was natural that the wild ideas of superstition should take possession of a people so accustomed to gloomy transactions, and that nursed to slaughter,

and suckled as it were with blood, all their notions should be tinged with it. It was natural that they should turn to the phantoms of their imagination, rather than to the objects of their reason, and that these ideas (gradually softening by time) should be handed down from generation to generation, even to the present one.

I have been led into these reflections by a conversation I heard last night, at a small party of elderly ladies. I select such parts of it as seem most illustrative. They were all religious women, and in respectable situations in life. One of them lamented the mischances that had befallen her, in a house she had taken—the chimney was twice on fire, the wind took a great part of the roof off, and she knew, before the winter was over, that it would either be burned or blown down.

"Your house must be frail;" I said, "and, perhaps you have careless servants."

"No, the house was a stout little one enough," she replied; "and as to her servants, they were no saints to be sure, but she believed no worse than her neighbours."

The reason why this good lady foreboded so much mischief to her house, and dreaded even that, like Aladin's palace, it might take a wandering fit and set off in pursuit of adventures; was that on entering it first, she had walked straight forwards, instead of going backwards, and had

omitted saying what popular superstition considers indispensable, "God heap blessings on this house, God give us comfort in this life, and happiness in that which is to come"—carrying at the same time, salt in one hand and a little meal in the other.

We talked of the Banshee, an imaginary being, as I have before remarked, who gives warning of death, by wandering about the house in which it is to happen, and uttering the most plaintive cries. I doubted its existence.

"I will prove it to you," said one of the ladies, "unless," added she smiling, "you doubt my veracity." I assured her I was convinced she had no intention to deceive, though like every human being, she was liable to be deceived herself.

She was one night sitting up reading to a young man who was ill of some lingering sickness. They heard a piteous sound, like the cry of a woman in distress. The young man started up and asked what it was. "Oh, nothing," said she, "but the cry of a dog."

"Oh no, no," replied he, "I know the sound too well—that cry always follows our family, when any of them are going to die; and I am sure I have not many days to live."

A lady of her acquaintance, a very religious woman, sent her son to be educated at Glasgow. A few nights after his departure, there was a dreadful storm of wind and rain. About two in

the morning, the mother was awakened by a wild shriek at her window. She started up, and exclaimed, "Now my son perishes! may God receive his soul!" As near as could be ascertained he was drowned at the same hour. She persisted, however, (to use her own expression) in bringing up one son to the Lord. She accompanied him to Glasgow herself, and had the pleasure of hearing him preach before she died.

I shall tell one more of their stories, and then be done. I shall compress it too. An old woman's tale is always long. She lives on recollection, as the young live on hope. Our misery in life is the present, our joy is the future, and the past.

A farmer, of the name of G———, had the misfortune to lose his sight. He had several children, but they were too young to manage the farm. It was, therefore, thought advisable to sell it, and he got admitted into Simson's hospital, in Dublin, a most admirable institution for a number of blind and decayed persons.

His wife took a shop in the little town of S———, where she lived for some years, universally respected. She was considered not only a woman of great good sense; but of great piety likewise. The sorrow for her, therefore, was universal, when a paragraph appeared in the Dublin Evening Post, stating the death of her husband, which took place in the following manner:

A countryman speaking with a northern accent, was admitted one morning into the hospital to see G———. He introduced himself by saying he came from the same part of the country that he did, and thought he would be glad to hear some news of his relations. After chatting for some time, he invited him and another man, who slept in the same room, to go with him and have some drink. This they declined. Finding he could not prevail on them, he said they must at least eat together for acquaintance sake. "This cake is good," said he, to G———, pulling a large piece out of his pocket, "and you won't like it the worse for being north-country cake; it was baked the night before I left home." The two men ate of it, and almost instantly the stranger went away. They were taken violently ill a short time afterward, and both died that evening.

A female acquaintance of Mrs. G———'s went in to condole with her on this melancholy occasion. She found her sitting in all the stupefaction of grief, and rocking her body backwards and forwards, and from side to side.

She endeavoured to console her; she told her heaven looked in pity on her sufferings, and would pour down vengeance on her husband's murderer, both here and hereafter.

"What!" shrieked out Mrs. G———, "would you not allow *her* time for repentance?" "No,"

replied the other, "I would not—he gave no time for repentance. The Almighty punish him without mercy, as he shewed no mercy himself."

"The Lord hear my prayer!" said the unfortunate woman, wringing her hands, and again rocking her body, "the Lord hear my prayer!" She, however, did not utter any. In the course of the same day, the officers of justice arrived from Dublin. They would have proceeded immediately to interrogate the widow, but the magistrate of the place gave her so high a character, and described so forcibly her sorrow, that they agreed to spare her the shock of speaking on such a business till the next day. It does not appear that they had any suspicion of her being the guilty person. They wished only to acquire such information as might direct their future proceedings.

Her friend, however, on reflecting on the above conversation, more particularly on the word *her* which she had inadvertently dropped, began to entertain some suspicion. She could not bear to express it herself, but sent a gentleman to tell her, if she was innocent *to stand her ground*; but if she was guilty, to fly as fast as possible.

"I am guilty," said the wretched woman, and afterwards fell into strong convulsions, repeating at intervals as she could speak, "Oh the burning pains of hell! oh the burning pains of hell!" When she was a little recovered, she confessed she had

bought some arsenic, had baked it in the cake, and had prevailed on a tenant, by the promise of a large sum, to give it to her husband. Her reason she did not give. It is supposed she was attached to a Gauger who lodged in her house, who she thought would marry her, if she was at liberty to accept of his offer.

The gentleman disguised her as a servant, and sent her out of the house, carrying pails, as if going for water.

At night the servant maid went to get some turf for the fire, (which is often kept in a hole under the stairs.) She drew back and shrieked. A female form was lying there. It was her mistress, coiled up like a serpent, and howling like a wolf rather than a human being. She had wandered in the outskirts of the town all day, and when it was dark had entered unnoticed, and thrust herself in there.

Her friend was sent for. She overcame her reluctance, and saw the unfortunate woman. She reasoned with her, and brought her to such a state of composure, as again to think of her escape. Mrs. G——— would have clasped her in her arms at parting.

"Kiss me, kiss me," said she, "before I wander like Cain into the wide wilderness." The other started back as if she had trod on a viper. "No," said she, "I will not kiss you—since it

is you who have done the horrid deed, I wish you should have time for repentance, but I will not kiss a murderess."

Of the hair-breadth escapes—though highly interesting, the wretched woman had, during twelve days that she wandered amidst rocks and solitary glens, the bounds of this chapter will not allow me to speak. The officers of justice were close at her heels. They soon got on the scent, and never lost, though they could not come up with her. The nature of the country favoured her, as well as the humanity of its inhabitants. All abhorrence of Mrs. G———, the murderess, was drowned in pity for Mrs. G———, sorrowing and repentant, a wanderer without a habitation. A reward of a hundred pounds was offered for her apprehension. More than fifty persons might have obtained it—probably, not fifty times a hundred pounds would have prevailed on any of them, to do what he would have thought so barbarous and inhuman a deed.

She came to B————, a small village, where the mother of her husband, a woman between seventy and eighty resided. Some one told her that her daughter-in-law was there, and asked her what she would have done.

"*Dinna* harm her," said the good woman, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven; let her *gang* in peace—*gin* heaven will give her

time for repentance, I am sure I *wunna* refuse it to her."

Mrs. G——— at length got to a foreign country, where she now resides. The punishment to which the law would have sentenced her, had she been taken, would have been mild compared to that which conscience every day and every hour inflicts. She was saved in judgment, not in mercy—saved to suffer longer.

In the room where we were conversing, hung a looking glass—a remarkable one. It was a glass in which the present king, when Prince George, often adjusted himself, and by some strange accident transported from the royal palace to the North of Ireland.———Oh! could the fugitive graces, the jocund health, the cheerful look of happy youth be arrested by that glass, what a contrast would they afford to venerable and suffering old age. Or could that youth, born to what seemed the happiest lot among the children of men, have beheld in that glass, as in a magic lantern, the reflection of all that was to befal him—could he have seen in those auburn locks the hoary frost of years, in those bright and sparkling eyes the quenched fire and rolling orb of cheerless blindness—could he have seen the still more terrible malady that was to assail him, how would he have lamented the treacherous elevation, which exposed him to such evil, how

gladly would he have torn from the book of fate the leaf on which the name of king was written:

> The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things;
> There is no armour against fate;
> Death lays his icy hands on kings:
> Sceptre and crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

I wandered into the church-yard on Sunday last. The people were going to church—I staid outside—a church-yard is the best temple, and a tomb-stone the best sermon—I could have heard none so good within.

In Ireland, I have elsewhere remarked, church-yards are not open to the stranger in the promiscuous manner that English ones are. An unprejudiced person might hesitate, before he gave an opinion which of these two modes is right—I am, perhaps, not unprejudiced, but I think the English mode is wrong. It tends materially to weaken that holy awe, and sanctimonious reverence, with which every person should contemplate death. It encourages pertness and flippancy, to treat with levity the most awful of all human subjects. The traveller strolls into a church-yard for amusement, not for instruction. —He walks over the mouldering heaps of what

like him were men.—It is not to reflect by how precarious a tenure he holds his existence; that, perhaps, in a few months, certainly in a few years, he will be as they are—but to collect food for laughter, to seek after quaint and ridiculous epitaphs. Surely those men must have their judgments strangely perverted, who find merriment in a tomb.——The grave is the isthmus which unites eternity to time—when once our eyes are closed in it, we do not know whether ever we shall wake again, or if we do, in what state we shall awake.—This surely is a solemn consideration, and one should imagine, might make him think, who never thought before.

I remained an hour here, I do not know that I spent it usefully.—I spent it solemnly, however.—The gloom of the place communicated itself to my mind, as it does now to my pen.—I did not seek out laughable epitaphs—if such were there, I saw them not—I endeavoured to penetrate the darkness of the tomb—youth was there that frolicked past those walls, where now it moulders, and bustling manhood, and opening years, as well as spent old age.———In fancy I contemplated those sheeted tenants of the grave, each in his narrow house—I saw the changed face, the hideous yellow of the body newly buried—I saw the blackening hue of putrefaction, the decaying garments, the crawling worms of what had lain

longer in the ground — I saw the green and melted mass of the next stage of this shocking process, and the consummation of all, in the little heap of dust, about to be mingled with the great mass of matter, from which it sprung.

And is this, then, the history of man—is this the end of his joys, and his sorrows, his hopes and his fears—is it for this he traverses countries, and wanders over oceans — is it for this the extremes of the earth are ransacked, to procure him raiment and food — is it for this he is a villain—is it for this he inflicts misery, and sacrifices thousands to his ambition?

Is it for this beauty disdains deformity?—they are both deformed here.

Is it for this riches despises poverty?—they are both poor here.

Is it for this fashion shrinks from vulgarity?—they are both of one fashion here.

Oh, man! in wisdom an infant, but in folly full-grown, raise your head above the stars, but your feet rest here—deck yourself with jewels, but your garment is a shroud — feed yourself with dainties, but a worm will feed upon you—build palaces, but this is your abode.

> "This is your journey's end, this is your butt,
> The very sea-mark of your utmost sail;
> Your conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
> Shrink to this little measure! Fare thee well."

CONCLUSION.

THAT the present is the most important period which has occurred in our history, few, I fancy, will be disposed to dispute. The present war, as has been often remarked, bears a different character from all our former ones; undertaken, as they were, for objects comparatively trifling, conducted with civility, and concluded, without leaving any irritation behind. But this is a war of ruin and death; it has engendered and kept alive the vilest and most turbulent passions; with very short intermission, it has continued for nearly twenty years, producing a waste of treasure and blood, almost unparalleled in the history of mankind, and most probably, it will terminate in the destruction of one of the parties. Such, at its commencement, was the language of its great advocate, the late Mr. Burke, when opposed to France, torn by factions, and with Europe on our side, he anticipated a favourable result. But a new order of things has arisen;

"Jam nova progenies coelo dimittitur alto."

I shall, therefore, without any apology, make a few observations on the present state of Ireland; they will, probably, not be very accep-

table to any party. That, as far as I am myself concerned, is a matter of small consequence. Yet, whether it is the suggestion of reason, or the foreboding of melancholy, as the impression on my mind of impending calamity is at times very strong, I own I should wish to communicate to the breasts of others, a part of what presses on my own; otherwise, it might be better for me not to be credited. Men seldom love those who tell them unwelcome truths. It was the misfortune of Cassandra always to do so; it was, perhaps, her blessing that she was never believed.

Were Ireland a small island in a remote ocean, I think no Englishman, (I am sure no humane Englishman,) could contemplate her without emotion, or be indifferent about the changes she is likely to undergo, before she ascends to that natural level to which she is tending, and which society, like water, whether slowly or quickly, whether roughly or smoothly, is always sure of finding. But Ireland is not a small island in a remote ocean; she is an essential part of the British Empire; she is within a few hours sail of England, they are grappled together, and must undergo one fate, "equal joy, or equal woe."

On the importance of Ireland to England, it is unnecessary to dwell. England does not produce food enough for the consumption of her inhabi-

tants; she could neither victual her army nor navy, without the assistance of Ireland; she could not even have so large an army or navy to eat these victuals, without her assistance; with the progress of commerce and luxury, she has become effeminate; it is never the virtuous part of manufacturers, but the vicious, therefore, the idle and unemployed, that enlist in England. It is in Ireland, therefore, that she must look for her army. The population is immense, ill fed, and ill clad; an Englishman in the army leads a life of hardship and want; an Irishman, a life of luxury and ease; his early habits enable him to live upon little, and the hardihood of his frame bears fatigue, that would kill many Englishmen; he passes whole days without nourishment, apparently regardless of heat, or cold, or hunger, or thirst. It is asserted, that one third of the army and navy are Irishmen. I have no means of ascertaining the truth or falsity of this; but of this I am certain, did the Catholic gentry and clergy exert themselves among the people, there would be ten soldiers or sailors for one who goes at present; were the feelings of national or religious interest embodied with those, (whatever they may be,) which now operate, how powerful would be the effect, and how easily could the coarse, but energetic, eloquence of the Irish clergy raise up an army (like

the fabled men of Cadmus of old,) in the course of a single night.

Ireland lies alongside Great Britain, for an immense extent of coast; they are insulated from all the rest of Europe; there is a reciprocal dependance, for a secure and undisturbed navigation, in a great part of the circumference of both; were Ireland sunk in the bottom of the sea, England would not be so powerfnl a nation; were she in possession of an enemy, England would feel the consequences.

In the country were I write this, and probably at no very distant period of time, there may be a most awful struggle. What the event may be it were useless to conjecture — what may be the present feelings of one of the great bodies into which Ireland is divided, it seems better worth while to enquire. As far as my observations extend, the Catholics retain a deep sense of their former wrongs, and recent insults; they cherish fixed and unalterable hate to the present ministry; they think themselves degraded, injured, and oppressed; and, doubtless, there may be those who think, that the hour of their deliverance is nigh. Dreadful, I fear, would be deliverance, in their acceptation of the word; the fell blight would destroy the promise of a happy harvest, and the waters of destruction would overflow; when the flood-gates that retain the waves of popular fury should be beaten

down, who could withstand the shock? I do not here speak of the leaders of the Roman Catholics, I believe they are not aware of the tendency of the measures they are pursuing. I speak of what, I conceive, would be the inevitable consequence of the violent disorganization of such a system as Ireland is; it was sown in sorrow, and well may we fear that it will be reaped in blood. But though I acquit the Catholic gentry of revolutionary designs, I cannot acquit them of great imprudence, to give it no harsher appellation; acquainted, as they must be, with the nature and dispositions of the lower classes of their own order, they have, by their meetings and language, roused their passions in many places to frenzy, and kept alive a flame, which, in the end, may consume themselves. To rouse the passions of the populace is easy, and the veriest bunglers can do *that*. But who can stop them in their course; who can say to this infuriated, this leaden-headed and marble-hearted monster, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall your ravages be stayed? Oh! could these men, (many of them good and well-meaning men,) who, in this and in *other* countries, agitate themselves so much, on account of some speculation on government, wherein they think themselves concerned; who forego the enjoyment of domestic happiness, who quit the peaceful security of their

families, to embark on the stormy ocean of public strife; could they perceive the tendency of the measures they are pursuing; could they behold the anarchy and confusion, the slaughter and devastation, the misery and wretchedness, to which a country in a state of revolution is a prey; how little would then appear those evils which now seem great; how would they lament the thoughtless folly, which brought such ruin on them; and how gladly would they retrace every step, which led to so fearful a catastrophe!

For grant our lords the people kings could make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake;
For whatso'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more,
All other errors but disturb a state;
But revolution is the blow of fate.

In reviewing the actions of men, it is melancholy to remark, that there is much to reprobate, much to condemn, much to lament, and little to applaud; we read the tale of oppression, and our passions become inflamed against the barbarous oppressors; our judgments correct the excess of our feelings; we find that the oppressed have been often oppressors, and that the oppressors have been often oppressed; we find that one party has been wrong, without the other being right.

These observations apply with peculiar force, to the conduct of England and Ireland to each

other, in ancient as well as in modern times. England was proud in strength, in conquest, and in knowledge. Ireland was obstinate in defeat, in ignorance, and independence; England would conquer, would tame, but she would not conciliate. Ireland would struggle against the decrees of Heaven, the course of nature, and the order of things. Any dispassionate person who considers the situation of the two countries, must be convinced, that whenever society became advanced, they were intended to form one empire, of which England must necessarily be the head; she was interposed between Ireland and all the rest of Europe, and through her only, could arts, knowledge, and civilization pass to the lesser state. The misfortune was, that Ireland was part of a system, but wished to move in a sphere of her own; a more mischievous wish she could not have conceived. Fully to estimate the absurdity of it, let us suppose that Wales and Scotland first, and then the kingdoms which composed the Saxon heptarchy, had formed a similar wish; wisely, however, they submitted to irresistible power, and found in real happiness, ample compensation for imaginary independence. In a connexion with England, Ireland might have found respectability, grandeur, and civilization; she clung to the steril trunk of solitary indepen-

dence, and the more she suffered by it, the more pertinaciously did she cling. For this, she would (a few years ago) have rejected the dignity and consideration, which being inoculated on the parent stock, which being grafted on the English oak, afforded; she disdained to identify herself with the greatest empire in the universe. I say the greatest, not because the most warlike, but the most free and virtuous; far removed as the British constitution is from perfection, it is, with all its faults, the best form of government, the most enlightened, and in its ordinary and quiescent state, the most humane and just, that the world ever saw, or, perhaps, ever will see. I am pleased, however, to remark, that considerable alteration has taken place in public opinion, on the subject of the Union. I am convinced hardly a Protestant out of Dublin wishes for the repeal of it, nor have I conversed even with one person in this part of the kingdom, who regrets the absence of the Irish parliament, except on account of the money it spent in the country.

If Ireland was obstinate in independence, England was tyrannical in strength; enraged and maddened by frequent insurrections, she lost her temper, and forgot her justice. The moment she was assailed by other enemies, Ireland assailed her likewise; she fought nobly with the enemy in front, but regarded Ireland

as an assassin, who struck her from behind; she listened to her passions, therefore, rather than to her reason; she entered on a course of forfeiture and expulsion; Englishmen were sent over to subdue and possess the country; she rejected a nation, and planted a colony. In the same spirit of irritation and folly, she abolished the national religion, and established her own; to the motives for hatred which the loss of independence and property inspired, she united the additional one of compelling the inhabitants to bow down to a religion they abhorred; abhorred, because it was not Catholic, and abhorred because it was her's.

Ireland, in consequence, presents the melancholy spectacle of a distrustful government, and discontented people; of the unnatural supremacy of a few, of the compelled obedience of the many; of one million (comparatively speaking strangers) enjoying all place, honour, and employment; of four millions, rejected, dreaded, and distrusted. This, then, is the unnatural state of Ireland; government does not emanate from the people; it is not founded in their hearts, their feelings, or their prejudices; kindness descends to the Protestant, but goes no lower; it ascends from the people, to the Catholic clergy and gentry, but goes no higher. (And here I beg distinctly to be understood, I

do not accuse the present Irish government, or its agents, of oppressing the Catholics; I mean, merely, to remark the want of that sympathy of feeling, that flow of affection, that identity of interest, without which no government can be secure, and no people happy). The effects of this wretched system are what might have been expected; they are recorded in the rebellions, the insurrections, and murders, which have disgraced and desolated Ireland; the traveller reads them equally emphatically in the discord and alienation, the hatred and malice, it has engendered in private life; it opposes neighbour to neighbour, servant to master, landlord to tenant, the inhabitant of the town to the dweller in the country, the artisan in his shed to the peasant in his cottage; the Protestant in the valley to the Catholic on the mountain; it has made humane men commit cruel actions; it has made friendly ones enemies; it has been productive of more evils than ever flowed from the fabled box of Pandora, and though it is inevitable that it should, the supporters of this system coolly sit down, and wonder that it has so.

> "O but authority, though it err like others,
> "Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
> "That skims the vice o' the top."

For the cure of these maladies many regul-

dies have been proposed, and a few have actually been tried; but these are all partial, trifling, and utterly inadequate; they cherish, rather than allay irritation; like a drop of water on the tongue of a feverish patient, which gives him greater longing to drink at the rock from whence it flowed. By singular mismanagement, government was unfortunate in what it gave, as well as in what it withheld; no concessions were made to the *clergy* and gentry, whose influence over the people was unbounded, while privileges were granted to the peasant which were of no use to him, and which only multiplied, between him and the Protestant, the causes of irritation.

I know but of one remedy for the disease of Ireland. The people and government are at issue. The one must become Protestant, or the other (in a degree) must become Catholic; you have tried the former experiment—we have seen with what success—try now the latter. The Catholics are Ireland; govern Ireland then—do not govern a colony. Let office, (in its full proportion) be Irish, be Catholic, and I dare say, you will not find them averse to an English, or Protestant king. They will not intermeddle with the Protestant religion in England, if you allow them, what they think they have an equal right to, the Catholic religion in Ireland. You can support your pre-

sent system only by means that humanity shudders at; by perpetual suspicion, by perpetual watchfulness; on the part of the people there will be perpetual insubordination, and on your part, perpetual punishment. But you cannot support it at all; even at no distant period of time, in the ordinary course of human affairs, a change must happen, but at present—in times such as these—alas, go count the sands of the desert, and tell the proud waves of the ocean where to stop, and then talk of your ascendancy.

I see little reason either, why it should be desirable. There is nothing in the Catholic religion more than in any other, to make worse men, worse subjects, or worse members of the community; it addresses the heart as well as the head, it pleases the fancy, it captivates the imagination, it throws a ray of glory round the skeleton head of theology. It is no upstart, it is an ancient religion; it has all the grandeur and venerable aspect, though it has some of the weaknesses of age; it comes down to us, therefore, with all the reverence, which age, in an individual, nation, or religion, never fails to inspire. Nor are the people who profess it a gang of slaves it is proposed to let loose. They are a respectable, an honourable, and a noble people; they have a reverend clergy; their gentry have the dignified port and lofty bearings of ancient, but decayed

greatness; the gallant and chivalric ideas of former times, well adapted to check the progress of sordid commercial calculation, which is so fast overspreading England. They are Irishmen; the descendants of Englishmen, (many of them I am sure are so.) They profess the religion of their fathers, which they brought hither with them, which was also the religion of yours; which was the religion of the Barons, who laid the foundations of your liberty; of the Edwards and Henrys, of whom you are so justly proud. They are a people with whom you have been longer connected, than with any other now in existence. They have shared your dangers and misfortunes, though not your blessings, for the last seven hundred years. There is little in your history, great by its daring, or venerable by its antiquity, in which they have not had a part. When Wales was scarcely a province, and when Scotland was an hostile state, their green shamrock was steeped in blood for your red rose, when the thistle shed its white down on its own mountain-heath.

The Catholic religion is the best support of a government against innovation and revolution. It is not democratic, it is aristocratic. It does not reason, it believes.—It does not enquire, it obeys.—It looks up with reverence "to the powers that be." But then these powers must

have some sympathy, some community of feeling, some identity of being with it. In the attachment of the Irish Catholics, the crown of England might find the firmest support against the revolutionary storm, which, I fear, is gathering within. It was they who sustained so long the falling fortunes of the unhappy James, when all his other subjects had deserted him. It was English puritans who brought his royal father to the block.

"But the Catholic (it may be urged) is so irrational a religion."—To this it is hardly necessary to reply—when there is so much among all sects that is incomprehensible, it is not worth while to enter into shades and degrees; but even allowing that the Protestant is the most rational, it does not apply to the matter in question; you cannot make the people of Ireland Protestants, it would be easier to make them Pagans or Atheists. They are Catholics, bigotted Catholics, perhaps; they are men, proud men, injured men—at least they think so—they are three—the Protestant is one; in a few years more they will be ten—is it possible, that such an order of things can long remain? The pyramid of human society is inverted—could it long remain in such a state, even if left to itself? But assailed by storms, it falls as suddenly, though not so harmlessly, as a house of cards. You have built a goodly habi-

tation, fair to behold, but on a frail foundation, the tide of human affairs insinuates itself into the sand which supports it, it saps the edifice, and while the sun-beams play on its gilded domes and polished pillars, struck as with a rod of enchantment, it vanishes for ever from our sight.

"But shall we yield to the Catholics?"—Why not?—"But this is humiliation." And in truth why should it not be humiliation? Your system in Ireland was not laid in wisdom, and should be humbled; for your own sakes it should be humbled. Like the tyrant of old, you have dislocated the joints of Irish feeling, in fitting it to the bed of your darling uniformity; you should now do a little violence to your own.—But it is no humiliation to repair injury, to correct error, to atone for injustice.—It is greatness of mind, it is true wisdom, and therefore true policy.—You have an enemy to contend with, such as hardly any nation ever had; it is not Hannibal who assails Rome, for no Capua has power to seduce him; it is not Cæsar, who stops at the rubicon, for he never hesitates:

Iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

He has an object to which every other is secondary, and that object is you.

"But the Catholics have pressed upon England in such a manner, as leaves them little

claims on her generosity." Alas! this is true. There is much in the conduct of the Catholics which every dispassionate man must lament; they have clamoured when they should have been silent; they have spoken in the voice of defiance, rather than of supplication; they had a plain path before them, and had they moved quietly along it, prejudice would gradually have shrunk abashed before their generous forbearance. But large bodies of men, no more than nations, are seldom generous in their intercourse with each other. The fact of the matter is, that the Catholics know their strength, and it cannot be concealed from them; the state of Europe is their strength, the situation of England is their strength. They were silent formerly, because they were weak, and they knew it. They speak out now, because they are strong, and they know it. They avail themselves of the lucky moment, as, perhaps, they conceive it; and mark the fatal consequence of mis-rule, that lucky moment is the one in which England is assailed by dangers of every kind.

"And is it, then, to Catholics, who cherish such feelings, we are to yield?" Certainly,—they are men, they have human feelings; try to win them by kindness, by conciliation, great kindness, great conciliation — sooth their wounded feelings, bear with their warmth, overlook their

errors, and forgive their violence. It is so easy for you to forgive; for of what have *you* to complain—of injury at the most. But of how much have they?—Yet, I have little doubt, a cordial expansion of your heart, would be met by a corresponding one of theirs. The hatred of Catholics to Englishmen is greatly exaggerated. They associate with them as countrymen in foreign lands; they shew more disposition to blend with them, than they do in return. Almost every British officer who was a prisoner in France, before the revolution, spoke with gratitude of the kindness he had received from the officers of the Irish brigade. Even at those times, when, for the misfotune s of these kingdoms, hatred was the strongest, the Catholics did not hate the English primarily, it was the Irish Protestants—they hated the English secondarily, for supporting them in their unnatural supremacy.

In the history of Scotland, during the reign of Charles the Second, and James the Second, we find a similar struggle between government, to establish episcopacy, which the people detested, and the Covenanters in the west. There were then the same assassinations and murders; the same insubordination and barbarity, which have often disgraced Ireland. On the accession of King William to the throne, Calvinism was made the established religion, and those Covenanters

have been the best and firmest supporters of government ever since. I do not say, let the same experiment be tried in Ireland:—I know it is impossible; but let it be tried to a certain extent, and I hope it will be followed with the same success. Why should the feelings of the Catholics be tortured, and their pride wounded, by seeing all greatness in the hands of rivals, who form so inconsiderable a part of the population. If loyalty in this country so much depends (and probably it does somewhat depend) on blood, why should not the Catholic descendants of the English *of the pale*, have equal affection (if equal privileges were granted them) for the parent state, as the offspring of Scotch Presbyterians settled in Ireland, at the time that Scotland was newly united to England, and little better than an hostile state? You would then govern mightily, because you would govern justly. You now live only from day to day, and govern, as it were, by expedients. This is the clue, which, if followed, will guide you in safety through the labyrinth of Irish disturbance; will conduct you to the well of enchanted water, which will freshen, with renovated youth, the primitive decay of Irish manhood. Consecrate (as far as you can) your state in the temple of national religion—the sacred incense of devotion will curl round the ill-constructed pillar of society,

and make it a holy altar of peace, on which the evil passions of men will be laid in sacrifice, and, I trust, consumed for ever.

This to many will seem strange advice. But these are strange times, much stranger than the advice. Saint Paul's stands where it did, but the times are changed since its first foundations were laid: as much so, as the civilized generation who now live round it are, from the hooded or cowled monks, who once preached before its cross, and the barbarous multitude in leathern jackets, who hearkened in reverence to them. Events have crowded on us in such rapid succession, that we are lost as in a feverish dream.

Calamities have stupified and benumbed us, and we do not perceive, that a few short years have been centuries in the existence of England. We shut our eyes to the path we are on, as the man who climbs a precipice dares not look down, lest his head becoming dizzy, he should lose his hold and fall. We hug the delusion that is destroying us, like the man who swallows ardent spirits, and who does not perceive, in the transient glow they impart, that they are consuming his vitals. Oh that men were wise! that they would think of the precipice on which they stand; that they would (it is an extravagant metaphor) consider themselves as rope-dancers,

balanced on a cord, suspended between steeples, on which one false step is ruin and death.

Your greatness is bloated and unwieldy; and if it has all the grandeur, it has some of the weakness, of age. It is founded on commerce, and it could not have a more precarious prop, it is undermined by luxury, which is the moth that consumes the fairest garment, the canker that destroys the goodliest rose. What the fate of all great commercial and luxurious states, when opposed to great warlike ones, has hitherto been, I need not say; as little, that the past is a mirror in which we may likewise contemplate that which is to come.

"L'histoire de ce qui a été, est l'histoire de ce qui est, et de ce qui será."

"The thing that hath been is *that* which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

The grim tyger of the forest prowls round your peaceful habitation, and waits the moment to pounce on his prey. You now defend other countries, you know not how soon you may have to defend your own; as Hannibal, the very year that he waged successful war in Italy, was forced to contend for the existence of Carthage, under her very walls. You rejoice in your victories,

and your enemy, perhaps, rejoices in his defeats. It was the victory of Dyrracchium, which lost the battle of Pharsalia; and can any reasonable person doubt, that Cæsar did not, on the morning of that ever-memorable day, anticipate the result, though his rival's camp was decorated with laurel, the tents adorned with myrtles, the couches covered with purple, the bowls crowned with ivy to grace the feast which was to celebrate the victory of which he was assured. You *rely* on the greatness of your navy, and well might you rely, had you only to contend with man: but the elements over-rule the calculations of human wisdom, and mock the feebleness of human strength. The winds of heaven are let loose, the waves are raised into mountains, darkness overshadows the deep; you are driven *off* your enemy's harbours, and he is driven *on* your coasts. The empire of the sea does not always give security on shore. The Tyrians had it when their city was besieged by Alexander. The fleet of Pompey had it when his own headless trunk lay naked on the sands of Egypt, and the lord of the *sea*, could scarcely find *earth* enough for a tomb.

Your present danger is imminent; do not rake the ashes of antiquity, for the exploded terrors of former times. The hideous spectre of France is before you; do not conjure up the phantom

of Rome. Innumerable hosts of armed savages are preparing to assail you, and you talk of the rosary and beads. The waves of the ocean may bear the gun and bayonet on your shores, and you tremble at the scallop and saltier, and pilgrim's peaceful staff.

Your enemy had shut you out of Europe—do not shut yourselves out of Ireland, and you need little regret the loss. Nature has given these two islands an atmosphere of their own; and, happy within it, they need trouble themselves little about what passes beyond. Do not throw away the sword and buckler too, which you may have in the affections of the people of Ireland. I believe you may have them; the purchase would be great; but so would be the gain, and, (it is with deep regret I speak it) I fear you cannot have them on easier terms. It must be Catholic emancipation, in the most extensive acceptation of the word, granted in the spirit of a liberal and enlightened benevolence, which anticipates wishes, outruns expectations, and while it at present grants all that is asked, looks forward to further alterations, modifications, and arrangements.

In these eventful times, in which, like the catastrophe of a great drama, though virtue is not receiving rewards, providence seems inflicting his punishments on vice, you should hasten to make some amends for the heavy evils, which, from a

melancholy combination of circumstances, you have inflicted on Ireland. I would not be superstitious, yet I cannot help thinking, that something awfully retributive is working, and at the risk of being laughed at, conjure you to begin the work of reparation, while it is yet in your power. To your immortal honour, and that of the benevolent statesman, whose loss every good man deplores, you have got rid of the abomination of the slave trade. In the hour of danger, you will not fight the worse for thinking on that. Make further expiation.—Throw the burden of Irish misery (that is misery which *thinks itself so*) off your back—"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

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